

*The Canadian Woman's Magazine.*

# CHATELAINNE

*March 1949. Fifteen Cents*

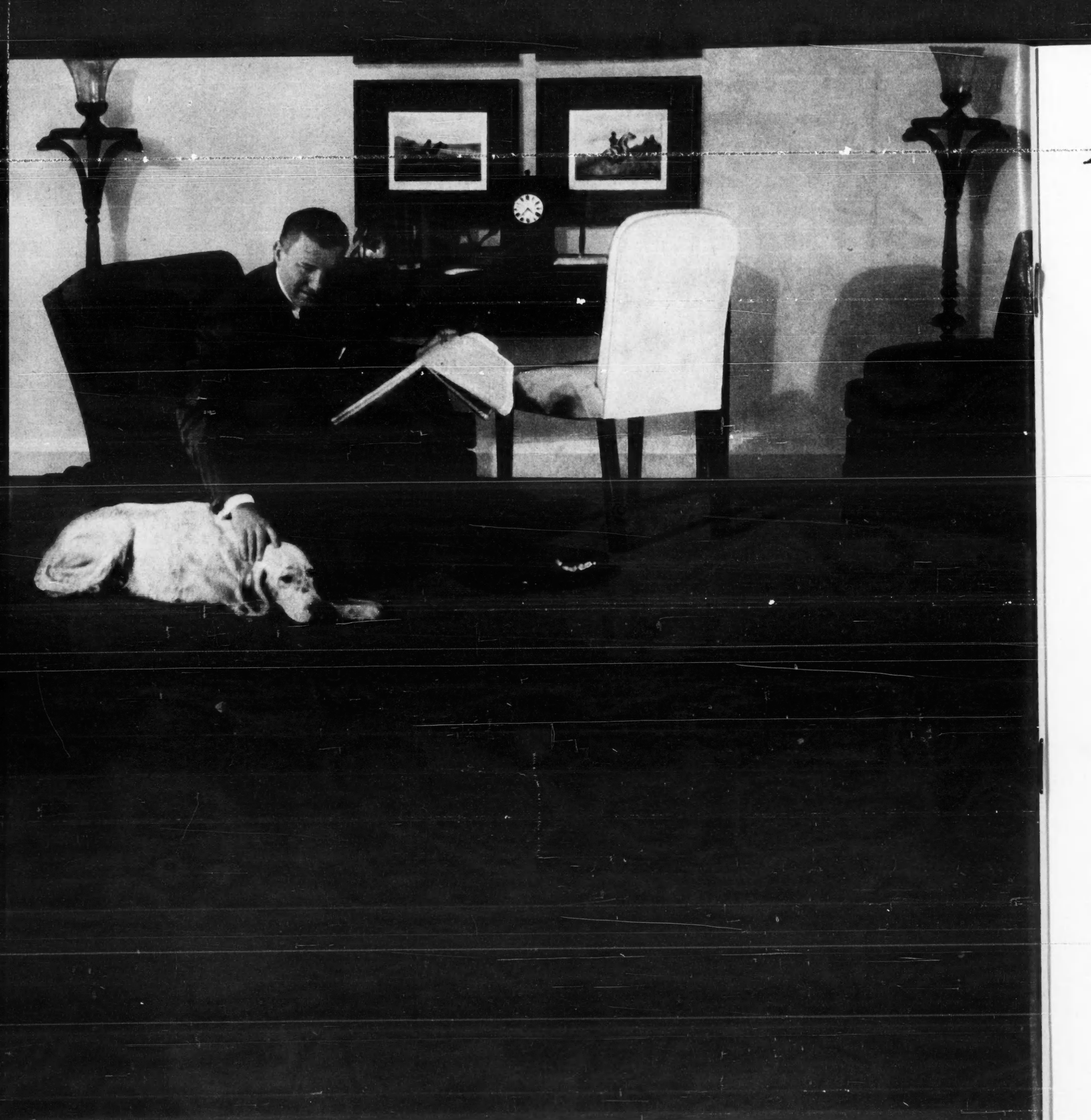
## Fashion Forecast

• • •  
I married a Social Climber

*Larry Harris*







"Silhouette" Saxony

Frame your room in beauty . . . with the rich, glowing colours — the distinctive design — of a Harding carpet. Your decorating schemes can have no lovelier foundation.



Look for the Harding Label

HARDING CARPETS LIMITED, BRANTFORD AND GUELPH, CANADA



# Amazing New Scientific Discovery Curls and Waves Hair without permanent waving!

**NEW HAIR WAVING MIRACLE SWEEPING COUNTRY . . . IT'S MARLENE'S MINIT CURL . . . Gives Hair SOFT, LONG LASTING CURL and WAVES in Minutes**



**MARLENE'S MINIT CURL COMES IN AIRTIGHT CAPSULE**

It's NEW yet already millions of women have switched to this exciting, easy home waving method. New SAFE formula comes in an airtight capsule. One capsule makes 2 to 3 ounces of solution.

**No Machinery . . . No Test Curls . . . No Waiting . . . Not a Wave Set, Yet CURLS, WAVES, SETS HAIR . . . All at Same Time!**  
MARLENE'S MINIT CURL is an entirely new, safe process for home waving the hair. Simply mix MINIT CURL in a cup of hot water and comb through the hair. Presto! . . . your hair takes on glamorizing curls and waves as soft and lovely as any permanent. And the wave STAYS IN! No split ends . . . no dry, brittle, fuzzy hair. The more you use MINIT CURL the longer your wave will last. MINIT CURL conditions hair . . . encourages each strand to acquire the lustrous, natural curl you've always dreamed of having.



**HOW TO USE MARLENE'S MINIT CURL**



**1** Open one Marlene's MINIT CURL capsule and dissolve the waving powder in a cup (2 to 3 ounces) of hot water.



**2** Comb solution through hair. Best to use after shampoo while hair is still damp. Safe, easy as combing your hair.



**3** Shape curls and waves with hands and fingers or put hair up in curlers or pin curls. Use any type curlers or hairpins. WHEN HAIR DRIES WONDER WAVE IS IN!



**MINIT CURL— the favorite of the glamorous Barbiizon Models.**

**Imparts "Natural-Looking" Waves Even to Hair That Won't Take Permanents . . . Recommended for Every Type and Texture of Hair, Even Dyed or Bleached Hair**



**ONE MINIT CURL CAPSULE CURLS ENTIRE FAMILY'S HAIR**

Every woman from baby to grandma will love her new MINIT CURL! One capsule makes enough solution to curl several heads of hair. And it's so easy! Any girl who can comb her own hair can give herself a glamorous MINIT CURL.



**GORGEOUS, SOFT CURLS WONDERFUL FOR CHILDREN**

Shampoo, dry hair with towel and comb. Then, one strand at a time, comb MINIT CURL into hair and shape curl with comb. No need to put hair up on curlers. When hair dries, gorgeous, luxuriant curls are IN.



**MAKES SHORT, STRAIGHT END CURLS MANAGEABLE**

Now, you girls with the new short haircuts, and the nuisance of those short, straight ends, MINIT CURL controls these hard to manage ends, curls them neatly.

**MARLENE'S Minit Curl**  
New Kind of Safe, Home Waving Discovery in Capsules  
**5 CAPSULES \$1.50**  
LAST FOR MONTHS

**A FEW ANSWERS TO COMMON QUESTIONS ABOUT MINIT CURL**

- Fastest home waving method known.
- Makes permanents unnecessary yet if used between permanents MINIT CURL reconditions hair and your expensive permanents last longer. Use any curlers.
- Different from cold waves, your MINIT CURL cannot "go wrong."
- Independent laboratory tests place MINIT CURL first of all hair waving preparations tested.

**CURLS AND WAVES HAIR AS YOU SET IT**



Always ask for Marlene's MINIT CURL. There is nothing "just like it."

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

GET MINIT CURL . . . use one capsule. If your first trial doesn't delight you return remaining four capsules for money back.

Look for this Green and Brown Marlene's MINIT CURL package. No lovelier curls at any price!

**MINIT CURL'S EXCLUSIVE FORMULA PERFECTED BY SAME CHEMISTS WHO INTRODUCED FIRST SAFE COLD WAVE FOR HOME USE!**

**LABORATORY TESTED AND APPROVED**

What better assurance could you want than to know the same famous chemists, who perfected and introduced the first safe cold wave for home use also perfected MINIT



CURL. Yes, MINIT CURL your hair in the confidence it's safe, it's sure, the new improved capsule way for the fastest of all home waves. Get genuine MARLENE'S MINIT CURL tonight!

**Highly Praised By Users Everywhere!**



**HOUSEWIFE SAYS:** "Be as skeptical as you like but a surprise awaits you the first time you MINIT CURL your hair. I call it the greatest hair beauty discovery since the permanent."



**FASHION MODEL SAYS:** "I always have smartly groomed hair and sometimes change several times a day. With MINIT CURL, it's easy to keep my hair beautiful looking and easy to manage."



**HUSBAND SAYS:** "The first time I saw Judy after her MINIT CURL, I couldn't believe my eyes! Like some miracle her hair changed into natural curls and waves. Never had it looked so nice."



**TEEN-AGER SAYS:** "I have never had a permanent but thought maybe I had better get one for the curls in my hair just wouldn't stay in. I used MINIT CURL and it's super! I think it's simply tops."

**Ask for Marlene's MINIT CURL at all leading drug and department stores and cosmetic counters everywhere!**

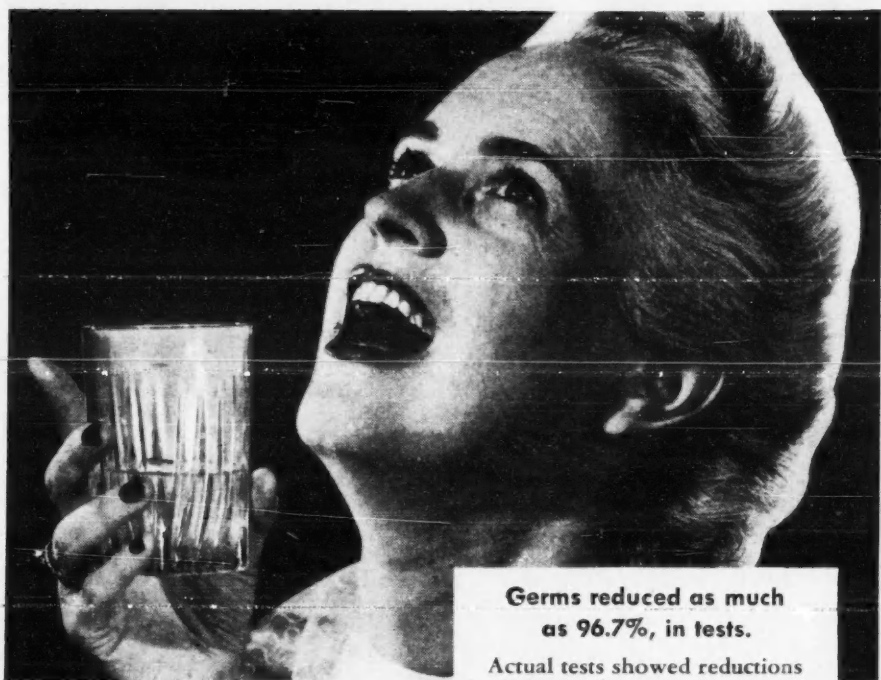


# Your Cold...the plain truth about it

Can you avoid catching cold?

And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity?

Oftentimes—YES.



**Germs reduced as much as 96.7%, in tests.**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



IT is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a mass invasion of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the mass invasion of germs.

#### Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset... to go after the surface germs before they go after you... to fight the mass invasion of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests

made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

*That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.*

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

#### Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
(Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

**AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

# Am I a Hypocrite?

**An Editorial by  
Byrne Hope Sanders**

**W**ILL you join me for a moment of self-searching? I'm asking you to do so, because the third draft of an editorial I labored on all morning lies in the wastepaper basket.

It was an editorial on Brotherhood. I wrote about Brotherhood Week which has just been concluded, and about how much we, as Canadian women, could do in our own homes to help make it a reality.

When the editorial was finished, I went to lunch—alone. But not for long; because suddenly there was an accusing Other Self with me.

"It's easy enough to write editorials," Myself said unto Me, "nice, vague generalizations. You certainly told women what they could do. But what about yourself? How much of it do you really practice?"

Uncomfortably I came back to the office and tore up the editorial. Now I feel better, because between us we can have a moment's honesty. As a starter let's consider the title of this column.

BROTHERHOOD MUST be lived, if it's to come alive. Agreeing with the principle it embodies gets us barely to the starting post.

We talk to our children about One World, and hope it means they'll never have to go to war. But checking on the panorama of the years behind, I realize that it's very seldom I've done anything really positive to translate that vague wish into an actuality. Inviting children of other races and faiths to our home; encouraging understanding and friendship with them; taking the children to churches where people of other faiths worship, so that they can see the beauty of prayer in all its expressions; how seldom I've done it!

Those careless moments at table when some incident from school is brought up, and dismissed with a thoughtless comment; the prejudicial point of view offered on news items in the paper, without any thought as to its impact on young minds, little wonder that it's we adults who teach prejudice to children. We don't mean to. We're convinced that we're intelligent, farseeing people. Yet we're too lazy to realize what we're doing year after year in transferring our own prejudices to our children.

BROTHERHOOD MUST be a burning crusade if it is going to become a truly powerful force in the world. It's hard. Cynicism and pessimism are so much easier. And for some strange reason most of us tend to have a far greater respect for the cynic than for one whom we describe so glibly as "all sunshine and light."

How often we agree with the ones who say: What's the use of trying? Who's interested? Who cares? Don't make yourself conspicuous.

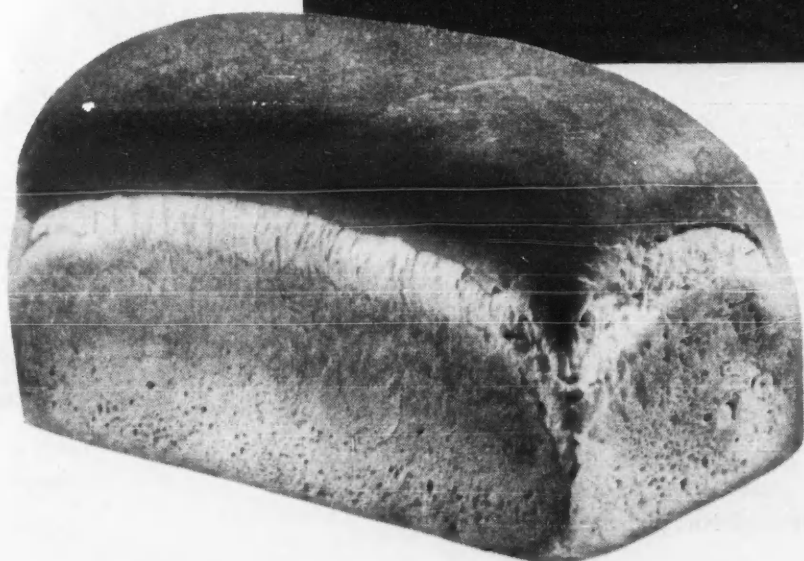
If we really believed in the Brotherhood of Man we would do something positive about it. Has the minister preached about it in connection with Brotherhood Week? If not, why not ask him to? How long since the Home and School Club, the Local Council of Women, or any group to which we belong, gave serious study to it? There is plenty of information available—speakers, booklets, and advice at the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

TO GO BACK to the title. Am I a Hypocrite? Are you? Who is? I don't know. But this is gloriously true. If we set to work right this minute making our principles live, by working at them, one day we'll be able to answer with a triumphant "No!"



# For Better Living Begin with Bread!

Planning the meal or setting the table—to-day's scheme of living gives top priority to baker's bread. *By itself*—its tender slices afford wholesome and delightful good eating, at a tremendous saving. *In cooking*—bread enables you to serve meat, fish, egg and dessert dishes in more abundant portions —also at a tremendous saving! So it's just sheer logic: better living to-day begins with your baker's bread!



## BAKER'S BREAD IS YOUR BEST BUY!

YOUR BAKER TODAY supplies bread that's unequalled for tasty goodness and hearty wholesome eating. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national health.







"Joyous!" describes Denyse Gerin-Lajoie, just married to Marc Tetrault at St. Adele-en-Haut, Quebec. "Lovely" describes her skin—fair, flower-fresh—pampered by Woodbury Soap.

## Paris Honeymoon

### FOR ANOTHER WOODBURY MARRYING DEB



**Bon Voyage!** Honeymooners sail—for Paris! Marc to study at La Sorbonne, Denyse to keep house for him—and—to keep lovely for him. Easy to do—Woodbury goes along!



Seeing the beauty sights of Paris. To Marc, chief beauty sight is his pretty Denyse! "Talk about smooth appeal—she's got it!" says he. "Call it Woodbury-smooth," says she!

(MADE IN CANADA)



**"Yes, Woodbury"**—dozens and dozens of cakes—comes with me! For my Woodbury Facial Cocktail, daily. I love its mild-lather massage—so smoothing. After rinses, skin's velvety!



**Beauty-cream ingredient**, used in rich face creams, goes into Woodbury. No wonder the loveliest deb's adore this true beauty soap. Take to Woodbury, girls—win romantic skin.

## For a Gay Beginning

by Mildred Spicer

BE AS FESTIVE as you like about your Easter bonnet . . . it can be small or large of brim, vibrant with reflections of color. It will be smart . . . pretty . . . feminine, and it's bound to appeal to the man in your life.

Fussiness and fun-poking shapes are out. This year your chapeau will be shapely with crisp clean lines. Keep it off the face; let it slant to the side, frame your face and fit your head comfortably. Silhouettes have fluid lines with brims that spread, ripple or pleat. There will be picture hats of sheer fantasy, created in organdie, tulle and nylon net—perky little bonnets, shell and empire shapes—spectator hats, tailored of rich-colored suede or pastel felt; sailors, plain or dressed up. There's color everywhere you look. Pale shades blend with deeper tone, mauve-pink-violet, navy with pink, white or red, and orange becomes yellow.

No longer are hats smothered with trimming. Simplification is the theme.



**Eye-tilted Straw** (top) Pink and white camellias nestle gracefully in the dipping contour of a white straw by Baroness Radvanszky. It's significant of the manipulated brim that is a top-rater with this year's designers.

**Southpaw Sailor** (middle) John Fredericks' perky version of the number one silhouette of the season. It's in rough men's straw with contrasting pressed-flat flowers around the crown.

**Patent Leather** (right) Shiny black patent is headline news—especially as Lilly Dache shapes it here into a beguiling little sailor, and gives it added zest with a jaunty high-riding front bow.





**Empire Bonnet** (right)  
The wonderful, wonderful hat that really fits the head, combining comfort and beauty. Chanda does it with tiny green leaves, glistening in sequin dew, trellising lightly over the sloping sides of a soft felt crown.



**Two-tone tie-in** (above)  
Symphony in tones of the same color is a theme played by such well-known designers as Karen Ross, as in her romantic bicorn of mauve on palest mauve-blue. Imported strip felt blends with lilac clusters, delicate veiling and wide ribbon.

**Drama Comes in Draping** (right) is effected by Baroness Radvansky in pale blue French jersey duveteen. It's gathered across the crown of the visor and flows loosely around shoulders for the new veiled look.



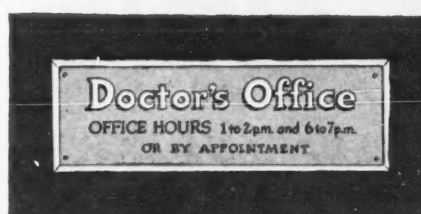
## Lengthening His Waistline... Shortening His Life-Line



Like one out of every four people in our country today, this man weighs more than he should.

If he loses those excess pounds—brings his weight down to normal and keeps it there—he will look and feel better. Furthermore, he will probably live longer. Statistics show that if weight is more than 10 per cent above normal, life expectancy is usually reduced about 20 per cent.

Doctors say one of the reasons overweight tends to shorten life is that it puts an additional burden on the heart and circulatory system. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra fat require the development of a half a mile of blood vessels. To maintain this excess body tissue, the heart has to work harder. Fortunately, with good medical care, overweight can usually be corrected.



The first step in any weight reducing program is to see the physician, for only he is qualified to determine your best weight. A six-foot man weighing 185 pounds may be 20 pounds overweight if he has a slight frame, while if he has a large frame that weight could be considered normal.



Proper diet is essential for controlling weight. Most overweight occurs because the body takes in more food than it can use up as energy, and the excess is stored as fat. The doctor will limit food intake while making sure your diet contains enough essential elements to protect general health.



Some exercise is necessary, but one should not expect to reduce just by exercising. Doctors warn you would have to walk 36 miles to lose one pound. Strenuous exercise may also increase the appetite, and make it harder to reduce. So, rely on your physician to recommend the proper exercise.

By faithfully following the program your doctor suggests, it is generally possible to lose weight surely, steadily, and safely. For other helpful information on this subject, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Overweight and Underweight." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 39-L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**  
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa





Thanks to the cleanser that's  
**FAST! EASY! SAFE!**

How does Bon Ami bring such sparkle—so quickly—to kitchen sinks, bathtubs, tiling? Here's the reason:

Bon Ami is super-fine and free from scratchy grit. It removes dirt easily without leaving dirt-catching scratches to dull surfaces—to make your cleaning harder and harder! It polishes as it cleans. So you work much less to get a brilliant lustre on everything. Try it and you'll call Bon Ami your good friend. It's fast, easy, safe!

**Two Convenient Forms:** Bon Ami Powder in the sifter-top can, and handy, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.



**BON AMI**

"hasn't  
scratched yet!"



## Reader Takes Over

### Chatelaine No Sedative

*Dear Editor:* The other night I was unable to sleep and reached for my January copy of Chatelaine. I was sure I had read all the stories and articles, but discovered I had overlooked your feature, "Would You Die for Canada?" I can't imagine how I had missed it, but let me assure you it was no cure for insomnia. It has haunted me ever since, and I don't understand why such a stimulating challenge should be printed on the inside of the back cover, unless it was intended to leave the reader with something to act and think upon until the next issue arrives. It certainly had that effect on at least one subscriber...

I have enjoyed every story and article in the first copy of my new subscription to Chatelaine. I treated myself to it, and gave it as a gift to a friend. If this is a sample of what's in store for us, I shall share this pleasure with more friends in future. —Mrs. E. S. Fullerton  
St. Catharines, Ont.

### Canadian Christmas

*Dear Editor:* I would like to tell Audrey A. Brown how much we enjoyed her poem, "Canadian Christmas 1948," in December Chatelaine. I am teaching English to a class of 15 New Canadians and in our last lesson before Christmas I wrote this poem on the blackboard as a Christmas greeting for them. I translated and explained it to them and gratefully they said: "It is for us." I would like to obtain copies of this page for them as a souvenir of their first Canadian Christmas.

—(Mrs.) Agnes Sailer  
Medicine Hat, Alta.

### Truly Great

*Dear Editor:* I have just finished reading Lotta Dempsey's article on Mrs. Roosevelt, and I cannot but write to tell you how much I was touched and lifted by it. I think it is the finest living portrait I have ever read. She captured the beauty, serenity and discipline of a truly great woman. Congratulations! —Mrs. W. J. Addison  
Toronto, Ont.

### "Boss" Story Outdated

*Dear Editor:* It is hard to believe "You and Your Husband's Boss" (December Chatelaine) was written in 1948. A generation ago it might have been credible if not practical. The "important executives, industrial psychologists and employment officials" interviewed by Miss Stayner are obviously living in the past...

Can a young wife be expected to create the atmosphere of a smoothly purring household with a small child or two, her lord and master and herself all in two or three rooms?

As far as having the Boss to dinner is concerned, it seems only common sense that a wife who is jumping up and down all through the meal cannot be as charming as one who has hired a maid for the evening, even if it does mean a couple of weeks of scrimping and saving.

Certainly every worthy wife wants to help her husband up the stairway to the

stars—and most of them are doing everything they can. But there's a limit to their capacity. Miss Stayner's theories are lovely as such—it would be a far different and much improved world if they were practical. —Mrs. H. Hardy  
Toronto, Ont.

### Protests Haunted Houses

*Dear Editor:* I have read with interest Gordon Sinclair's article (Chatelaine for January) on spiritualism. I am one of the 110,000 spiritualists in this country, all of whom I feel sure would be incensed by the article if they read it. His references to our churches as haunted houses is pure slander. True they may be only three quarters full and two thirds women, but what church isn't, these days?

... Mr. Sinclair says spiritualist exposure is corn from away back. How true, Mr. S., so open the crib door for your crop... —H. W.  
Edmonton, Alta.

*Dear Editor:* Nowhere in all my experience have I met with so much unfair criticism as that expressed by so-called investigators of spiritualism. They would not dare enter any other place of worship—any denomination—and come out with a description of the place, leader, and even the dress and appearance of some of its members with the purpose of ridiculing it for publicity. True there are fraudulent mediums, which is unfortunate... but I noticed the writer ended his article abruptly when he did receive an authentic message which he had to admit could not have been done by trickery.

K. M. Whitehouse  
Verdun, Que.

**Ed.'s Note:** Gordon Sinclair made a point of "exploring," not "exposing" spiritualism. Many readers felt that his report on what he saw was fair and made sense—for those both in and out of the faith.

### Help Wanted!

*Dear Editor:* Under the circumstances you will probably be surprised to hear from an English reader, but I was literally impelled to take pen in hand by my anxiety to tell you of my discovery of Chatelaine and how I long to become a regular reader...

A friend sent me an old copy and I was so delighted with it I wrote the publishers' London office for a subscription. I was horribly disappointed to learn that until present restrictions are lifted it is not possible to subscribe.

I wonder if I could throw myself on the generosity of your readers and ask if one of them would earn my everlasting gratitude by exchanging her copy of Chatelaine for any of our English magazines? It would delight me too, to have a pen friend in Canada!...

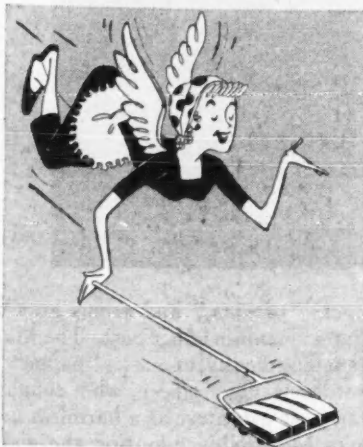
—Mrs. Florence Foggin  
York, England.

**Ed.'s Note:** We'll be glad to forward any letters to Mrs. Foggin if you will write her in care of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



## No pressure on handle!

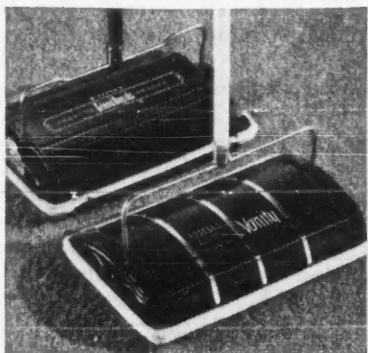
You don't have to bear down. Just *glide* your new Bissell\* over any rug, under beds, under the dining room table... for a perfect, instant pick-up!



"Bisco-matic"\* brush action does work for you!

This amazing new feature adjusts the brush *automatically* to any pile rug, thick or thin... without any pressure on the handle.

It makes your quick clean-ups faster, cleaner than ever!



"Bisco-matic" is exclusive with Bissell, and is available now in two models... the "Vanity", at \$8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only \$6.95.

Complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

## BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.  
of Canada Limited  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan  
(Factory at Niagara Falls, Canada)

\* Registered Trade-Mark

## Beauty Brevities

★

**Stop frowning!** You've probably heard that many, many times if you're a habitual brow-furrower. It's easier said than done, because when you frown you're usually concentrating on some job or person and not thinking of yourself. It's a good idea to wear antiwrinkle pads when you're going about your house chores, or you can make your own with a strip of court plaster, flesh-colored, moistened and stuck between your brows. Another bad habit is the quizzical raised eyebrow. It also leads to lines like little railway tracks from temple to temple. Court plaster on your forehead will be a reminder to uncrease, when you feel in a you-don't-say-so mood.

**When it comes to chins**, are you carrying around a spare? If so you can wear it down with massage, spanking and rolling the excess flesh. But—you may end up with a dewlap, even less attractive than the extra chin. To avoid this, bathe your throat after massaging, with ice-cold water, to which has been added a lump of alum about the size of a jelly bean. This acts as an astringent and will help hold that firm under-chin line.

**The theory** that polish should be left off nails for a few days every now and then, to allow "resting" and "breathing," is pure mythology. If your nails were alive to that extent, it wouldn't be possible to cut or file them. Nails, like hair, have no blood supply and no nerves. The polish actually is a protection against splitting and breaking.

**When applying nail lacquer**, consider the shape of your finger tips. If they are spatulate, leave a small space uncolored at each side of the nail. This will make them seem narrower. If the natural shape can be improved by making them appear wider, carry the polish right to the very edge on each side.

**There's a happy trio** in hormone skin products—a hormone night cream, a hormone oil for daytime use and a hormone hand lotion to pep up the complexion, hands and arms of those who may feel they've lost the first fresh bloom of youth.

**News of the month** is a tricky combination of perfume atomizer and lipstick, in a case no larger than an ordinary-sized lipstick. Also, for toting around in a pocketbook, there's a small kit with a lucite hairbrush, clothesbrush and comb all neatly fitted together. Either of these will make handsome little gifts—if there's a birthday in the offing.

★ ★ ★

## LITTLE LULU

by Marge



**Hold a Kleenex Tissue** against your face. Feels soft as a bunny—smooth as silk! That's because a special process keeps this quality tissue *extra* soft. So caressing to delicate skin. Such a blessing for snuffle-sore noses!

**You won't find any weak spots** in Kleenex—so when you take cold, or take off cold cream, don't take just "tissues". Insist on gentle Kleenex—the brand that gives strength and absorbency you can *depend* on!



**Only Kleenex** gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue box! You can pull *just one* double tissue at a time (not gobs, not a fistful!) and up pops another. Always ready for dozens of uses, Kleenex saves time, trouble, tissues.



**Only Kleenex\***  
is  
"just like"  
Kleenex



**YOUR BEST BUY IN TISSUES!**

**Compare tissues—compare boxes—** you'll agree no other tissue gives you *all* the advantages of Kleenex. Soft! Strong! Pops up! Ask for it by name and see for yourself why Kleenex is your best buy in tissues!

© Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Limited



\*T.M. Reg.

# IF FATHER did the Cooking!



He would certainly insist on efficient High Speed Elements. In the McClary he can make a choice of the Red-Head Sealed type or the McClary Tubular type.

... McClary offers both

He'd want the cleaning ease and long life of stain resisting porcelain enamel finish—the one piece cooking top and seamless oven.

... McClary has them!

And even Father might turn out a delicious, done-to-a-turn meal after all ... thanks to Oven Heat Control, Smokeless Broiler—and the time proven heat balanced McClary oven—insulated with Fiberglas for current saving and better baking results.

... McClary has them all!

**Tip to wives:** Take Father along when you see the beautiful new 1949 McClary Electric Ranges at your dealer's. Let him "sell" you! And remind him that the McClary reputation for freedom from trouble is more than 100 years old.



**McCLARY**  
ELECTRIC RANGES

Since  
1847



PRODUCTS OF GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

## Fan Fare



### Command Decision

HERE IS a movie about the little-known agonies endured by commanding officers who know they send brave men to die with every decision they make. The scene is England in 1943, at the base of an American heavy bombardment unit. Brigadier-General K. C. Dennis is convinced that desperately dangerous raids against newly discovered jet factories deep in Germany will pay off in the long run. Opposing him are newspapers and visiting Congressmen, whose idea of waging total war is making safe sorties on Channel ports.

The Brigadier-General goes through with his plan; losses are shocking. He is hastily relieved of his command, but as he leaves, his successor is forced to face the situation, and he makes the same decision.

As Brigadier-General Dennis, Clark Gable gives the best performance of his career. Recent collar boy parts are hereby forgiven and forgotten. Here is a strong, poignant characterization—one that perhaps gains through Gable's own war experience. Walter Pidgeon is almost as good as the honest but pompous Major-General, and Van Johnson as a wisecracking, deadpan sergeant keeps the film from becoming too consistently sober.

duces "parents," and seems apprehensive at mention of her past. The Major's snooping finally unmasks "pappa" as a notorious S.S. officer who sought to carry off a disguise as a harmless family man by forcibly adopting the girl (an amnesia victim) as she wandered from a concentration camp at war's end. Lydia's memory is restored, and the Major looks set to carve her new-found initials in his family tree.

Mai Zetterling, a pretty-as-Dresden Swedish discovery for whom great things are predicted, is sincere and beautiful as the "lost" D.P.; but Herbert Lom as the S.S. man, and Philo Hauser as his sneak informant are so convincingly sinister that they are by all odds the best thing in the show.

### Connecticut Yankee

TWICE SCREENED in years gone by, this film is back again. Now the hem on Mark Twain's classic has been let down to suit the talents of today's Mr. Box Office, Bing Crosby.

The yarn is an easygoing spoof. Hank Martin (Crosby) is a poor but honest young fellow, proud owner of a 1905 blacksmith shop in Hartford, Conn. Then comes a knock on the noggin, and he comes to in 528 A.D., a captive of one of King Arthur's bully boys, Sir Sagamore (William Bendix). The King and his armor-plated rover boys are so impressed by Hank's tricks that he's dubbed "Sir Boss," and given the run of Camelot. This suits our Hank, who has caught a shimmery smile tossed by the King's favorite niece, Lady Ali-sande. Before he is returned to the whirl of 1905, he bests Sir Launcelot in battle, is sold into slavery, and conjures up a total eclipse of the sun. Eventually, of course, he is reunited with his sixth-century sweetie, and the lances and armor are left to rust in peace.

Would that the moviemakers had let this tale do the same! For on its third time round it creaks in spots as loudly as Sir Sagamore's armored elbow. But der Bingle's eternal charm makes it a pleasant and amiable show, and his balladeering is as sure-fire as always. Rhonda Fleming as Bing's new leading lady plays the love interest in breathtaking costumes and a great deal of hair.

The film also includes five new songs, lavish sets and a splashy Technicolor which unfortunately makes the cast appear to be suffering from prickly heat.

### Portrait from Life



THIS ENGLISH FILM tells what happens when a British army Major takes on a job beyond the call of duty.

It starts when the Major overhears a Jewish professor in a London gallery claim that the subject of a painting is his daughter Lydia, whom he has not seen since being forced into exile.

Back in Germany on military duty, the Major combs D.P. camps in spare hours. But when he finds Hildegard, suspense only deepens. The girl intro-



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The Red Cross must be prepared for all eventualities. Year after year the demand for Red Cross services grows. Millions of dollars have been spent in flood, fire and other disasters, in aiding the stricken and homeless.

### More Blood Donor Service



Province by Province the Red Cross is opening its Free Blood Transfusion Service. Untold lives have been saved by this great organization. But more funds are needed to expand and maintain this worthwhile humanitarian work.

### More Outpost Hospitals



Throughout Canada, the Red Cross operates 75 Outpost Hospitals and 2 Crippled Children's Hospitals. More are being built and more are needed. Last year over 70,000 patients were served by Outpost Hospitals.

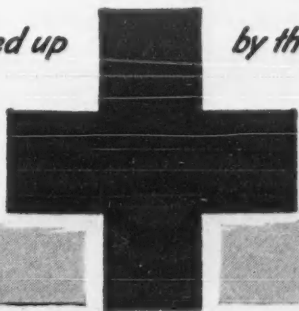
### Red Cross Aids Veterans



Red Cross provides many services for veterans in Hospitals. Other Red Cross activities include: Junior Red Cross; Swimming and Water Safety; Nutrition Services; First Aid and Home Nursing Services; Women's Work Activities etc.

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## Fashion Shorts

There's a fresh appeal in coats for spring, and it only takes two senses to realize their beauty. You have to see their lovely muted colors. You have to feel their texture and feather-light weight. The silhouette is slim. It's belted or fitted. Either way it makes news again. Some of the new coats may be worn loose or belted, giving you a two-in-one version that will become the pet of your wardrobe. Remember the tweed and camel hair casuals that

geometric and scenic prints. A touch of the dramatic comes with exotic Persian motifs and even the land of storybook tells tales in color. Fables of Lafontaine, Joan of Arc, the Fox Hunt, Punch and Judy . . . yes, and even Li'l Abner runs along a silky border chased by a brightly patterned Daisy May.

The last word in accessories and the latest word in the vocabulary of fashion circles is the "Bollerino." It's a sleeveless bolero with a high wide and handsome collar that can lie flat to form a bertha effect or be lifted to frame your face. It's a natural for late spring and summer wear, to be worn with everything from play clothes to evening dresses. The fabrics it comes in? Piqué, paper taffeta and sharkskin. It's the "crisp look" for summer.

Night and day you'll find many uses for the rebozo . . . we know that you're about to enquire, and up we come with news about the latest type of stole . . . the rebozo. It all started in old Mexico, where the Indians wore them over their heads or around their shoulders. And now guess what! We will be wearing it draped, knotted, twisted or tied (stole fashion) from sunup to sundown. It's longer, wider and usually fringed . . . ideal for warm spring evenings as a wrap . . . perfect for an added fashion note to your basic daytime dresses.

Cast your eye on summer . . . Two things to watch for. It's the "bare look" and the "crisp look" this year, with hemlines going up a little and necklines coming down. Strapless, off-the-shoulder and scooped-out necklines are news in fabrics with the crisp look. Crispy cotton taffetas, crease-resistant mull, chambray - finished cambric and old-fashioned batistes and lawns are fabrics to watch for when it comes cotton-pickin' time.

Mauve is on the move . . . The trend this spring is toward the prettiest pastel shades you've ever seen. Watch mauve, and if it's one of your favorites, then wear it in your glory this season. And what could be prettier than lavender and lace?

In the pink for spring with pale pink pearls for navy. Candy colors are everywhere in jewelry for spring. Jewelry goes to all lengths . . . it's longer or very short this spring. Tiny choker necklaces or the longest, prettiest pearls you can find. Colors are endorsed by spring—misty greens, tones of blue and silvery mauves.

Pique looks like icing . . . Perk up and primp up with a white pique collar or cuffs to add icing to your basic dress or suit. Try a sleeveless blouse in crisp pique with buttons and bows



Designed to lead an active life is this versatile coat tailored by Posluns. Fashioned in biscuit-beige suede finish, its high-standing Queen Anne collar and interesting sleeve treatment are prophetic of trends for '49. It's certain to lead a double life when you wear it belted over your prettiest dress or loose as a companion to your smartest suit.

women loved and college girls cherished? They're back again to take their place as the coat you like to live in.

Attraction for attention. Speaking of coats, it almost goes without saying that the scarf is the thing that ties up with wonderful collars. Color for your collar, that's what you want, and colors this year challenge spring herself. The choice is yours to make from polka dots, florals, and plain tones. Small conversational patterns share honors with



Accessories courtesy T. Eaton Co.



for added interest. It plays its part in the bare look, but don't let it fool you—it's also a cover up in the form of piquant little capes and capelets to play stand-in for your strapless frocks. Handy with a needle? Why not try it yourself, and you'll have fun designing.

**So you like to sew.** If, every time you see a new style or a dress that is definitely for you and you are one of those clever people who see it through the needle's eye, then lend an ear and listen... It's not a secret; everyone's talking about polka dots. For the multi-purpose dress, try your hand at a navy-blue polka-dotted frock, and make a jaunty fly-away jacket of bright red wool, short and sweet, to wear over it. Then try navy-blue bengaline or silky faille for a redingote coat to wear over this wonderful basic dress. It's small of waist and full of skirt, and the polka dots peek out from beneath.

**The shoe matches the bag** this springtime. For a neat, smart look with tailored suit or fitted coat... a black-and-white check handbag with a wide band of calf teams up with the classic pump, in matching check and polished calf vamp!

**Kindergarten kinder** are in the shoe news, too. Small squirmers will wear square-toed shoes with a single-buttoned instep strap. Low oxfords are back again. And your tiny pride will wiggle her toes in shoes of pink, blue or yellow.

**Slips are high fashion**, keeping pace with every quiver of the dress designer's pencil! In keeping with the Bare Look, they now feature plunging necklines... Empire waists... the "cameo oval" top. And they are breaking out in color—soft, beautiful shades—jasmine, water-lily mauve, muted coral and pink.

**Cracker crisp** and color-conscious... that's the first summer cottons! The big talking point is dark, dark colors, light, light materials. Grey cotton voile, navy organdie, smoky taupe, dotted Swiss—the answer to every woman's wish for a cool look and a cool material for those stilling days in town.

**High-spirited** is the description of the coming play clothes. You'll wear them in wonderful "two tones"—and get double the compliments! Shades of red and pink, pale and navy blue, tan with brown.

**Glove your hand in glitter.** Yes, metallics make an entrance in gold-processed leather that is used for ruffles or piping on leather gloves. Metallic yarn comes to hand on string gloves. A wonderful way to sparkle up a dark ensemble!

**Tag ender**... Clare Potter, famed New York designer, told us this. Clothes will be slimmer for 1949. Generally, dresses will be form-fitting, the "movement" in accessories. Designers are making it easy to put on a dress and forget all about it... something women continue to appreciate in fashion!

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left... "Rib-Knit"—Fashioned, ribbed stitch in purest wool... running at right angles for fit and flattery. 14 to 20. About \$3.98.

right... "Check-Mate"—Checkerboard motif on pure wool... lovely companion for every move you make. 14 to 20. About \$3.98.

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So, between visits to the hairdresser, give your hair truly professional care with SUAVE, the cosmetic for the hair!

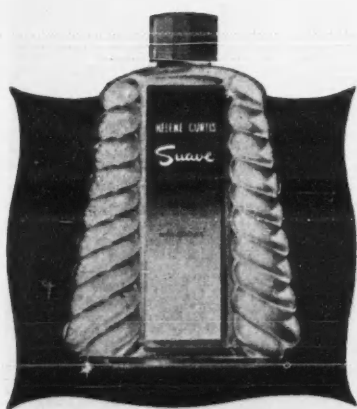
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**HAPPY HANDS** — jar containing over 100 applications, 50c



## Brief Encounter

### "New World . . . on a Bare Stage"

by Mary Ewart

**A** SUCCESSFUL professional theatre in Canada — for Canadian audiences—with Canadian actors?

Don't be silly, people said. In New York, yes, but not here. Not as a steady job for legitimate players. Not as a steady diet for audiences who had come to accept all their footlight fare—good, indifferent and not infrequently bad—from across the border or the ocean.

Of course, Canada was a wonderfully fertile soil for Little Theatre. Seasonal performances by talented amateurs with after-working-hour directors. But real sustained theatre, professional in all that the word implies—well, they'd have to be shown.

It's been a busy and strenuous and sometimes precarious business showing them. But in its third successive year of stimulating, live theatre, the New Play Society of Toronto can talk back to the unbelievers. And the voice of triumphant defiance is that of one of the most energetic, forward-looking and able directors of theatre in Canada . . . Dora Mavor Moore. A woman who, with her equally talented son as co-director, has brought alive her vision of "a living theatre in Canada, on a professional but nonprofit basis."

If it still has a sizeable stretch to go to achieve the long-run acceptance and four-star salaries of Broadway, this group can look ahead and know that the future—whatever it brings—is built on firm foundations.

Largely because Mrs. Moore is a gambler. She doesn't look like it—this large pleasant woman, more like a

settled, happy homemaker. But Dora Mavor Moore, founder and director of Toronto's vigorous New Play Society, gambled everything on her dream of a home-town theatre with professional standards. It has become her life—a 16-hour-a-day job.

Mrs. Moore alternates with her son, Mavor Moore (a brilliant director himself), in the production of plays. During the past three years this unique mother-son team has brought Toronto audiences "good theatre" through a happy combination of worth-while plays, experienced Canadian casts, and inspired direction.

Good theatre is a dream coming true all over Canada these days. There are many Little Theatre groups, and at least three repertory theatres or permanent theatre groups—Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars, Montreal's La Campagnes and Toronto's New Play Society.

Currently the Moores are receiving praise for their direction of Canadian-author Morley Callaghan's "To Tell the Truth." And typically, Mrs. Moore is planning for the future, working toward the goal of the New Play Society, "To establish a living theatre in Canada, on a professional but nonprofit basis." As a first step the Moores hope to present their plays in other Ontario cities next year. They feel it is the audience which must be given the chance to study live drama now. Canada has experienced actors and able directors, but still lacks confident, knowledgeable audiences—the type who do not have to listen to professional critics to know good theatre from bad. The Moores' dream of an audience which doesn't care whether a company hails from London,

Here's Dora Mavor Moore, director and founder of Canada's first English-speaking professional theatre, New Play Society, conferring with playwright-novelist, Morley Callaghan (centre) and son, Mavor Moore.







Unretouched  
Photo



Unretouched  
Photo

## Which is OLDER?

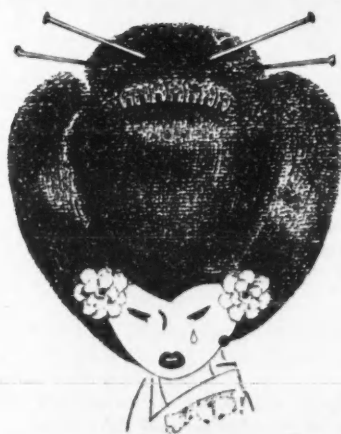
If you picked the girl in the lower picture — you're wrong! Actually they're the same age—25! Surprising—but true!

Compare their skin! One has a clear, lovely complexion. But the other... her rough dry skin and tell-tale lines shout "She's getting old!"

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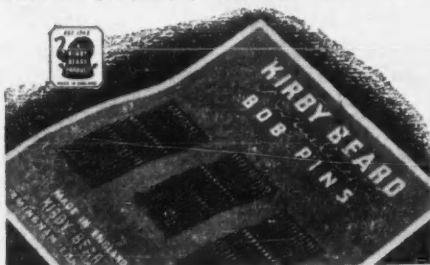
Try Noxzema Cold Cream for just 10 days! See how much fresher, lovelier, how much younger your skin looks. At all drug and cosmetic counters. 21¢, 39¢, 63¢.



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Ont., or London, England, so long as it meets its own critical standards.

Born in Scotland, Dora Mavor came to Canada with her family as a baby. Her father, the late James Mavor, was not only an outstanding member of the Toronto University Faculty as Professor of Political Economy, but a student of the humanities. In England he had belonged to the Fabian Society and was an intimate of G. B. Shaw, the Sydney Webbs and other well-known Fabians.

Following her education at Toronto schools, Dora Mavor turned to the stage for a career. After two successful years in New York and a year at the "Old Vic" in London, she married and settled once again in Toronto. For a few years she attended to the job of bringing up three energetic sons; but the call to the theatre was strong, and eventually Mrs. Moore turned to the teaching of dramatic arts.

That Mrs. Moore is a woman of vision and dauntless faith is proved by the very nature of her undertaking. But there's plenty of unglamorous work involved, too. For example, in lining up the 1948-49 season of six plays, Mrs. Moore spent her summer reading some 200 plays.

And then she faced the next hurdle—choosing no less than six casts of actors. It was a headache, for often leads chosen were not available for the dates settled on. But Mrs. Moore is fortunate in having a fairly large group of professionals to draw from, professionals active in radio work as well as a number who have come from England to settle in Toronto.

Mrs. Moore survives the grueling round with equanimity. The shortcomings suspect in anyone with the exalted title of "Director" as such acid tongue, moodiness, inflated ego, never got to the seeding stage in her.

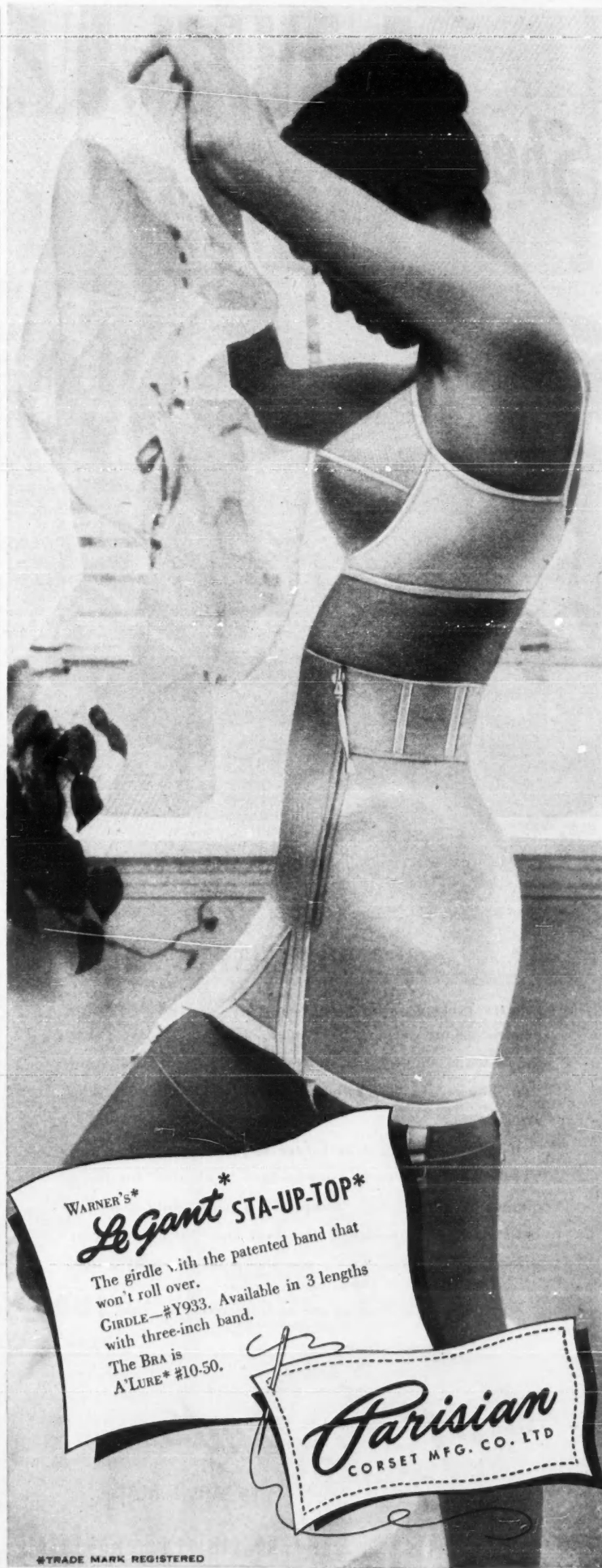
The anecdote that best describes Mrs. Moore's personality is the one concerning her nose. In her effort to pack 24 active hours into 16, she tried to grope her way over a dark road one night—fell and broke her nose. The opening of the New Play Society's 1948-49 season was only a few days off, and there were countless details still awaiting her attention. Mrs. Moore had her nose set, and promptly got on with her work. Her refusal to admit that matter was in any way out of place, her wonderful sense of humor about misfortune, caused fellow workers to dismiss the accident as unimportant. If she suffered no one heard her mention it. The play, Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," opened on schedule and delighted Toronto audiences learned you needn't budge out of your own home town to get rousing, exciting good theatre.

The theme of this play—achievement through faith and works—fits Mrs. Moore perfectly. Masters, the male lead in Joan, says in the play, "What we're all waiting for and working toward is the miracle. The miracle that has to happen with every play that's going to go."

"Someday we'll start cold as usual, just reading over the lines. Then that holy fire'll begin to play around one actor, then another, and then around a whole scene."

"And then the spirit'll descend on all of us at once, and we'll make a new world about the size of a star, and set it down on a bare stage."

This is what Mrs. Moore and her son Mavor Moore have done. +



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## Chatelaine Roundabout

News notes of the men and women who write for Chatelaine  
... of the people they meet and the things they hear



DAPHNE ALLOWAY McVICKER, who wrote "The Morning of the Divorce" (p. 17), leaves her Ohio home four times a year for "a plushly upholstered hotel garret in New York to attend to what we flossily call My Writing." These jaunts are necessitated, she says, by "our three extraordinarily brilliant and handsome children, who amazed us by traveling to spots like Guam and India and returning with additional charming individuals to add to our delightful brood." All too fascinating for concentration on writing. Mrs. McV. produces, besides, stories, serials, verse and stuff about movie stars. "Almost anything, in fact, that can be constructed by putting words together."



"MY CHILDREN can't accuse me of using them as models," says Rosamond du Jardin, who has been doing wonderful adolescent stories for years, and wrote "First Date" (page 18). "When I started they were too young to base my characters on." Mrs. Du Jardin's record is a challenge to people who are always going to write when they get time. She began selling stories when two of her babies were under two, writing fast and furiously while they took naps. Now her children are 21, 19, and nine. Mrs. Du Jardin's record includes four books and a hundred stories published since those early "nap-snatching" days. This is at least her fifth story to appear in Chatelaine with, we hope, many more to come.

WHAT DO Canadian women think of the luxury taxes we pay on so many items, often unaware? Plenty! A questionnaire to the 2,000 members of Chatelaine's Consumer Council across the country brought back 1,000 replies before the first week was out. The result, combined with important information gathered by Mary Jukes in Ottawa, is the hard-hitting "Look Here, Mr. Abbott" (pages 30-31).

When Adele White interviewed talented Canadian beauties for "The Prettiest Girl in Town" (pages 24-25) she learned that happily all of them plan to stay in Canada and work out their destinies on the home front. And if he lives anywhere near you, you may be able to guess who wrote "My Wife's a Social Climber." It's a cinch we'll never tell. Too dangerous to wind and limb...

HAT DESIGNER Peggy Anne puts the finishing touches on the luscious flowered bonnet she did for Chatelaine's dress and cape picture appearing on page 61. It's part of the new style story for spring that has been involving Fashion Editor Mildred Spicer in weeks of commuting between her office and the workrooms and showrooms of Canadian designers and creators. We present highlights in the wonderful wearables you'll shop for this spring. There are too many pages of dresses, suits, foundation garments, accessories and hats to list. ... but we know you'll love them all.





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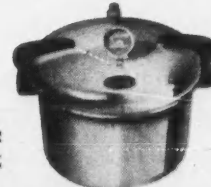
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*Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...is lovely from every angle*

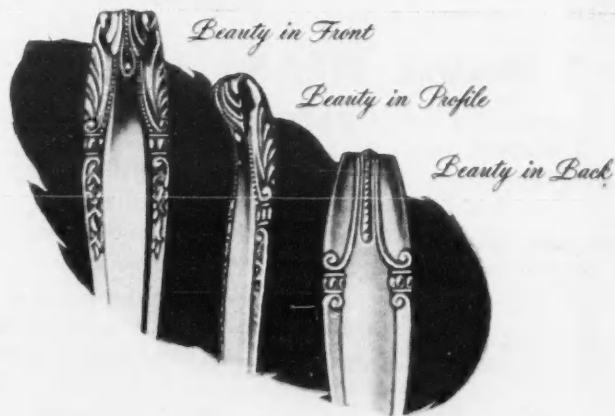


SCULPTURE, "YOUNG GIRL," BY JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON, CIRCA 1800. COURTESY OF METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

*Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...has  
Third Dimension Beauty*

When you go shopping for sterling, you will find that these two Wallace designs, created by William S. Warren, famous designer, are among the most popular silver patterns in Canada today. That's because their designs are so distinctive...because they are the only silver patterns with the "Third Dimension Beauty" of sculpture—beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back. Before you select your silver, hold a piece of Wallace Sterling in your hand and turn it slowly around. You'll find loveliness from every angle... beauty from every possible perspective. This sculptural quality of "Third Dimension Beauty" is found in no other sterling but Wallace... Canada's most sought-after silver.

Left, STRADIVARI... right, ROSE POINT. Both patterns are made in Canada. Wallace Silversmiths, Toronto, Canada.



*Beauty in Front*

*Beauty in Profile*

*Beauty in Back*

**WALLACE  
STERLING**



# Morning of the Divorce

by Daphne Alloway McVicker

**T**HE ALARM CLOCK sizzled importantly and Sally's body reacted, hand clamping down on the buzzer, feet groping for runover sandals, a grim procession of duties forming before the eyes she struggled to keep shut. Get to Sukey before she woke Pat, start cereal going, squeeze fruit juice . . . was there coffee?

The eyes came open and Sally jerked to amazed awareness.

There was no humped, angry body in the twin bed, no tousel of rough black hair. The bare foot she had thrust out came up with an elegant mule, feather bedecked. The hair that she pushed away from her forehead fell back into an easy, adroit sweep. No headache—air came clear and crisp into her lungs and made its unimpeded way to the corners of a quite comfortable stomach.

The room was tidy. Through the open closet door she had a view of a Cellophane bag housing her elegant new suit . . . the suit, any woman's dream suit, clean-lined, thick soft fabric, a single glittering ornament tossing back sunshine from its lapel. Couldn't be, Sally thought, that closet door didn't dare open. It spewed out housedresses, old short skirts, baggy sweaters, men's coats. There should be a puddle of last night's garments lewdly empty on the floor, wrinkled slacks over a chair, bureau top hideous with spilled powder and emptied pocket litter.

She sat up, hugging her knees, and felt the soft freshness of silk nightgown.

"I'm Cinderella," Sally exclaimed. "The Prince made up + Continued on page 34

Illustrated by

Walter





# First Date

by Rosamond du Jardin

Illustrated by Casey Jones

LORIE EVERETT floated all the way home from Hopper's Drugstore without ever touching a scuffed brown loafer to the ground. Then, right at the edge of her own front yard, she came down to earth with a bump.

It was queer how you could live in a house your whole life, practically 15 years, and never really see it. Why hadn't she noticed before that it was such a small house? And even if it had been painted so recently that she could still remember her father's audible anguish over the cost, it seemed to Lorie that the whiteness of its broad clapboards had already begun to dull. She would speak to Dad about it that very night. A house shouldn't be permitted to run down that way. It was embarrassing for the people who lived in it.

She sauntered up the flagstone walk, her black hair lifting and falling rhythmically, the pleats of her plaid wool skirt swaying against her tanned





legs. One heel caught on the edge of a flagstone and Lorie frowned down in annoyance. The walk needed fixing, too. And surely the evergreens at either side of the little entrance porch weren't always so straggly. If so, it was shameful.

Lorie sighed, shifting her books to one arm in order to open the green-painted door. A dreadful but familiar odor assaulted her as she stepped inside. Her grey eyes widened in horror.

"Mom!" she exclaimed, appalled. The word had a thick, cold-in-the-head sort of sound, due to the fact that Lorie had pinched her nostrils tight shut with thumb and finger.

No answer.

Lorie dropped her books on a chair in the sunny maple-and-chintz living room, en route through the house toward the head of the basement stairs. "Mother!"

"Yes, dear." Her mother's cheerful voice

wasn't at all remorseful. "I didn't hear you come in."

"Mother," Lorie wailed, still holding her nose, "the whole house reeks of vardish rebover!"

"Does it? I'm sorry," Kit Everett said. "I don't mind the smell myself. Guess it's all in getting used to it."

"I shall never get used to it." Lorie spoke clearly, having removed thumb and finger from her nose in order to breathe. "Never as long as I live."

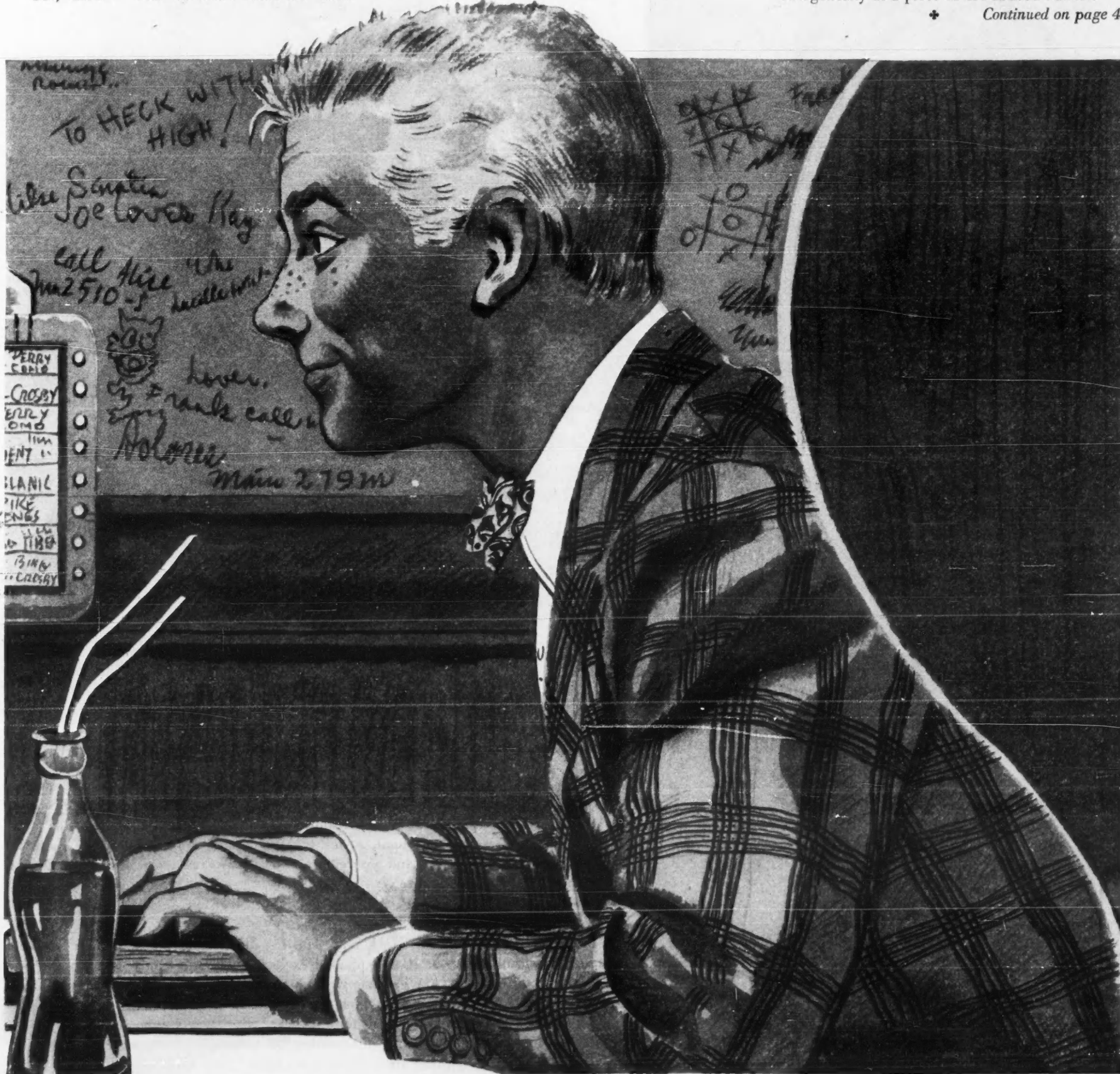
"Oh, come now," Kit laughed. "It's not as bad as all that. And think how divine this lowboy will look when I get it refinished. It'll be perfect in the corner by the fireplace."

LORIE WAS quite satisfied with the corner by the fireplace as it was. Why couldn't her mother

go in for some other hobby than antiques? Especially the kind of antiques that could be picked up at a bargain and refinished by hand in the basement? Despite herself Lorie couldn't smell varnish remover so plainly now. But what would Dave think? She shuddered and sat down on the top step to stare reproachfully at her mother.

Kit Everett wore sad blue jeans and a striped golf shirt discarded by her husband. And, although she had almost reached the ripe old age of 35, she still had the figure for such a garb. Lorie realized that. But, to the ultraconventionality of a teenager, there was something vaguely troubling about a mother who looked as young as Kit. The mothers of Lorie's friends were for the most part well-upholstered, matronly women, no longer capable of tipping the scales at a scant 115. Nor were they likely to be found in the basement, rubbing energetically at a piece of old abused walnut.

Continued on page 40





# Fashion Forecast Spring . . . Thaw

by Mildred Spicer  
Fashion Editor



*A pink rose blooms on this crisply outlined suit by Jo Copeland. It represents the dash of dots for spring, in pink pin dots on black silk. The little jacket tops a sleeveless dress with longer-in-back fullness. Note the large picture hat that takes a prominent place again as a fashion headline.*



*Flowers that bloom in the spring will have nothing on this distinctive Bruck print by Alfandri. Soft-flowing pleats cascade over the hips and break into a swirl of skirt. The color motif is yellow on navy.*

**B**ACK to normal" is the happy watchword for spring 1949. At last fashion looks ahead, realizing from the experience of the "New Look" that women like to be pretty and feminine, but most of all we like to be comfortable. With this reassuring thought, styles take the middle way and combine feminine qualities with simplicity and naturalness. Now every woman can be herself. During the short-lived era of the New Look a figure had to fight for a dress, now the very opposite is true. In short, designers have given us what we asked for.

**THE TREND OF OUR TIME . . .** The trend is toward prettier, more feminine clothes, but this year it is expressed exclusively in the lovely evening and late afternoon clothes. For daytime wear there is a feeling for classic lines. Watch for it in suits. The basic dress has a place of its own to be worn with all the new accessories that are keyed to match this year. Suit jackets range from waist length to 31 inches. The slim skirt is the number one suit choice, but never is it restricting. Pleats of all description are exciting news again. Skirts drape in all places, to the side, at the back and sometimes to the front. They're moderately full in dresses.



**The new season brings melting colors and softens the silhouette.**

**Subdued shades echo a feeling of gracious femininity as exaggeration disappears and lines follow the contour of the figure.**

**INTEREST AT THE TOP . . .** Last year's interest was at the back, with swirls, pleats, fullness and bustles. Although this is true of many dresses today with modified fullness at the back we find now that the newest trend is to highlight the neckline and the bodice. Spring will begin the uncovered look and summer will pick it up from there. You'll see fluted drawstring necklines, deep plunging V's. And conversely, as fashion shows her new versatile character, you'll see the coverup look expressed in tiny schoolgirl collars, cardigan necklines and wide-sashed waistlines. These you will wear for daytime. And when you add it all up, you will find that it's all so simple this year. For now fashion falls in two well-defined groups . . . tailored for daytime, dignified yet carrying out the ladylike look; all-out glamour for late afternoon, and in the evening . . . clothes of fairy-tale fantasy.



*Rainwear goes formal this season. Lou Ritchie comes up with something completely novel to fool old man weather himself. It's a dramatic greatcoat of black celanese moiré with the soft shoulderline and a stiffened wing collar. The front bodice buttons to the waist and the skirt flares out to unpressed pleats at the back.*



*The deft hand of Yvel works this pure silk shantung woven with a jacquardlike coin dot design, into a prophetic dress for spring. The graceful panier drapery and sleeve of dolman depth point up the slim waist. Tiny buttons march up from the waistline and the small schoolgirl collar peeks out at the neckline . . . perfect complement to lovely pearls.*

*Capes this year are a coverup for suits, but don't let them fool you—underneath it all is a suit that is slim as a willow reed. This one blends with tones of rust, brown and orange, by Lou Larry.*



# Wish on Any STAR



by Betty Cockrell

Illustrated by Ray App

ANYONE could have told them, and several people did, just how foolish they were to marry. Julie and Dan were young, breathlessly, eagerly, innocently young, and the time was difficult for young couples. But Julie and Dan were in love, and love was eager and innocent, and time was impatience.

"We couldn't afford furniture even if we did get a rental," Julie argued, "and with both of us in school, what do we want with a house?"

"Four walls do not a prison make," Dan chanted, "and even if they did, on you a cell looks good."

So the room with housekeeping privileges was all right when they got back from the minister's house. Julie had spent the day before getting it ready; arranging Dan's clothes with hers in a startlingly intimate order, dividing the one chest of drawers with scrupulous fairness, and lining their shoes precisely along a high shelf in the closet behind the wall bed. She was glad that Dan had classes.

He carried her in and they saw the room together.

"A woman's touch," Dan said. "A woman's warm, sure touch . . ." and his arms came round her. "That's all any place needs to make it home."

The room was all right for nearly two months. They were in it so little, studying in the library, eating in the co-op, catching a movie when they didn't have early classes, and on week ends escaping with their happiness to one of the beaches. But there was a family now in the room next to theirs, and the baby cried at night, and the bathroom was less available and it made Dan furious when the baby's mother forgot and left baby clothes there.

"We'll try to find an apartment," Julie soothed. "Things must be a little easier now."

"I heard about a place. Not much of a location, but the guy is flunking out. Maybe he'd fix it for us to move in . . ." Dan said.

They were walking home from the library and Julie was immensely cheerful. "Starlight, starbright, first star I've seen tonight. Wish I may, wish I might . . . get the wish I wish tonight . . ." She danced a little ahead of Dan. "Wish we get it, Dan."

Dan shrugged. "Movie stars are the only kind I go for, hon. Percentage of pay-off rules those astral babies out." After a moment he went on, "There's a chance that one of my stories might sell to pictures . . . the class discussed it today, and it could be worked into a screen play."

Julie grinned. "Everything's going to be wonderful—apartment, movie sale, graduation. Oh, Dan, wasn't I clever snagging you?"

Back in their room Dan knotted his bathrobe cord twice and swung the tassel in a slow arc. "Funny about that guy Corbett flunking out. He's a sharp character, a scholar. Funny . . ." He left the thought with Julie and went out into the hall. In a moment he was back and his face was tight with anger. "People are incredible. I'd rather share a bath with a herd of goats."

Julie plumped his pillow and laid her head on it. "The baby is cute, though, Dan. He doesn't look anything like his father. His father looks so old and worried and sort of grim. The baby's cute."

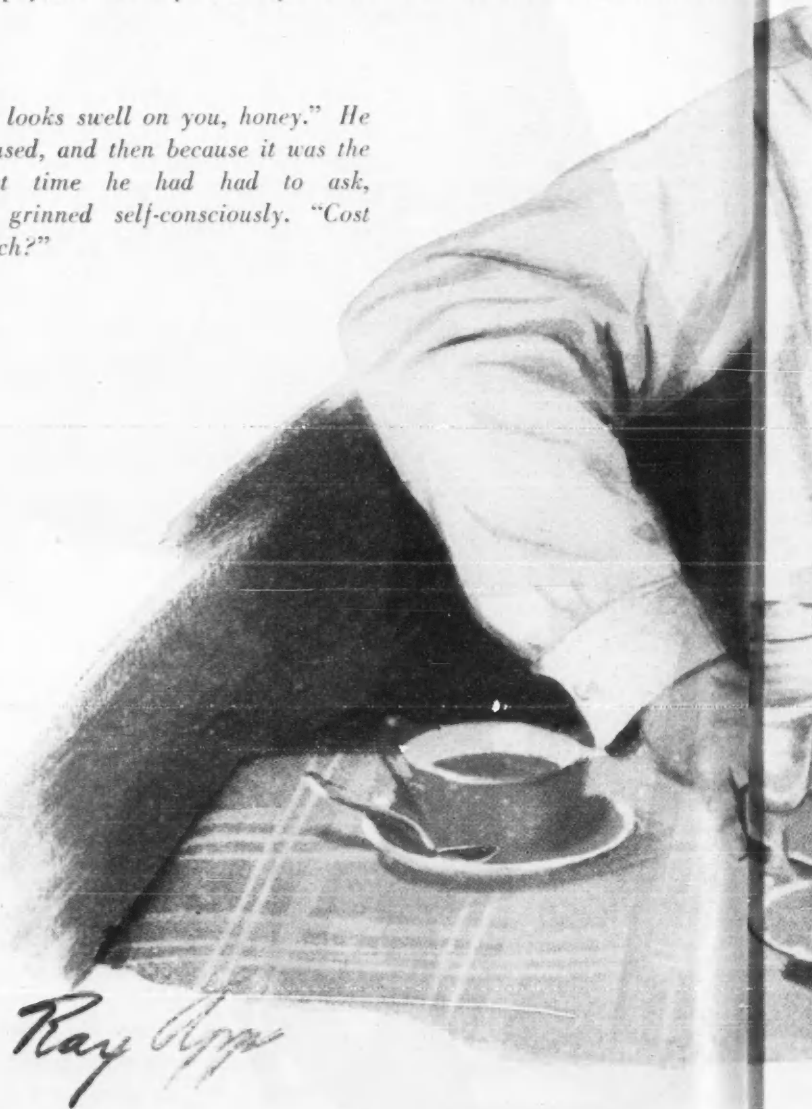
Dan chortled. "The baby's young. He hasn't discovered who he is yet."

Dan went to see Corbett about the apartment the next day.

Julie bought groceries for their supper that night, and then because they would be moving into the apartment soon, she bought a house dress. Dan had never seen her in a house dress. This one was gay and ruffled with the hem caught up demurely to show the starched flounce. It hadn't been inexpensive . . . Julie was vaguely puzzled about that. She particularly recalled her mother's careful distinction between her "good" dresses, and the cotton dresses which saved them. Surely Mother hadn't spent so much. But there was no need to worry. Dan had worked it out before they were married. "And I've made allowance for some clothes for you," he'd said. "I don't want you writing to your Dad, now that he's had such bad luck."

She hadn't needed clothes. There was probably a surplus in that part of the budget. If there was, Dan could use it to even up the places where the budget didn't seem to fit. I'll remind Dan, she thought happily, he can dip into my clothes fund for the books he's been

*"It looks swell on you, honey." He paused, and then because it was the first time he had had to ask, he grinned self-consciously. "Cost much?"*



*Ray App*

**To the stars looking down, all that's wrong with the world is people**



wanting. Scorning the apron her aunt had sent her, she arched gingerly away from the tiny sink and covered the meat in the skillet to keep the grease from spotting her dress. The recipe said uncovered, but it was for such a short time it really couldn't matter.

SHE COULDN'T tell from Dan's footsteps in the hall so she opened their door and leaned out excitedly. His face told her.

"Why not? Did someone else get it?" She stood back and let him pass her, scarcely noticing his kiss.

Dan shrugged. "Corbett was drunk. He got sore and smashed some of the furniture and took a swing at the landlord."

Julie took his books and hung his jacket away. "But that hasn't anything to do with us," she said. "What about the apartment?"

Dan frowned. "Corbett was paying more for that apartment than we have to live on for a month. And he couldn't keep it up. He thought he could; he thought he'd pick up enough extra income with tutoring guys and selling term papers and hocking

Continued on page 48

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Betty Jean Ferguson of Halifax won the title of Miss Canada at the last national beauty contest. She's heading straight for a radio career, has already sung on CBC programs. Betty Jean has personality plus—and the plus is a lovely voice and a warm, intriguing smile. Her vital statistics? Age 20, height 5ft. 7 and 123 lb. of eye appeal.



Jean Pairman is one of Toronto's talent-and-beauty girls. She began studying art at the Toronto Art Gallery and worked hard at it all through school. Now she has a full-time job, but carries on her sketching and painting at night classes. Eventually she plans to become a commercial artist—slanting toward pattern drafting and fashion designing.

# Prettiest Girl

by Adele White Health and Beauty Editor

**Y**OU'LL SPOT her at once in a crowd. She may be tall or short; rangy as a colt or nicely rounded; her hair dark or fair; her features classic or pert, but you'll recognize her because she'll be the Personality Kid in the group of laughing teen-agers, swinging down the street or sipping cokes in a soda bar.

Instinctively you feel—here's a gal who's going places; who'll inevitably be tagged "prettiest girl in town," not for her looks alone, but for her natural out-giving charm, and also, guess what? For her brains.

When beauty was first put on a contest basis; when dimpled darlings paraded before judges, it was a 10-to-one chance that the winner would be an "it" girl, almost bursting her scanty bathing suit with curvaceous pulchritude; her face, candy-box pretty; her I.Q.—well, who cared, as long as she exhibited a shapely figure and a toothsome smile! Since those early beauty contest days our standards of feminine appeal have undergone radical changes. A girl doesn't go far these days if she's beautiful but dumb. Of course, we still adore so a well-proportioned torso and pretty legs, but the body beautiful is only one of a series of counts when judges are handing out marks. *Personality, good manners, self-confidence and special talent* are even more important than an oomph figure when it comes to winning medals for beauty.

Diane Brisson, youngest of our group, has been tap dancing to good effect since early childhood. Slim, lithe and graceful with rhythm in every movement, she spends summer vacations in New York at dancing school where she works steadily from early morning till late night. "To be a top-rating dancer you've got to love your work more than all else," says Diane firmly.



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Step right up, folks—introducing Connie Laidlaw and her loquacious stooge, Charlotte! Connie is the only female ventriloquist in Canada. Her list of accomplishments also includes singing, dancing, impersonations and dramatic art. Charlotte and Connie are highlights of "Purple Patches," the annual fun and frolics night put on by the students of Western University, where she's now taking a stiff course in journalism—just to add a little more variety to her talents. Her stage career began at the age of five when she won prizes on Ken Soble's Amateur Radio program. "Ventriloquism is doing what comes naturally," says Connie, "you've got to be born with the knack of throwing your voice into other people's mouths."

## in Town

The girls whose photographs appear on this page are young Canadians to be proud of, and first-rate examples of what we mean when we say "prettiest girl in town."

Each one has had high rating in national beauty contests—some winning substantial scholarships which they are using to further their careers, whether it be dramatic art, radio work, singing, interior decorating or dancing.

They all have these things in common. Health and good looks. A flair, not only for wearing clothes, but for designing them. Capacity for hard work, yet lots of exuberance for having good times. Most important of all, each girl has talent, energy and ambition and is heading for a bright, particular future. ✦

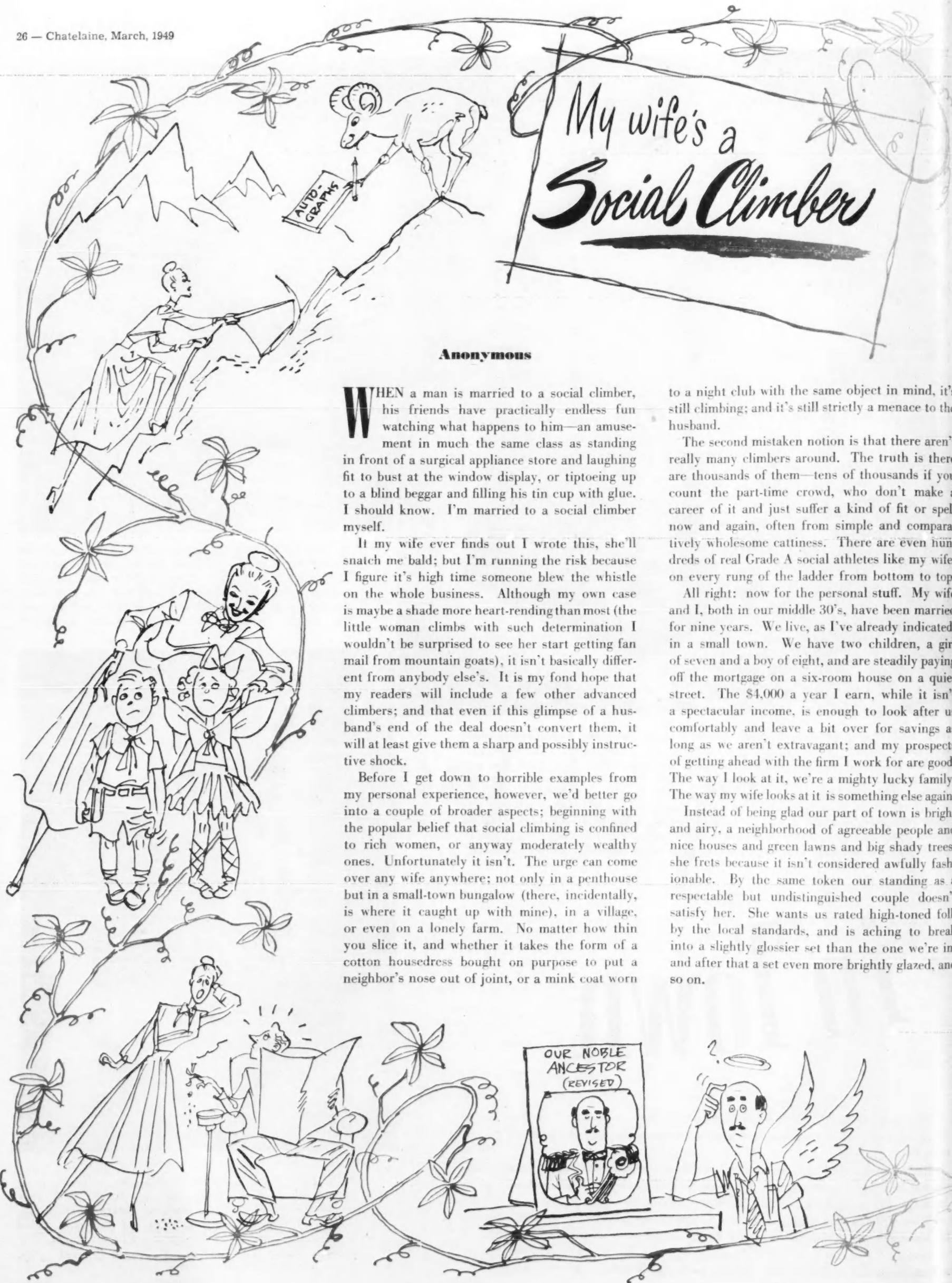


Marilyn James of Winnipeg was close contender for the title of Miss Canada. She won her laurels without benefit of even a powder puff. Lipstick is her only concession to face-fixing. Her talents? Piano and clay modeling. Her hobbies? All outdoor sports. Her possible career? The movies — when film-making moves westward.



Ethel Christine Valgardson from Tabor, Alberta, is of Norwegian descent. At present she's in her third year at the University of Utah, studying interior decorating. Tall, 5 ft. 8, with deep blue eyes and fair hair, Ethel wears pastel shades to play up her Viking beauty. Her favorite color combination is burgundy and grey.





Anonymous

**W**HEN a man is married to a social climber, his friends have practically endless fun watching what happens to him—an amusement in much the same class as standing in front of a surgical appliance store and laughing fit to bust at the window display, or tiptoeing up to a blind beggar and filling his tin cup with glue. I should know. I'm married to a social climber myself.

If my wife ever finds out I wrote this, she'll snatch me bald; but I'm running the risk because I figure it's high time someone blew the whistle on the whole business. Although my own case is maybe a shade more heart-rending than most (the little woman climbs with such determination I wouldn't be surprised to see her start getting fan mail from mountain goats), it isn't basically different from anybody else's. It is my fond hope that my readers will include a few other advanced climbers; and that even if this glimpse of a husband's end of the deal doesn't convert them, it will at least give them a sharp and possibly instructive shock.

Before I get down to horrible examples from my personal experience, however, we'd better go into a couple of broader aspects; beginning with the popular belief that social climbing is confined to rich women, or anyway moderately wealthy ones. Unfortunately it isn't. The urge can come over any wife anywhere; not only in a penthouse but in a small-town bungalow (there, incidentally, is where it caught up with mine), in a village, or even on a lonely farm. No matter how thin you slice it, and whether it takes the form of a cotton housedress bought on purpose to put a neighbor's nose out of joint, or a mink coat worn

to a night club with the same object in mind, it's still climbing; and it's still strictly a menace to the husband.

The second mistaken notion is that there aren't really many climbers around. The truth is there are thousands of them—tens of thousands if you count the part-time crowd, who don't make a career of it and just suffer a kind of fit or spell now and again, often from simple and comparatively wholesome cattiness. There are even hundreds of real Grade A social athletes like my wife, on every rung of the ladder from bottom to top.

All right: now for the personal stuff. My wife and I, both in our middle 30's, have been married for nine years. We live, as I've already indicated, in a small town. We have two children, a girl of seven and a boy of eight, and are steadily paying off the mortgage on a six-room house on a quiet street. The \$4,000 a year I earn, while it isn't a spectacular income, is enough to look after us comfortably and leave a bit over for savings as long as we aren't extravagant; and my prospects of getting ahead with the firm I work for are good. The way I look at it, we're a mighty lucky family. The way my wife looks at it is something else again.

Instead of being glad our part of town is bright and airy, a neighborhood of agreeable people and nice houses and green lawns and big shady trees, she frets because it isn't considered awfully fashionable. By the same token our standing as a respectable but undistinguished couple doesn't satisfy her. She wants us rated high-toned folk by the local standards, and is aching to break into a slightly glossier set than the one we're in, and after that a set even more brightly glazed, and so on.



*Any plain ordinary guy can end up in a padded cell, if his better half is out to make the town's upper crust know... I almost did.*

Her social ambitions would be okay if they were just byproducts of a normal human desire for us to do better and better so as to have more security, give our children greater advantages, have time and money to travel, and things like that. They aren't just byproducts, though. Little by little they're becoming an end in themselves.

Take her housekeeping, for instance. She always did keep the place clean and neat; but for the last two or three years, ever since this social business really took hold of her, cleanliness and neatness have developed into a regular fetish. If the children leave toys lying around, or put little sticky handmarks on the furniture, she's apt to react as though she'd caught them committing a crime; and the scolding they get, which they realize vaguely is away out of line, confuses and upsets them.

### Broadloom+Ashes=Trouble

I come in for my share of upset too. If a couple of flecks of cigarette ash should miss the ash tray and drop on the broadloom rug beside my favorite chair, the least I can expect is an impatient frown; and more often than not I have to listen to a kind of lecture, which I now know by heart—the theme being that she works hard trying to make the living room look smart and keep it that way, and there I go undoing it all just because I'm too lazy to take a little trouble.

That word "smart" is the keynote. She doesn't seem to run the house so much for our comfort as to create the greatest possible effect of chic in case callers should drop in without warning. I am to remember, she says, that her family and mine were . . . well, let us say a little different. Hers, she says, were used to the Finer Things in Life; whereas mine . . .

I couldn't care less whether her father was a millionaire or a garbage collector; but the facts are that he was a small storekeeper just like mine, and equally fond of sitting around in his shirt-sleeves when he'd finished work. Evidently he wasn't smart enough for an ancestor any longer, so she fixed him up. Now she's beginning to try the same thing on the children and me. It's hard enough for me to cope with; but at least I'm a

grown man who presumably knows the score, and if I don't stick up for my right to be my natural self, it's my own fault. The children have to try for distinction without understanding why, and there isn't a thing they can do about it.

### Prodding the Children

There isn't much I can do about it for them, either. It's too difficult to prove that my wife isn't simply being a proud and loving mother when she urges them to achieve things beyond their capacity; and as far as that goes, pride and love are quite certainly two of her reasons. The third reason is the false one. Much as I love our young, I can't conceal from myself that they aren't geniuses. They're just average moppets, who constantly forget to wash behind their ears and seldom shine at school; and that's all right with me.

It isn't with their mother, though. She wants them to do well at school because, among other things, she thinks it would help advance her socially. Not content with setting the sights too high for them in their ordinary lessons, she has enrolled them in a special dancing class to which the children of what she calls "the best people" belong. It happens that our small girl is every bit as awkward as her brother, who moves with the leggy uncertainty of a newly weaned calf; and that she loathes and detests dancing even more than he does. Yet there too my wife wants them to do her credit; partly for the good warm reasons but also for the phony one, hoping the offspring of the best people will go home and talk about them to their upper-crust parents.

Another way they have to suffer from her social climbing is indirectly, when she isn't asked to some affair in the higher brackets after finagling to get a bid, or isn't included on the committee she considers socially desirable, or is otherwise snubbed where it hurts. When a setback like that comes along, it makes her moody and jumpy; and while she tries not to take it out on the children, the frustration she can't help radiating gets into the air like electricity and jangles their nerves. It also jangles mine when I get back from work, tired and craving peace and quiet—which brings me to some of the consequences of her

social climbing where I myself am concerned.

One is that she's forever at me to make more money. That, of course, is something I'm willing and anxious to do anyhow; and I don't blame her in the least for wanting it, even if I would prefer having it brought up a lot less often. The trouble is she hints, without actually suggesting point-blank, that I should go about things in a way I think low and disgusting—playing office politics, polishing the apple, and keeping a sharp watch for the first chance to slit the throat of the man in the job immediately above mine. And she always argues she's just thinking of my own good.

But more than this, it's what she doesn't mention that bothers me: her relating of money to mere society eyewash, rather than to the good, wholesome and pleasant things we could use it for. I know it's what is at the back of her mind, and that it takes up more and more room there; and knowing it makes me feel a little sick.

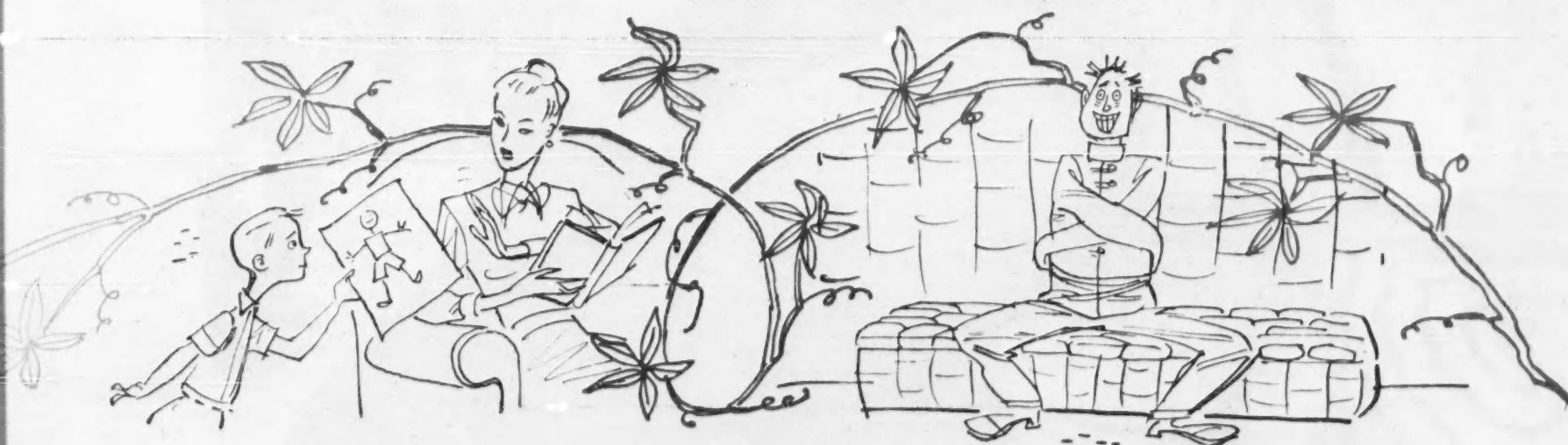
### Life With the Stuffed Shirts

Another thing that makes me feel sick is her attitude toward our friends. She seems to classify everybody according to whether or not they're useful socially; and the out she has is that "entertaining the right people" (it's been a long time since we just had someone in for the evening because we like them) is important to me in business. I once thought she actually enjoyed being with imposing stuffed shirts, male and female, although I couldn't for the life of me see why; but a few months ago she said something which cleared up that point.

"Do you realize what I go through to help you?" she asked me, after a ramrod-stiff and overelaborate dinner party at our place. "Has it ever occurred to you that we spend a good four fifths of our spare time with people who don't interest me in the slightest?"

Maybe they don't, as human beings; but as figures a few rungs nearer the top of the ladder than we are, they fascinate her to pieces. I've seen her practically fawning on a dowager with a build like a secondhand cement mixer and a disposition like a

Continued on page 58









# The Donkey's Head



A Novelette by Elizabeth Selfert

Illustrated by George Englert

**W**ATCH your step, miss," said the uniform at the head of the gangplank—which was not a gangplank.

"And how!" muttered Martha, aware of the tone of excitement in the man's voice, smiling a thank-you for his interest, which was because of the dizzy hat, the gold-flecked turquoise scarf, not because the girl within the mink coat was, really, anything unusual.

The real Martha Cole couldn't compete with the stranger—turbans and slashing turquoise scarves were not for Martha! Nor this feeling of excitement, this fizz! Martha was a pleasant, reliable girl. The Mattie of today did not look reliable, she did not feel so. This Mattie was as strange as—as—that pile of plaid-covered luggage, those looks she was getting from male eyes, some of them too old to be ogling a girl in a silly hat.

"Oh, gold-durn!" she gasped angrily as she stumbled on the three-inch heels she wore. She would have fallen flat on her silly face had it not been for the strong hand in the stitched pigskin glove which held her arm till the deck and her heels got together.

"Did you say something?" asked a deep voice 10 inches above her head.

Martha straightened her shoulders and looked up into brightly interested brown eyes. Starting with the top of her turban, she froze.

The man withdrew his hand; even through pigskin and mink that chill could be felt. But his smile was about as hopeful as ever. "That's okay," he said warmly. "You go on with your incantations, I'll see you later." He started away, looked back over his shoulder. "You'll know me by my donkey's head." Martha could only stand and gape. "Standard equipment for all cruises," he said airily. "You can't have *any* fun without one." His grin broadened, then he disappeared among the throng.

Martha Cole stood stunned, her eyes endeavoring to pick out his glossy blond head. With that manner and the things he said—Shakespeare, no less! Which was exactly what she meant. All this—attractive wolfish men—strangers—saying intriguing things to Martha Cole. That wasn't for her. That was no part of Martha's self-planned, self-achieved little world.

The world of the big store, her small office, the window and department displays she dreamed up and executed—the glamour she presented temptingly to the world, a glamour she could dissect and reassemble as cleverly as any watchmaker, a glamour she herself did not possess, one made up of colors and jewelry and clothes she herself never wore. Martha was a person of trim tailored suits and smooth shining hair among the bustles, the earrings, the amazing flowers of a spring fashion display. Exposed to dizzy things constantly, she had been immune—until now. Until Howard had put her where she found herself this afternoon, teetering around on spike heels, watching a hundred useless people come aboard a useless boat, cheered on by their useless friends.

Darn Howard, anyway; though she did love her brother, the big lug! Coming to her apartment Howard had stretched his heels to the fire in her small coal grate, had exuded his usual doctor-perfume of alcohol and rubber, and had wept upon her shoulder about Cissie.

There was one thing life still had to make clear to Martha: why a man—even, a tall, earnest, busy chap like Howdy—would marry a girl for her cloud of fragrant black hair, her pearl-like skin, and her air of mystery, and then expect to have a wife as efficient and dependable as his eye-glassed office nurse.

Martha had sat on the red carpet, stared at three Bermuda lilies arranged in a Sandwich glass vase, and listened to his story. Even now, thinking of the tale, the lilies gave it a certain air.

It seemed that Cissie had become infatuated with one Tor Erickson, of Whirl. Martha had heard of him; popular picture magazines were a big item in the life of a display director. As Howdy talked, Martha got a picture of a slick-haired wolf, on the small side, with a 10-hair mustache and gleaming white teeth. Capped, no doubt.

"The trouble is," growled Howdy, "she has this income of her own."

"It isn't much—"

"No, but it's enough that when she found out Erickson was planning the trip, she could race right down and book passage on the same ship, the same cruise."

"How do you know all that?"

"Oh—when she mentioned the cruise, I asked if any of her friends were going, and she said she didn't suppose so, except this man Erickson—she'd seen his name on the list, and knew him. By then, of course, I knew who he was, too. The trophy bachelor of New York." He lifted his head, and pointed his pipestem at his sister. "She's a fool, you know, to do a thing like this."

Martha blinked.

"Sure she is," Howdy argued. "He'll hate it when he finds out she arranged to be shipmates with him."

"Doesn't he know she's going along?" she asked, careful of her tone. Being a sister-in-law could be extremely hazardous.

"No," said Howdy readily. "I know what kind of difference it would make if he knew, Martha. The point is, though, Cissie isn't leaving me. She just wants this eight-day fling, this adventure. Or she thinks she does."

Continued on page 62

**When a smart girl starts acting the fool, it's a safe bet she's playing a game . . . a game with a feminine twist, where she'll be the one who laughs last . . .**







# The Donkey's Head



A Novelette by Elizabeth Seifert

Illustrated by George Englert

**W**ATCH your step, miss," said the uniform at the head of the gangplank—which was not a gangplank.

"And how!" muttered Martha, aware of the tone of excitement in the man's voice, smiling a thank-you for his interest, which was because of the dizzy hat, the gold-flecked turquoise scarf, not because the girl within the mink coat was, really, anything unusual.

The real Martha Cole couldn't compete with the stranger—turbans and slashing turquoise scarves were not for Martha! Nor this feeling of excitement, this fizz! Martha was a pleasant, reliable girl. The Mattie of today did not look reliable, she did not feel so. This Mattie was as strange as—as that pile of plaid-covered luggage, those looks she was getting from male eyes, some of them too old to be ogling a girl in a silly hat.

"Oh, gold-durn!" she gasped angrily as she stumbled on the three-inch heels she wore. She would have fallen flat on her silly face had it not been for the strong hand in the stitched pigskin glove which held her arm till the deck and her heels got together.

"Did you say something?" asked a deep voice 10 inches above her head.

Martha straightened her shoulders and looked up into brightly interested brown eyes. Starting with the top of her turban, she froze.

The man withdrew his hand; even through pigskin and mink that chill could be felt. But his smile was about as hopeful as ever. "That's okay," he said warmly. "You go on with your incantations, I'll see you later." He started away, looked back over his shoulder. "You'll know me by my donkey's head." Martha could only stand and gape. "Standard equipment for all cruises," he said airily. "You can't have *any* fun without one." His grin broadened, then he disappeared among the throng.

Martha Cole stood stunned, her eyes endeavoring to pick out his glossy blond head. With that manner and the things he said—Shakespeare, no less! Which was exactly what she meant. All this—attractive wolfish men—strangers—saying intriguing things to Martha Cole. That wasn't for her. That was no part of Martha's self-planned, self-achieved little world.

The world of the big store, her small office, the window and department displays she dreamed up and executed—the glamour she presented temptingly to the world, a glamour she could dissect and reassemble as cleverly as any watchmaker, a glamour she herself did not possess, one made up of colors and jewelry and clothes she herself never wore. Martha was a person of trim tailored suits and smooth shining hair among the bustles, the earrings, the amazing flowers of a spring fashion display. Exposed to dizzy things constantly, she had been immune—until now. Until Howard had put her where she found herself this afternoon, teetering around on spike heels, watching a hundred useless people come aboard a useless boat, cheered on by their useless friends.

Darn Howard, anyway; though she did love her brother, the big lug! Coming to her apartment Howard had stretched his heels to the fire in her small coal grate, had exuded his usual doctor-perfume of alcohol and rubber, and had wept upon her shoulder about Cissie.

There was one thing life still had to make clear to Martha: why a man—even, a tall, earnest, busy chap like Howdy—would marry a girl for her cloud of fragrant black hair, her pearl-like skin, and her air of mystery, and then expect to have a wife as efficient and dependable as his eye-glassed office nurse.

Martha had sat on the red carpet, stared at three Bermuda lilies arranged in a Sandwich glass vase, and listened to his story. Even now, thinking of the tale, the lilies gave it a certain air.

It seemed that Cissie had become infatuated with one Tor Erickson, of Whirl. Martha had heard of him; popular picture magazines were a big item in the life of a display director. As Howdy talked, Martha got a picture of a slick-haired wolf, on the small side, with a 10-hair mustache and gleaming white teeth. Capped, no doubt.

"The trouble is," growled Howdy, "she has this income of her own."

"It isn't much—"

"No, but it's enough that when she found out Erickson was planning the trip, she could race right down and book passage on the same ship, the same cruise."

"How do you know all that?"

"Oh—when she mentioned the cruise, I asked if any of her friends were going, and she said she didn't suppose so, except this man Erickson—she'd seen his name on the list, and knew him. By then, of course, I knew who he was, too. The trophy bachelor of New York." He lifted his head, and pointed his pipestem at his sister. "She's a fool, you know, to do a thing like this."

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Continued on page 62

**When a smart girl starts acting the fool,  
it's a safe bet she's playing a game.  
game with a feminine twist,  
she'll be the one who laughs last.**





# "Look Here, Mr. Abbott"

by Mary Jukes

"Repeal hidden taxes on necessities," say majority of Chatelaine Councilors. "The time has come for the Government to get into the Battle of the Budget, along with the housewife."

**Dear Mr. Abbott:** The subject of this letter is Hidden Taxes.

The object of this letter is to bring to you the thinking of a hitherto unheard-of group—the taxpayers' wives.

What do Canadian women think about indirect taxation? Do they know on what articles this tax is applied? Do they consider these articles necessities or luxuries? Are they in favor of this form of taxation?

These are some of the questions Chatelaine asked its Council of 2,000 women—women living in every part of Canada from Victoria to Saint John and from the Northwest Territory to the U. S. border, of all ages and income groups.

Here, Mr. Abbott, are the questions we asked them, their answers, and some of their more searching comments.

Our questions dealt with the hidden excise tax, ranging from 10 to 35%, imposed on certain

consumer goods, some of which are listed on this page—cosmetics, handbags, watches, etc.

We wondered how many women knew such taxes were imposed, so we asked them, "Did you know that you were paying this excise tax on the above-mentioned items?" We were surprised to find that 40% did know, and that 52% knew they were paying them on some articles. Their comments, however, showed that almost all of them did not know the size of the tax.

Those who knew they were paying this tax on "some of the articles" mentioned cigarettes, automobiles, watches and soft drinks most frequently.

In the hope that some taxes might be removed or reduced in the near future, councilors were



## Some of the facts we gave our councilors:

Although it isn't shown on the price tag, when you buy certain goods such as a tube of tooth paste, the Dominion Government has already taxed the manufacturer twice—one a sales tax of 8% and the other an excise tax of 25%. Here are some other consumer goods which are taxed twice:

**COSMETICS** and any materials or preparations to do with the care of the human body. Taxed twice, 8% and 25%.

**HANDBAGS** Taxed twice, 8% and 35%.

**WATCHES** Taxed twice, 8% and 25%.

**FURS** Taxed twice, 8% and 10%.

**FOUNTAIN PENS** Taxed twice, 8% and 35%.

**CHOCOLATES** and candies. Taxed twice, 8% and 30%.

**SOFT DRINKS** Taxed twice, 8% and 25%.

**CHEWING GUM** Taxed twice, 8% and 30%.

**CIGARETTES** In addition to the 8% tax, a tax of 2c for each five cigarettes or less contained in any package.

**AUTOMOBILES** Taxed twice, 8% and 10%.

asked to select from the list the three items they would like most to see removed from this special tax. The greatest number (60%) would like to see it off automobiles; the second largest (55%) from cosmetics; the third largest (53%) from watches. From there on their preferences showed as follows: handbags, 37%; cigarettes, 28%; chocolates, etc., 24%; furs, 22%; fountain pens, 19%; soft drinks, 13%; chewing gum, 6%.

Comments on this question indicated a strong disapproval of the Government's tendency to lump what the councilors considered necessities, with luxuries, under one heading. They would prefer to see cheaper priced cosmetics, handbags, and so on, freed from this excise tax, on the principle that those who can afford to buy the more expensively priced articles can afford to pay the tax.

In an effort to find out what the Canadian housewife considers a luxury and what a necessity,

the highest number of votes, 89%, went to watches as the greatest necessity among the articles listed; second on the list were handbags, with 87 out of every 100 considering them necessities; fountain pens came third, with a vote of 82 out of every 100. This was interesting in view of the preference shown for the removal of the tax. Cosmetics were fourth on the list with a high percentage of 79 out of every 100 considering them a necessity. This was followed by automobiles with 73 out of every 100 considering them a necessity; fur-trimmed coats, 58 out of a hundred considered them a necessity.

Here the tide turned and in the luxury class fur coats lead, with 59 out of every 100 considering them a luxury. Chocolates and cigarettes tied with 77 out of every 100 considering them a luxury; soft drinks, 83 out of every 100, a luxury; chewing gum, 84 out of every 100, a luxury.

The same complaint was voiced in connection with this question as with the last. Many women said, "A fur coat is a necessity in some parts of Canada, but not an expensive fur coat. The high-priced furs should be treated as luxuries and the medium-priced furs as necessities." The same was true of handbags. Many women said, "Anyone who can afford a \$20 handbag can afford to pay the tax." One councilor suggests, "Perhaps recommendation could be made to the Government to relieve low-priced articles as they did with alarm clocks."

In trying to decide whether these high excise taxes should be repealed or reduced, the women were pretty well divided with 49% wanting them repealed and 44% wanting them reduced. Only 6% felt they were justified as they stood. But almost all of them qualified their choice by saying that the whole question of excise taxes should be revamped, with a view to drawing a finer line between necessities and luxuries. They felt that with all the obstacles this may present, there must be someone in the Government with the patience and the ability to do it.

And they didn't stop there. Some of their comments reveal a keen interest in taxation problems generally. Many of them had read and pondered the 1947-48 budget address, and wondered what had happened to the huge surplus.

This comment, which comes from a councilor in Wabigoon, Ontario, might be entitled, "The chicken that came home to roost." She says, "Isn't it time the Government got into the Battle of the Budget, along with the housewife?"

Amplifying on this theme, a Fredericton, N.B., councilor says, "Any business must be run with a profit, but I feel the Government is now in the excess profits class. If the Government expects us to trim our sails because of high prices, so the Government should trim its sails. Less advice, please, and more example."

A Toronto councilor says, "Some government officials tell us that high taxes are necessary to pay for the last war and prepare us for the next. If this is true shouldn't the Government start lowering these taxes so that there'll be room to raise them when the next war breaks out?"

Another Toronto councilor asks, "To Mr. Abbott's claim that a surplus must be built up in good times to take care of the bad, when these bad times come, will the surplus really be there, or is it leaking away now on the very extravagances the Government deplores in the consumer?"

A Calgary, Alta., councilor is leery about the so-called Utopia in the form of government-financed benefits. She says, "The more government-financed benefits we ask for, the higher our taxes will be until we are completely dependent on the state, and what free independent soul wants that?"

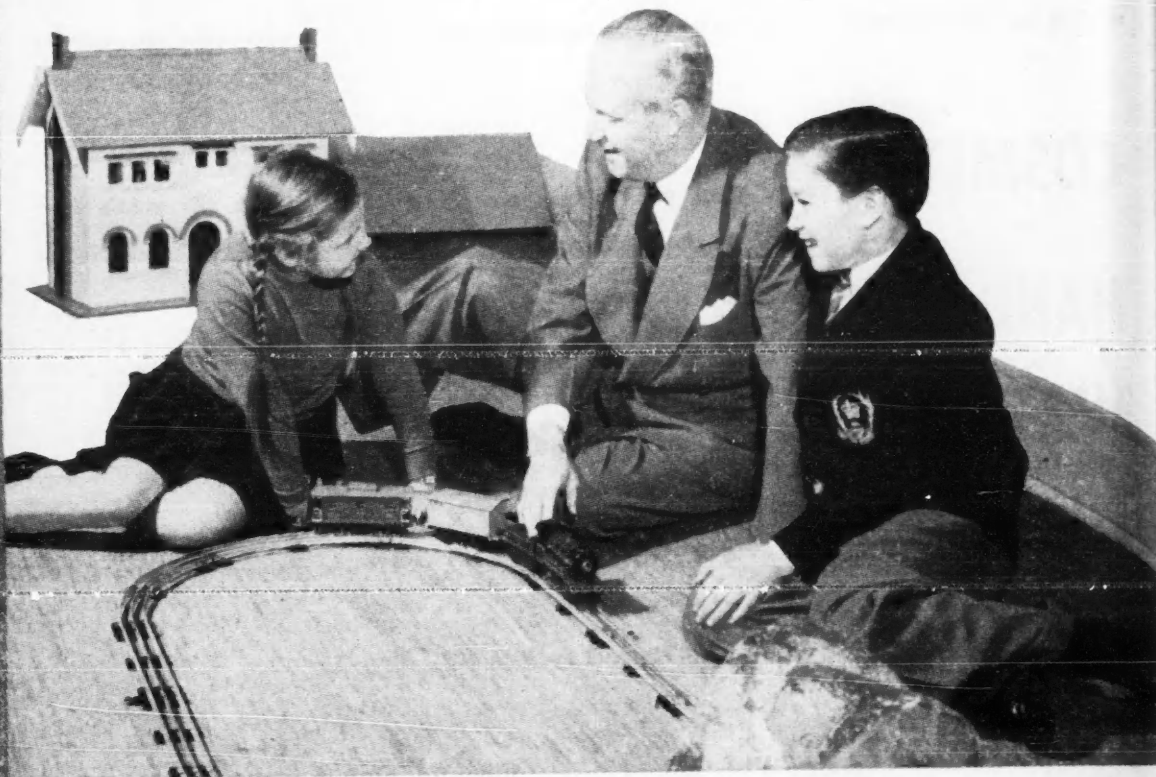
And to conclude it all, a councilor from Entrance, Alta., asks, "When you run your article, could you run a concurrent article showing, from the Government's standpoint, the necessity for these apparently unnecessary taxes?"

We'd like to. How about it, Mr. Abbott? +



# With Mrs. Drew

## Politics is a Family Affair



by Lotta Dempsey

**R**EPORTERS who covered the recent Conservative Party Convention in Ottawa, at which the Honorable George Drew, Prime Minister of Ontario, was chosen national leader of his party, were agreed on one thing . . . whatever the political stripe of their papers. The mounting excitement and enthusiasm which welcomed the election of the man who is now Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons reached a new high in recent annals of such caucuses. With one exception. That was the ovation which greeted *his wife's* simple, spontaneous "thank you" speech in French and English. For it was clearly evident, even to farthest traveled westerners and Bluenoses who were seeing and hearing Fiorenza Drew for the first time, that here was not only the perfect helpmeet for a new leader . . . here was one of the cleverest and ablest women on the distaff side of political life in Canada today.

And there are some very definite and important reasons why Mrs. Drew will continue to share, in full measure, not only the successes and good fortunes of her husband's career in the country's top political arena, but the outrageous slings and arrows as well!

*Because she grew up* in a Europe where she saw security and happiness torn from under the feet of millions of people who had allowed others to do their political thinking for them. As the daughter of widowed Edward Johnson, manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, she lived in Italy, Germany, France, England and the United States as well as Canada. And learned to know many peoples in their own tongues.

*She married* a Canadian who had been steeped in the political urgencies of his country from his earliest days, as grandson of a member of the first Parliament following Confederation; and whose study of the history of his country in its relation to the world at large convinced him early in life that government was everybody's business in a democracy. She married the man she was deeply in love with ("The most popular beau in Toronto!") and continued to move through her married life between him and her adored father, capable of discussing with these two internationally minded citizens

+

*Continued on page 47*





*"I serve it-and,  
it serves me..."*



**...TO PLEASE MY MAN**

"Breathes there a man who doesn't go all out for the taste of good, homey vegetable soup? Men love the vegetables and the homey beef stock in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Certainly my husband does!"

**...FOR MY CHILDREN'S LUNCHES**

"And of course all those fifteen different garden vegetables Campbell's put in it, and that fine beef stock make it so nourishing for youngsters. Mine just spoon up this good soup, and usually ask for more!"

**...AS MY ALL-THE-FAMILY SOUP**

"So, naturally, I've made this my all-the-family soup. It's a *main-dish* that's a *man-dish* every time, and a children's delight, too. I call it almost a meal in itself!"

I serve it—  
And it serves me...  
For children's lunch—  
For family!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

**Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP**  
15 GARDEN VEGETABLES IN A HOMEY BEEF STOCK



THE DRINK THAT GIVES YOU

# Lasting Refreshment

It's icy cold, it's gay with golden bubbles and a fresh tang that everyone loves—but most important of all, it's *dry*—not too sweet, but just right! That means Canada Dry will really refresh you, and you'll stay refreshed. Yes, long after you finish the last delightful sip, you're still enjoying that Canada Dry lift, that ready-for-action feeling that *only* a dry drink can give you.

Buy Canada Dry today.

LASTING Refreshment—  
It's Dry, that's Why!



## Morning of the Divorce

Continued from page 17

his bed before he went out. An ugly stepsister will come right in that door."

The door obediently opened, but a very pretty face appeared. A small thin, blond girl in a fresh housedress, her brows puckered as she propelled a tray by her flat stomach.

"Hi," she said. "Special service, no extra charge. I brought coffee and fruit juice, Sally, and one ingratiating egg. Don't mind the egg. I've learned to poach them so handsomely—all in one piece. And I thought you needed strength."

The glow of well-being vanished. Sally's green eyes widened, her mouth turned down. A black tornado cloud swept over her sunny sky, threatening her with long cold fingers.

She remembered now.

This is the day.

"Thanks, Joan," she said. "Sit down with me, will you. Hold my figurative hand."

Joan nodded, adjusting the tray, curling herself up on the other bed.

"I know," she told Sally. "I brought along a cup. It must be a nasty thing to wake up to."

Sally gulped the hot strong fluid and blinked back tears.

"The funny thing

is, I'd forgotten.

Not just today, the

whole three months.

When the alarm

went off, I thought

I had to jump up

and handle the

messy house, get

breakfast, feed

Sukey, placate Pat

—where is Sukey?"

"She's wonder-

ful," Joan assured

her. "She asked me

not to 'disturb' her

with breakfast but

I disturbed her with

a good hearty lot of

it on the fly. She

and Bud are going

to dig for treasure today and they had

to get started."

"Where's the treasure?"

Joan leaned back, laughing.

"Oh, Will told Bud. Bud asked him bitterly if we didn't have any good bandits in our family like in the comic books, and Will said his dear old grandfather was a pirate and had buried pieces of eight in our back yard. He was out at midnight burying some new pennies. I told him we'd rear one of those new-type delinquents, but Will said he'd make them pay income tax and learn 'em. How do you feel, Sally?"

"Well right now—numb. It's the other me that woke up, you see. I can't seem to get it. I thought we'd had that mob in eating and drinking last night, and that Pat would be sick, and Sukey screaming, and me running haggishly around coping and quarreling."

Joan's long lashes came down, hiding her eyes.

"It must have been—tough."

"Oh—tough! We weren't human, Joan. Pat tight or truculent all the time, both of us thinking up insults, the great horrible house on my neck, collectors at the door and on the phone, Pat's job folding . . ." she caught her breath

in a shudder, and swallowed coffee again, hurriedly.

"It's a point of view," Joan said. "What you call the horrible house—it's been such a haven to us. We'd smothered in those one-room jobs, hushing Bud, and bumping into each other, hiding from the landlady, cooking messes in the closet . . . I love to keep house, but I was a harridan in a trailer. Will couldn't study . . . and now"—she swept her arm about—"all this."

"Well, you descended on me like a pair of angels on a cloud," Sally stated. "I don't know how you do it. I'd always thought I was a bright girl, but in a kitchen I'm the black sheep that the Kalikaks won't speak to. Well—I'd better get dressed."

SHE SLID out of bed and opened a drawer. Fresh and sweet and perfumed, her underthings lay, sachet bags between them. She chose a girdle and bra, stockings, a heavily lace-edged slip.

"For the judge," she explained. "He's probably a pushover for pretties."

But her lip quivered and Joan, collecting the crockery neatly, turned to watch her, troubled.

"Lots of no fun, Sally?"

"Well, like an operation, I suppose. You know you want the thing out, and that you'll feel fine afterward, but . . .

Oh, don't worry

about me, Joan. A

divorce isn't any-

thing messy. It's

just Pete taking me

into court and the

judge passing a

miracle so I'm Sally

Turner again."

She shrugged into

the handsome rust-

colored suit.

"Of course it isn't

glamorous like the

movies. I've had

my old job back and

I've worked hard

days, and gone to

bed nights with my

hair in bobby pins,

and no running

around confiding in

tall dark strangers."

Joan looked back from the doorway.

"There'll be one of those, Sally."

Sally grinned, a sudden gamin flash.

"Yeah," she said. "I made me a brief

on him. And I hate him already. Step-

fathering Sukey, and chiseling in on

Pat—who does he think he is, anyhow?"

The door swung shut after Joan, but

it opened again shortly as Sally was

renewing the clever set of her turned-

under hair and slashing lipstick across

her wide mouth.

"Sally," Joan said, "it's the tele-

phone. For you."

Sally moved toward her, but Joan

barred the way.

"But—" she hesitated, "I thought I

could say you couldn't answer."

"Why? I'm not contagious, honey.

Or likely to burst into deep low sobs. Of

course I'll answer. It's probably Pete."

"But that's it," Joan insisted miser-

ably. "It isn't."

"Well? How funny you're acting. If

it's somebody wanting me to invest my

earnings in a long-lost gold mine . . ."

Joan nodded. "I think it is."

Sally straightened. Her shoulders

went back and her whole body rose on a

long hard breath.

## The Questions

By Harold Applebaum

★

The void between the poles of right  
and wrong

Is thick with motes of compromise  
Where earth's embottled kinsmen,  
weak and strong,

Seek justice with their dusty eyes.

What wisdom there is left for bet-  
terment,

Attention to the worldly task,  
Dissolves itself in questions with-  
out end

That only children dare to ask.



"Well—here's where we're all civilized people. I'll talk to Pat, Joan."

But I can't, she thought, making her way through the hall, descending the beautifully hung staircase, turning into the long living room with its splashing chintzes and dark waxed floors. She could hear rough, furious voices screaming, she could hear the ugly sentences clanking like rusty chains, she could taste brown nausea in her throat and feel a quivering live object hopping under her breast bone.

But she lifted the telephone and spoke.

"Hi."

"Hi," Pat's voice said. There was a silence. And then it came again. "There isn't one of those taboos, is there, about how you can't see the vanishing bride on the day?"

"I don't think there is, Pat."

"How've you been?"

"Good. And you?"

"Well. Out of town, you know. I took that trip—Sally, to make a long invitation to lunch short, could you?"

"Why . . ." Tell him no. Say, oh, let's not be modern and disgusting, Pat. Say I don't want to see you. Say there was a time for this, but this isn't it. Say—say—well, say yes.

She said it.

"Yes, I can. If it's early. I have an appointment at two . . ." The horror of that struck her and her voice thinned.

"Yes, I know. Well, how early is time for lunch? Like—like now?"

"Okay, Pat. Like now."

Lunch with Pat. Lunch at 10 o'clock in the morning. They'd drive somewhere first, she supposed. In the car, in the awful, falling-apart, dented old car.

The grisly, battered object that Pat had wrecked three times in the past two years. She could hear her own voice, "Other men manage to get cars." And the answer, "Other men have wives who don't pour all their cash down the drain," and her own, "Meet mother at the station? In that thing? With gears hanging out, and fenders trailing after it, and the windshield cracked?" And Pat's "Sure, meet her in it and weep on her shoulder and she'll write you a nice cheque the way she did for the house," and her own, "You were glad enough to get the house . . ."

Was that me? Sally wondered, remembering to replace the telephone, and leaning against the table weakly. But where was the me who took that gorgeous, silly trip through the mountains when the engine fell out — and we laughed till we were so limp we couldn't walk to the repair station . . . and picked up those college boys who took turns pushing us while we all sang the Whiffenpoof Song . . .

She had stood there for a long time, and somebody was whistling the Whiffenpoof Song as he walked around the gravel path at the side of the house. She heard the note break off on "Such as we" and the wild, excited child's voice.

"Daddy. My daddy."

But I thought she'd forgotten him, Sally murmured. She never asked after the first week. I thought children just forgot, and filled in with new people.

"I told you I had a daddy," Sukey's voice rang out. "I told you, Bud. He's bigger nan yours."

"You said he got killed," Bud's matter-of-fact voice interjected.

You said he got killed. That was what Sukey had thought. Little,

anxious, watching four-year-old Sukey, whose world, God pity it, was full of killed daddies. Sukey had had to form her own ideas . . . Oh Lord, Sally thought, I should have had one of those talks. "You know, dear, sometimes people's mothers and daddies" . . . I thought it was such a cliché routine, I thought she wouldn't notice.

She heard Pat's voice, muffled in Sukey's curls. "You're fat, Sukey. You're huge. I can hardly lift you. You'll have to lift me."

"I'll try, daddy," Sukey said.

Take a long breath, Sally admonished herself. It's just Pat. We're all civilized people. Draw yourself up to your full height, eyes flashing, lips steady . . .

She did not quite manage the last phase, but she emerged from the side door with her chin so high that she felt in danger of bumping it on the transom.

"Hello, Pat," she said.

He was in an undignified position, for Sukey was prying him up from the knees, but he turned and managed a long, low wolf call.

"Woo woo," Pat whispered.

Sukey ran to her.

"It's my daddy," she introduced proudly. "He isn't killed, mommy. And he's so pretty."

"He is, at that," Sally agreed.

This Pat? This towering, handsome, beautifully dressed guy, with hair trimmed close instead of shaggy, with a very flossy suit indeed, with clear dark eyes directly on her own.

"Well," Bud demanded, "You gonna waste all day, Sukey? I think I hit the treasure. Look at that hole."

"Watch yourself with that hole, Brother," Pat suggested. "You'll feel silly if an upside-down Chinaman comes out. Well, Sally—go in the car?"

He motioned airily to the object that stood on the gravel driveway. An object out of a college movie—a grey and scarlet convertible, practically flush with the ground, top back, scarlet leather cushions gleaming, chrome trim glittering.

"That's—your car?"

"In a manner of speaking," Pat said. "Office car. Available for private use on occasions. This"—the light went out of his eyes—"is an Occasion."

Sally put a hand against her crushed leather belt. Something had just struck hard below it. She lifted her chin higher.

"So it is," she announced. "Shall we go?"

Pat held the door for her and then walked around, sliding under the wheel.

"But I don't get it with Sukey," he mentioned. "Won't she grab you and yell?"

I'd forgotten that completely, Sally thought with awe. She used to scream whenever we went out—she used to hang on me and get my clothes all mussed, and we'd pry her loose, and the sitter would glower at us. Pat would look at me with that "Can't you even manage a four-year-old child?" look, and I'd say, "It isn't worth the effort," and stay home for weeks till he went out by himself and I sat proud and mad at home and hated him.

"She hasn't done that for weeks," Sally told Pat as the car gathered purring speed, turning toward the river road. "Joan and Will plan such good things for Bud to do and Sukey tags him everywhere. I'm with her evenings, of course, and I've got us both wrapped



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## AFTER-SCHOOL TREAT! Big cups of Fry's Cocoa

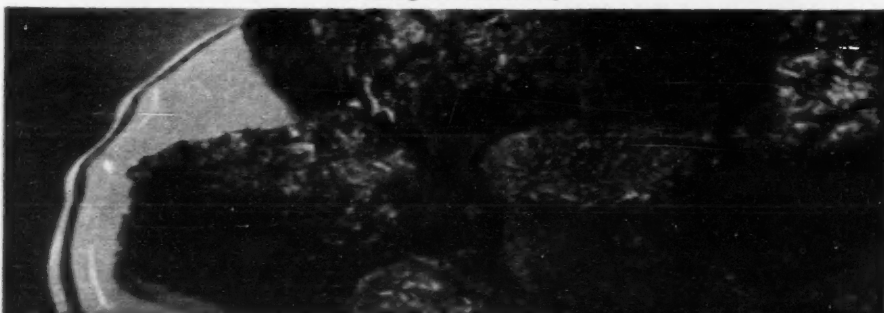
It's just right when the children come in from school, hungry as hunters!

And just right anytime! There's something so satisfying about a steaming cup of Fry's — smooth,

frothy, appetizing. Good for you, too — nourishing and healthful.

But it has to be Fry's for that richer chocolate flavor — the flavor that has made it Canada's favorite cocoa by 3 to 1.\*

\* According to a National Survey



### Everybody's Favorite

#### COOKIE-SHEET CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 cup milk	1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 cup Fry's Cocoa	1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup butter or shortening	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 teaspoon vanilla

You can mix this tender, chocolaty-rich cake (be sure to use Fry's) in one teaspoon! Slowly add 1 cup milk to Fry's Cocoa. Mix well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat. Add butter or shortening, egg, and brown sugar. Beat well. Sift flour. Measure. Sift again with baking powder, salt, and soda. Add to chocolate mixture with vanilla. Blend well. Beat 1 minute. Pour batter into greased waxed paper-lined shallow cake pan or cookie sheet (15 x 10 x 1/2 inches). Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 12-15 minutes or until done. Remove from pan. Cool. Cover with Fudge Icing. Makes about 24 squares.

**FUDGE ICING:** 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar; 1/4 cup Fry's Cocoa; 1/2 cup milk minus 1 tablespoon; dash of salt; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix all ingredients but butter and vanilla. Cook until soft ball is formed in cold water or until candy thermometer registers 234°F. Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Beat until slightly thickened. (about 1 min.). Spread on cooked cake.

**FRY'S** the cocoa with  
the richer chocolate flavor



in suspense over books—Will Peter Rabbit go into Mr. McGregor's Garden? Will Mr. Mac be there?

"But on this treasure business—won't they be all frustrated when they don't find any? Get complexes so they dig up their wives later in life?"

Imagine Pat caring, she thought. "Oh, there's treasure in there—pennies in an old tobacco can. Will always takes time for that."

"I see," Pat said. "Oops—don't use a match for a cigarette, Sally. Look, no hands . . ." He produced a light from the dashboard and beamed on her. "Ask it anything—it launders my shirts and cuts my hair."

"I noticed somebody had," Sally told him demurely. ("You could get your hair cut, at least, Pat. I notice you did when you were going to meet Annabel's sister. You go around here like a frowzy old prospector." From what buried level did that shrewish voice emerge?)

"I notice you're quite a dish yourself," Pat said. "Our Miss Turner?"

"Our Miss Turner," she answered. (Why, of course, that's what I am. Since I went back to the office—stocking seams straight, hair done twice a week, good suit, fresh blouse—just the way I was when that young Army officer came in to go to lunch with Dick, and I thought he was the most gorgeous thing I'd ever seen.)

"It's a good job. Well, Miss Turner, I am going to pull over here under this tree and engage you in conversation. You needn't get your knife out of your garter."

"I don't have one with me—a garter. Two-way stretch is here to stay."

(A sleek girdled Sally. She had worn garters around the house, with rayon stockings dangling from them in elephant-leg folds.)

He lighted a cigarette and leaned back against the cushions, staring straight ahead. And a nice profile you have, Pat, with your mouth hard and firm again, and your chin square.

The profile turned on her suddenly and she flushed. She must have been gazing at him like a drooling teen-ager. His own eyes moved lightly over her from hair-do to alligator pumps and then came back to her face.

"On you it looks good, Sally. Better than when I had you chained to the sink."

(The sink—filled with orange peel, wet and ageing crackers, stacks of greasy glasses. Herself in blue jeans and one of Pat's shirts, her hair stringing over her hot forehead, last night's make-up congealed like Indian war paint, runover, torn loafers on her feet.)

"You're an eyeful yourself," Sally told him.

(Pat slumping into the kitchen, yelling, "For the lord's sake, Sal, can't you even make coffee?" bleary-eyed, needing a shave, old trousers slipping, bare feet.)

"Ummm," he agreed. "This old rag? Ran it up in two nights off—I've been on the road, Sal. Took that swing around the country that the firm wanted. Got the car for it."

(THAT SWING the firm wanted. That she had forbidden. "Oh, no you don't, Pat, you don't leave me here in this dump with a crying baby while you loll in hotel lounges and pick up blondes.")

"That must have been fun."

"Hilarious," Pat affirmed. "Till

you've seen Little Falls and Nikawa, you haven't lived. Ask me about the dark, lissome woman with the faintly foreign accent who dropped her handkerchief in the lobby of the great modernistic hotel in Sleepy-Eye Gulch. Oh, she thought she had me, with that slender glass filled with a green liquid faintly scented with absinthe."

"Didn't she slide long white fingers under your coat as you lay tumbled against the pillows of the divan like a tired boy resting after play?"

"Yeah, but I was only feigning. 'Oh, no, Olga,' I said, as I tossed the thin black folder to safety down the dumb waiter. But you may have . . . this," and I crushed her lips under mine . . ."

"You've been reading them too, Pat. Evenings?"

He drew a great breath, lifting his shoulders.

"Have I been reading! Ask me about Sartre, baby. Probe my reactions to existentialism. Leave me give you the lowdown on this fellow Capote. Ask me what I said to Kinsey . . ."

He stopped, abruptly.

Their eyes met and held.

"No," Sally told him levelly, "I think I won't ask you what you said to Kinsey."

There was a silence.

"Maybe, then," Pat suggested, "you would like to tell me about this house deal? From where I was standing draped with Sukey, it looked like quite a joint. Will mow the lawn?"

"That he does. With Sukey and Bud screaming for the privilege of picking up weeds. They're holy wonders, Pat. You know what they'd been up against—rooming houses, trailers, landlords who wouldn't have Bud. Joan loves to keep house, and she's a genius at it. When I suggested that they come in and take over so I could go back to work, they kissed the footprints I'd made in spilled powder."

"Funny," Pat mused, "we had all the same setup."

And it had seemed like a good setup. They had taken all of Pat's bonds, Sally's savings, and that cheque from Sally's mother that had caused such bitter uproar—Mother *bad* felt she owned a large interest in their home and their lives—they had bought the house, and settled into it, and planned parties with the gang—the good old gang—A place for Sukey to grow up. A home.

And the results—chaos. Ugly, dreary chaos.

"I've thought about it a lot," Sally said. "I went at it wrong. Housework seemed—oh, trivial and all that bilge about smothered souls and so forth. I made no plans—if Miss Turner had ever wrecked the office the way I messed up that house, she'd have been out on her silver earrings."

"And it wasn't much help," Pat added, "to have a grumbling lush of a husband trundling his oversized head through the halls squalling for sustenance."

"Not much," Sally agreed. "And Sukey—oh, Pat, such heels as we were with Sukey. All filled up with how we weren't going to be bogged down in the nursery, and full of shiny wisecracks about little mothers and wee tots. Will and Joan treat Bud like a person—not even an undersized one. Just people. They plan a life for him, and it's good, and he stays in it, and they all sort of—she made a gesture with her fingers—"interlock."



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"I got that. Like this treasure. Fifteen minutes trouble ahead of time instead of batting him over the head for interfering."

"That sort of thing."

"And the money" — Sally's hands spread apart—"Oh, Pat, it's unbelievable. They pay what they used to pay in rent, and that carries half the expenses. I pay board, and all my own things. I've got the office cheque, and with what you send for Sukey—well, riches."

"I didn't get this suit from a kindly old gentleman I helped across a busy street," Pat told her. "I sold the old monstrosity of a car and bought a little stock. That makes me—don't laugh, will you, Sal—makes me part of the business. Interested. I've dreamed up a couple of not bad ideas. And then I was able to get out over the territory . . ."

"Without any little woman attached to your coat-tails, yelping, 'Take me, Daddee?'"

"Well, yes, without her. A somewhat solitary pilgrimage. Gave me time to think. I thought some large handsome thoughts, Sally. Among other things, about the flowing bowl. I read a piece," he grinned sheepishly, "all about drunks. How they're sick. How it happened. I can tell you better than that the vile stuff hasn't passed my lips for two months, Sally. I can take it. Or leave it. And at 15 bucks for a quick round with some dear new pal you happen to pick up in a fire trap—I leave it."

"So you got clothes . . ."

"And pigskin luggage—very chic, that. And a bank book. And"—he turned away, and his voice dropped to a monotone—"a stake. For alimony."

SHUTTERS CLOSED over the world. The gay tap dance in Sally's bosom lagged to heavy steps marching through darkness.

She had forgotten.

By the tickless steel wrist watch under her ruffled sleeve, she had one hour more. Then she would be Sally Turner again. Our Miss Turner. Free. Free from that last dragging weight. Free from the memory of a sullen man with red-rimmed eyes and a shouting voice. Free from the humiliating recollection of parties, with a door closing meaningfully behind Pat and the latest importation in four-inch heels and plunging neckline. Free.

"Oh," she said faintly. "Oh—about that . . ."

"Yeah. We'll have to tangle on that subject. You have to take some, Sally."

"I won't have any. I told Pete he was to bear down on that. I have the house and I have my job, and I'm all right. Alimony! A tip—back pay for living with you?"

Pat's mouth quirked.

"Well, for that," he said, "I mightn't be able to get together the ante. But for expenses, and for Sukey, and, if you like, for conscience money for me, maybe . . ."

"Yes, that's just what it is. Well you'll have to do without that soothing syrup, Pat."

"Aside from that—I get to see Sukey."

She sagged.

"Oh—Oh, yes, I suppose. When I said you shouldn't, I didn't know—I was remembering . . ."

"I remember him too. I'd slug him if he came around Sukey. He won't be

back, Sal. And—I want part of my little girl."

My little girl, Sally thought. Is there a more poignant phrase in all language? More of a torn-loose fragment of a man's soul? Pride—and humility—and promise—all in three words. My little girl.

"Oh—well, sure, Pat. When she said that about being killed—oh—" Tears suddenly flooded her eyes and she mopped at them mechanically with a large, clean handkerchief that appeared in her hand—long time no big hanky, she thought in an aside. "I remembered—how the one thing I thought couldn't happen in the world was that I should lose you, Pat. How I would have torn the earth and its crazy, fighting machinery apart with my bare hands, before I would let you be lost. How everything—everything else—would dwindle to nothing and blow away if you came back."

"Lots of people thought that. And then . . ."

And then we all forgot. We shrank again. Smaller even than before because we had a great big stooge. The war. Blame it for everything—we couldn't try, we couldn't stand up and do things like our . . ."

"Fine old pioneer ancestors building their own homes out of the earth?"

"Yes, like them."

"Don't believe it," Pat said. "They had 'em then, too. Saying the same things. Staying home with that old arrow wound. Lounging around the house because the woods were too black. Drinking moonshine."

She smiled faintly.

"Likely they did."

"Naturally they did. And those died off. And the guys that stuck it out left—us. Wonder if they think it was worth it?"

"Wonder if they think?"

"Certainly they do," Pat exclaimed. "Don't be old-fashioned. My grandpappy's up there leaning on his musket . . ."

"He's leaning on a cane at the Plaza," Sally punctured. "I had a postcard from him. He's very healthy."

"Then I bet his grandpappy's ashamed of him," Pat insisted. And then . . . "Hey, Miss Turner, we're forgetting the little matter you have on the agenda this p.m."

The laughter had vanished from his voice. Oh, Pat, Sally's heart called, oh, Pat, you were back again. We were talking the way we used to—the way we used to stand on a sidewalk in a crowded street and talk, the way we would sit on and on after the band had gone home and only one waiter was left, the way we talked in the old battered car. Pat!

"So I see Sukey," Pat said. "Fix it the way it seems best. Half with you—half with me. Every other week. Week ends—that might be best if I travel some."

"And when you—marry?"

"When I—" He turned to face her, his smile brilliant, his eyes teasing. "Oh, sure, I was almost forgetting the importunate little number down East. Oh, yes, well, then, of course, Sal, she dresses Sukey all up in the proper clothes, and you come peering in the window, a ragged, shivering figure, your lank grey hair streaming with rain, your thin coat drawn about you . . ."

"I do not. I arrive with a nurse in a shining grey poplin, with a white cap



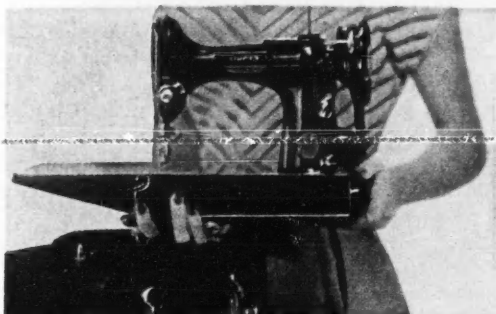
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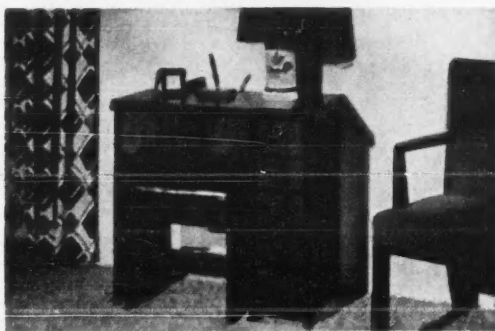
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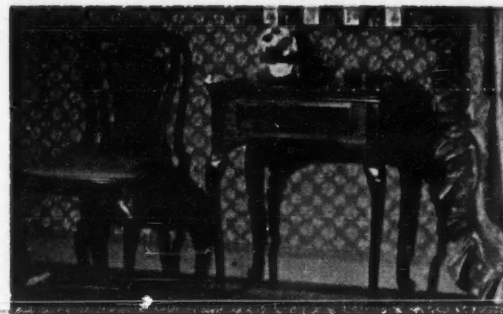


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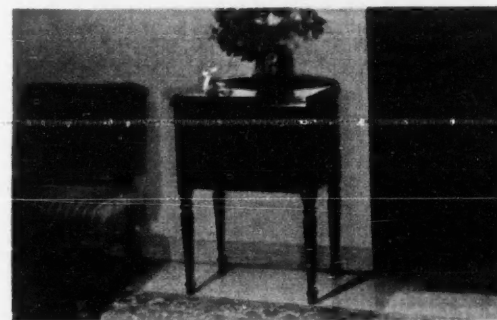
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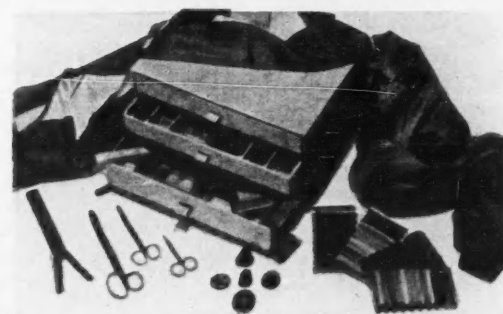
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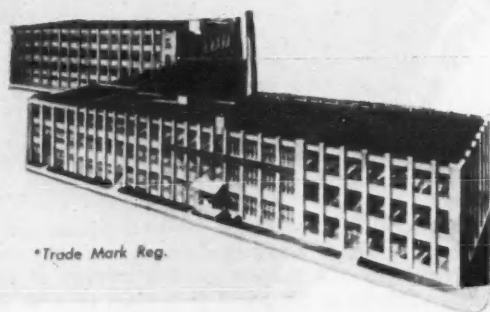
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with streamers—we call her Nanny—and she looks at that bedizened hussy you have . . . Who is she, Pat? Is she nice?"

He laid a hand lightly over hers.

"Care, Sally?"

"Yes, I care."

"All right, I'll tell you. What I wouldn't tell Kinsey. It's pretty serious."

It would be. With this new, this strong, this vital Pat. Somebody quite worthy of him, don't kid yourself, Sally.

That was what he had come for, really. To tell her this. It wouldn't be a bedizened hussy. It wouldn't be a sultry siren. It would be one of those tall, long-legged shining creatures, just out of university—not business college, with dabs of education on the side. Somebody who knew big people in radio and on the stage. Someone who spoke French and Spanish, and had been to Guatemala. "How are things in Guatemala?" Sally's idiot inner voice began to sing.

Somebody like that. And she would have Sukey half the time. And Pat all the time. Pat sleepily reaching for a cigarette with his eyelashes still flat and asleep on his cheeks, Pat singing under the shower, Pat a little hoarse and choked with emotion—with passion—

Sally moved.

"It's pretty serious," Pat repeated. "I went the routine you expected when you first chucked me out. And then I began to know a girl. Quite a girl."

"I'm—glad," Sally said (you liar, you stupid, unconvincing liar. Think yourself up a man. Dream one up, quick. Where's your pride? Don't tell him you never had a date. Don't tell him you slapped that man from New York, in the office. Think fast.)

"Sort of a serious little girl," he went on, thoughtfully. ("Little girl—the eternal fatuous male. She was probably five feet 12—all these new girls were.) "Thoughtful—worried about things. You know—Europe—minorities—war—"

"Well, I am too," Sally thought indignantly. "I think about them all the time."

"She reads—and talks about what she reads. But she isn't stuffy, as you

might think. Lord, no, she can be as crazy as a kitten."

A kitten. A big sleek tabby cat, with narrowed eyes, paw out to pounce.

"Pretty?"

"Oh, pretty. Watch your adjectives, gal. She's terrific."

"And you're going to be married?"

He turned toward her. His eyes were very dark, very grave, very still.

"I don't know, Sally," he said. "She isn't divorcing me for half an hour."

They came together roughly, crashingly. Nothing graceful—no flowing like a stream. Her hat was knocked off and smashed against the seat, his hair caught in her lapel pin, the ruffle at her wrist ripped. It was rugged, violent.

"And what do we do now?" Pat asked finally, his voice shaken. "Go down and let these guys earn their dough, and then hunt up a preacher?"

"We do not. Waste our good money on lawyers? Anyhow, Pete isn't charging anything. He wouldn't. He said we were a couple of dopes and should have our heads knocked together."

"He'd have appreciated the way we just did," Pat said, rubbing his forehead. "Will you feel silly?"

"Ungetting divorced? Not as silly as I would doing it. Oh, but Pat, I do feel that I ought to go down and talk to all the other people that are doing it. Tell them about us. About the screwy, idiot way we let it happen—about the awful way things drift—about the way you don't use the sense you did about anything else in the world."

"Well," Pat agreed, "that can be your mission. You can be sort of a Carrie Nation, swinging a coupling pin. Golden-haired tots will bless you, and strong men's faces will quiver and you'll get on We the People. But not now. Now we have certain matters to attend to. Calling off Pete and the judge. Slinking in to tell Joan. Joining hands with Sukey in a good photogenic pose. And . . ."

"Reading a good book?" Sally asked hastily. "I wonder what Mr. McGregor's been up to?"

"Let's go, Miss Turner. By the way, whatever happened to her? I always kind of liked that wench."

"I'll tell her you said so," Sally answered. "And now—home?"

### First Date

Continued from page 18

Lorie moaned, "The house stinks something terrible. And it needs painting, too. And the bushes ought to be pruned and there's a loose flagstone in the walk. A person could kill themselves."

Her mother stared up at her blankly.

"I could stand it for myself," Lorie went on dramatically, "but there are Other People to be considered. Even the varnish remover, if it were any day but today."

"What's today?" Kit frowned. "Just Friday, isn't it?"

"Just Friday." Lorie's tone was martyred.

"And the house doesn't need painting," Kit denied, gathering momentum. "Why, it was only last spring we went through all that."

"It's just that it's so embarrassing," Lorie said. "Everything. The way you're dressed—that awful old shirt—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Kit said. "What's got into you?"

LORIE SAT on the top step, chin on palm, mouth mutinous, grey eyes stormy on space. "And Vannie. I suppose she'll have to be around tonight, all over the living room with her bubble gum, popping it out on her face in that perfectly revolting way."

Kit said drily, "Seems to me you were blowing bubbles yourself only last night. And you're six years older than your sister."

"That," Lorie said, "was different. I only did it because Vannie said I couldn't. Besides there was no one around except us."

"For heaven's sake," Kit said again, more plaintively this time. "You sound as if we're all going to be on exhibition. What are you getting at?"

"Nothing," Lorie shook her head. "Just nothing."

Kit shrugged and went back to her work. Patience seemed indicated. For perhaps two minutes there was silence.





I LIKE IT SHARP!



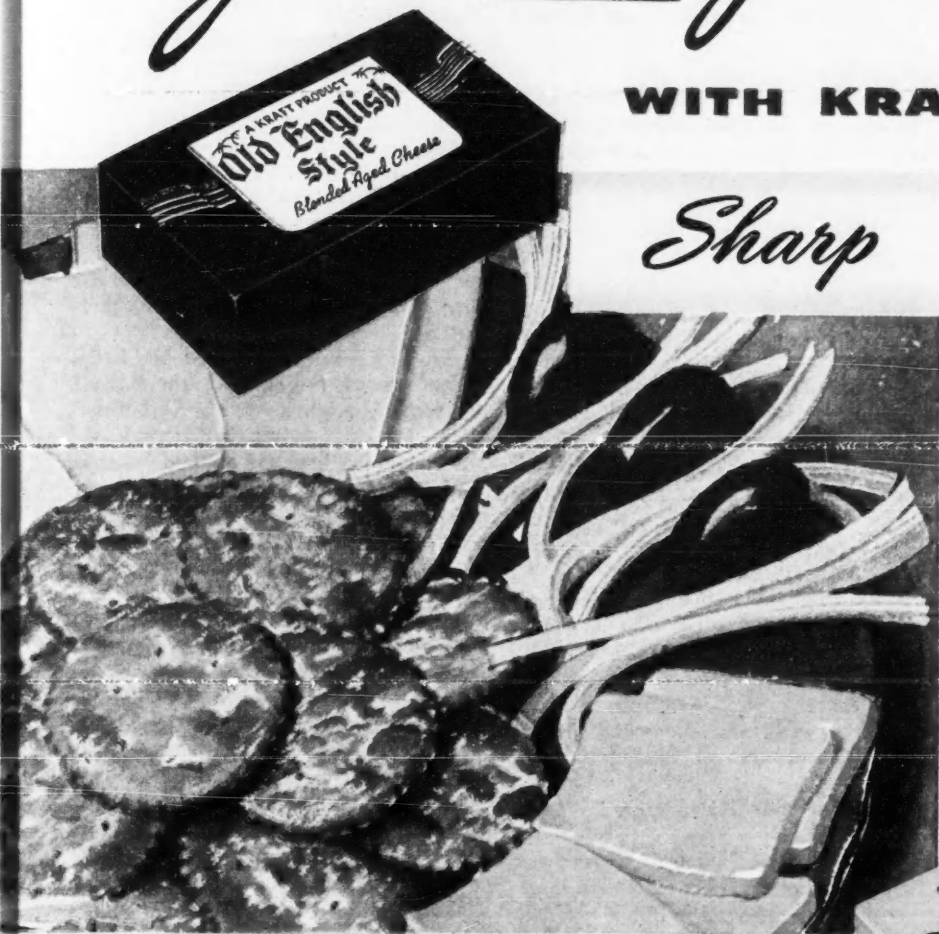
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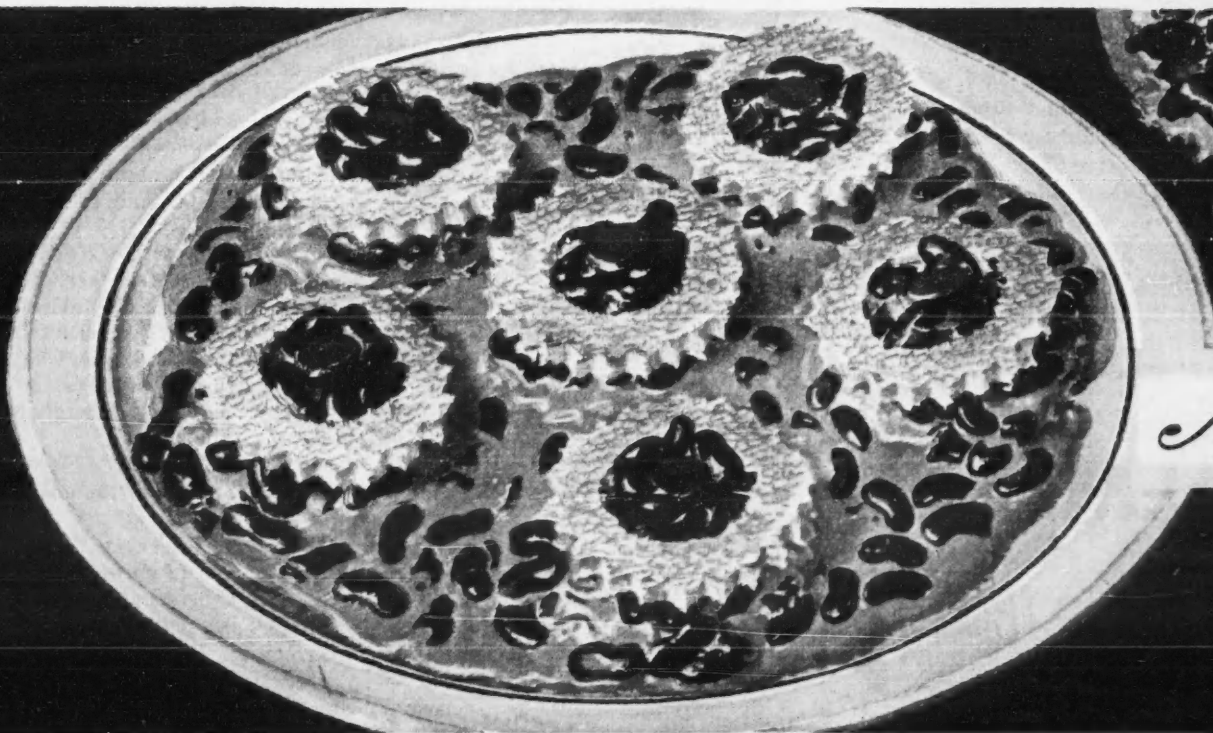
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# KEEN'S AND COLMAN'S

D.S.F.

## MUSTARD

FROM ENGLAND



Enjoyed The World Over!

Then Lorie said, "Maybe if you quit that right away and we open all the doors and windows, the smell would sort of fade out."

"No doubt it would." Kit could be enigmatic too. She went on rubbing down the lowboy with rhythmic strokes.

"You act," Lorie said tremulously, "as if you don't even care. I've been trying to tell you something ever since I got home from school. But you just won't listen."

Kit hung onto her patience with both hands. As the mother of two daughters she had had plenty of practice hanging onto her patience. But Lorie was being a shade more difficult than usual now.

"Trying to tell me what, dear?"

"Just that I happened to run into Dave when I was having a coke down at Hopper's."

"Dave?" Kit didn't think she knew any Daves.

"Dave Pearson. He's in my French class. He lives over on the south side of town. He's down."

"Oh, that Dave," Kit said. She didn't know him, but she had met his mother several times at P.T.A. A pleasant well-bred woman. Kit asked casually, "Did he buy you a coke?"

"Oh, no," Lorie denied. "I bought him one. He doesn't get his allowance till his father gets home from work tonight. So Dave was flat. So he said he'd make a deal with me." Lorie laughed gently and there was a warm light in her eyes as she stared into space.

After a while Kit enquired, "What sort of a deal?"

"Well," Lorie explained, "Dave said if I'd buy him a coke, he'd take me to the movies tonight. It's Bob Hope," she added hastily. "Dave only likes comedies and crime pictures. He says the gushy ones make him feel like tossing up his cookies. He's so funny."

"I can see he must be," Kit said.

Lorie smiled down at her happily. "I knew you'd like Dave. So I figured it would be okay if I said I could go. I mean, it would have made me seem such a baby if I'd had to ask you first."

"It's all right," Kit said. "It sounds like fun."

"Oh, well," Lorie spoke casually, much too casually. "It's just a Friday night movie date, that's all. But you can see why I don't want the house simply reeking and—and everything."

"Oh, of course," Kit agreed. She proceeded to put the top back on the can of varnish remover, to lay aside her cloths and wipe her grimy hands on the seat of her equally grimy jeans.

Not for worlds would Lorie have said aloud, "This is it. This is a milestone. This is my first honest-to-goodness date. No mere boy-bringing-me-home-from-a-party stuff. The real thing."

But she was thinking it. And Kit knew she was thinking it. And Lorie knew she knew.

The shared secret knowledge was like a warmth between them, shot through with little shivering currents of excitement...

Long before dinnertime no taint of Kit's furniture-refinishing activities lingered about the charming spotless little house. There were late-blooming chrysanthemums in a copper bowl on the mantel, a fire laid against the possible chill of evening. Vannie, coming in from play, was firmly admonished not to

scatter her toys all about and to confine her further activities to the playroom. Lorie even went so far as to suggest that a change of clothes was in order.

"Why?" Vannie demanded, staring down at her blue jeans and plaid shirt blankly. "I always wear these after school."

"Maybe she could go to bed early?" Lorie suggested hopefully to Kit.

"About seven?"

"Seven!" Vannie exploded, her very braids sticking out at a belligerent angle. "This is Friday. No school tomorrow. I get to stay up till nine."

"Never mind," Kit interceded. "We'll either see that Vannie is suitably garbed for the occasion, or that she stays in the playroom till you and Dave get under way."

"Who's Dave?" Vannie demanded, her eyes brightening with unholy interest.

"A boy," Lorie informed her flatly. "Just a boy. No one you know at all. Honestly, I might as well be a goldfish!" With this slightly obscure remark, she turned on her heel and stalked from the room in the direction of her bedroom. The door slammed.

"What's eating her?" Vannie asked.

Kit put an arm around the small sturdy shoulders and hugged hard. "Honey, you just don't understand. Lorie has a date tonight. She's going to the movies with a boy named Dave Pearson. And naturally she wants us all to be on our very best behavior."

"A date, huh?" Vannie said. "Well three cheers!"

Kit ignored the implications of this. "Don't you think, under the circumstances, you might put on a dress?"

"Why?" Vannie asked. "He isn't taking me out..."

KIT HEARD Jim's car wheels on the drive as she was putting the finishing touches on dinner. She flew to the back door to greet her husband, a big, good-natured man whose wrinkles were all from laughter and who hadn't really changed so much from the big, good-natured boy Kit had married at 19.

Jim gave her his usual warm kiss, then observing her green jersey dress under the ruffled apron, the soft upsweep of her dark hair disclosing earrings shaped like little golden wings, he remarked, "All dressed up, aren't you, Kitty? Am I taking you out tonight?"

"No," Kit said. And, lips close to his ear lest her voice carry to the living room, she told him of Lorie's date. "Now don't you dare tease her, Jim," she finished. "She's in a very touchy mood. This is an important occasion to her and we mustn't let her know we're just taking it seriously for her sake. We've got to act completely natural and calm about the whole thing."

"You're telling me?" Jim chuckled indulgently. "You're the one with the jitters."

"I'm not," Kit denied. "It's just that everything has to go well. For Lorie's sake. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," Jim said, "sure I do. Take it easy, hon..."

During the greater part of dinner, Jim Everett was most forbearing. When Lorie remarked plaintively about the loose flagstone, he merely answered, "I've been intending to fix that." When she went on to imply that the house needed painting again, he opened his mouth to speak, then, catching Kit's



warning glance, amended what he had been about to say to a mere, "Well, not quite this soon, baby."

"But it'll get run down," Lorie objected. "And it's such a little house."

That did it. Jim laid his fork down and fixed his older daughter with a stern look. "Oh, so now it's a little house, is it? I've never noticed that we were crowded."

Lorie's lower lip trembled. "Some people have bigger houses."

"Yes, and some have a darned sight smaller. Just remember that, young lady. And any time your home isn't good enough for you to entertain your friends in—any of your friends—"

"Oh!" Lorie moaned, her glance accusing Kit. "You told him."

"Well—it wasn't any secret, was it?" Kit objected.

"She's all excited about a boy," Vannie said, still rankling over having had to put on a dress and have her hair brushed, "just a boy."

"I'm not excited," Lorie exclaimed. "It's the rest of you who are acting perfectly silly. You'd think no girl ever went out with a boy before. You'd think there was something unique about it. All of you simply turning handsprings—it's so embarrassing for me. Honestly, I can't stand it!"

She pushed back her chair and stalked majestically from the table, chin high, eyes fixed straight ahead.

"Darling," Kit called, "there's lemon pie for dessert."

"I don't want any," Lorie's tone was icy. Then she added devastatingly, "Thank you." Her bedroom door slammed.

"Oh, dear," Kit said.

"She's nuts," Vannie contributed. "Can I have her pie, mom?"

Jim asked plaintively, "Now what brought that on? All I said was—well, you heard what I said."

"She's touchy," Kit admitted. "I suppose it's because she isn't too sure of herself, this being the very first time—"

"Foo on her," Vannie said. "I can have her pie, can't I?"

"No," Kit said firmly. Here was one problem, at least, where she felt on solid ground. "You'd have a tummy ache. Besides, Lorie may want dessert later, when she calms down." A sudden thought struck her. "Oh, dear, I hope she's not crying. If her eyes get all red—"

"What would she be crying about?" Jim asked blankly.

"On the other hand," Kit pursued her own train of thought, "I can't very well go into her room to see. She'd think I was snooping and she'd resent that more than anything."

Jim sighed deeply. "I'll be glad when this night is over . . ."

The dishes finished, Kit knocked tentatively on Lorie's door. "Is there anything I can do to help you, dear?"

"Oh, mom," Lorie welcomed her, throwing wide the door, "come on in. I simply can't decide what to wear."

SHE STOOD there, slim and pink in a white slip, her feet bare on the thick yellow rug. Her dark hair fell brushed and gleaming about her shoulders. She was so lovely Kit felt her heart swell.

But she said calmly, "Well, how about your plaid wool?"

"Oh, no!" Lorie objected in a tone such as she might reasonably have used if Kit had suggested she wear a bathing

suit. "You don't dress up for movie dates, mom. I'm going to wear my beige skirt, but I can't decide which sweater. What do you think?"

"Any of them go well with beige," Kit said cautiously. "I like the green one best. But your brown is nice—or the rose—"

"That's what I'd like to wear," Lorie said, "the rose sweater. But it's got a big spot on it."

Kit's brows lifted. "It has? Why didn't you tell me Monday when I was washing sweaters?"

"I didn't notice it till tonight," Lorie admitted sadly.

She got the soft rose sweater out of the drawer. The spot in question was a little bigger than a pin-head, but not much.

"For pity's sake," Kit said. "I can sponge that off in no time, if you'd really like to wear it."

"Oh, would you, mom?" Lorie flung her arms enthusiastically about Kit's neck. She smelled faintly of the cologne Vannie had given her for Christmas. "It would be awfully sweet of you."

"Of course," Kit smiled at her. "I'll take it right out to the kitchen and have it back for you in a couple of minutes."

"Oh, swell," Lorie said. Then her face sobered. "And, mom, Dave's likely to be here soon. We want to catch the early show. So if he should come before I'm ready, would you"—she hesitated, her eyes beseeching—"would you sort of stay in the living room with him and Dad and Vannie?"

Kit asked, "You feel he won't be safe with them?"

"Oh, mom," Lorie reproved, "you know what I mean. Vannie's likely to say anything. And Daddy—he means well, I know. But he'll prob'ly talk to Dave as though he's a child. And Dave's 15."

"I'll take care of it, dear," Kit said faintly and escaped in time.

Cleaning the infinitesimal spot from Lorie's sweater, she got her merriment entirely under control. Then with the soft rosy garment back in Lorie's hands, Kit returned to the living room. None too soon, either. Vannie, sprawled on her tummy, was reading comic books. She had a perfect drift of them spread around her. And Jim, flat on the couch with the evening paper, wasn't much better.

"You two!" Kit accused them. "And Dave coming any minute. Vannie, put all those away but the one you're reading. And Jim"—she straightened the paper busily—"Lorie says you're not to treat Dave as if he were a child. Maybe"—her solemn expression slipped just a little—"it would be all right to discuss politics."

"Oh, lord," Jim said. "And this is just the beginning."

At that moment the doorbell chimed its mellow notes and Vannie rushed off toward the playroom, her arms full of comic books. But in no time at all she was back, standing expectantly beside her father, who had leaped to his feet to reach for a cigarette from the box on the mantel. To prove his nonchalance, no doubt, Kit thought, smothering her laughter as she opened the door. But through her amusement she felt a little prick of expectancy, of excitement.

A tall boy, his neatly combed fair head bare, his hands in the pockets of his tan jacket, stood on the doorstep. In the

Continued on page 46

## QUAKER OATS HELPS GROW

# "Stars of the Future"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow



## THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!

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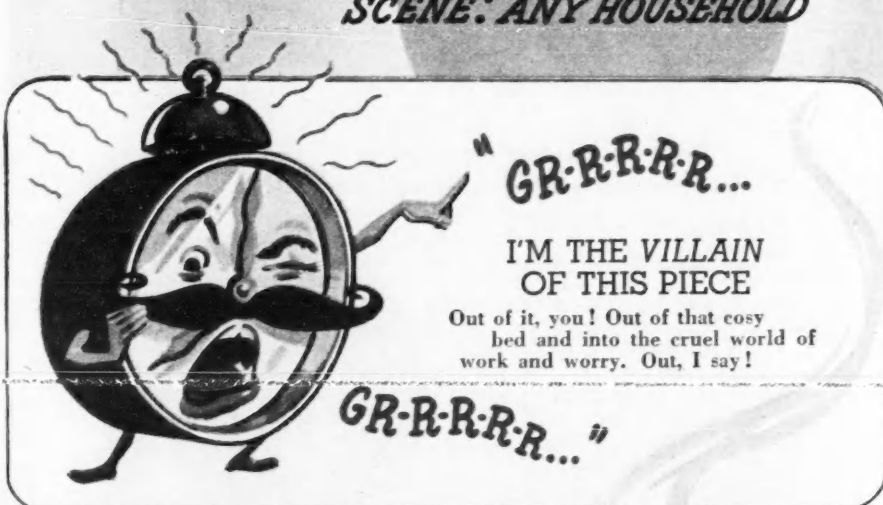


# QUAKER OATS

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

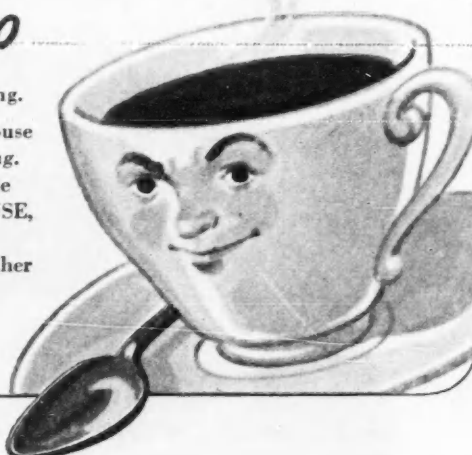
# Morning Mellow-drama

SCENE: ANY HOUSEHOLD



## "AND I'M THE HERO

I'm the silent type. I say nothing. My presence steals through the house — fragrant — inviting — compelling. Not just a smell of coffee but the enticing aroma of MAXWELL HOUSE, the coffee that is bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world at any price!



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You sip . . . drink deep. Mm-m-m! How delicious. How heartening. What glorious flavor. Extra rich because Maxwell House contains choice Latin-American coffees. Extra smooth because it's blended by men who are masters of their craft. Extra full-bodied because Radiant Roasting develops every atom of its extra goodness.

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Ask your grocer for "Maxwell House" today.



# Maxwell House Coffee

SUPER-VACUUM TIN  
Drip & Regular Grinds



GLASSINE-LINED BAG  
All Purpose Grind



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MH-39M

# Here's Mealtime Inspiration!



## REAL JELL-O BEAUTY!

Dissolve 1 package Orange Jell-O in 2 cups hot water (or syrup from canned peaches, and water). When slightly thickened, add sliced canned peaches and turn into a fancy mould. Chill until firm, unmould, garnish attractively, and for special deliciousness pass a bowl of whipped cream. What a dessert!

ARE you looking for a new, exciting party dessert? Or a salad to give extra interest to a family or guest meal? Then — consider these bright Jell-O suggestions! Like all Jell-O dishes, this gorgeous-looking mould — this lovely salad — and this fanciful children's dessert — take only minutes to make. And tempting Jell-O costs less than 2¢ a serving. Enjoy the sparkling color and exclusive "locked-in" Jell-O flavor, often. Look for the big red "JELL-O" letters on the box.

## PIQUANT AS IT'S COLORFUL



Grand served as a salad — or as a clever "relish", to make a small bottle of olives go a long way! Dissolve 1 package Lime Jell-O in 2 cups hot water. Add 3 tbsps. vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt. When slightly thickened, add ¾ cup sliced stuffed olives, ½ cup sliced sweet pickles, and if desired, ¼ cup sliced celery. Chill in small moulds.



## SPECIAL FOR CHILDREN

(Right) — Expect "oh's" and "ah's" of delight, when you serve children this Jell-O party treat! Just Jell-O (any red color) chilled in dessert glasses, and decorated with a "snowman" made from puffy marshmallows. A simple gala touch for the young-fry's all-time favorite Jell-O.

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That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

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**A meal in one**

## Sandwich Style

by **Jacqueline Roy**

**W**ONDERING what to serve that hungry family of yours for lunch? Something quick yet hearty? If so, let sandwiches come to the rescue. None of those dainty afternoon tea affairs either—we mean real he-man sandwiches, the kind that are almost a meal in themselves.

They come open face, regular, double decker or Dagwood, both plain and toasted. Round out the hot sandwiches with an accompaniment of hard-cooked egg slices on lettuce, crisp celery or carrot strips, coleslaw, cheese wedges or glass of fruit juice. With the cold sandwiches serve a bowl of steaming soup. For dessert, some fruit or a tartlet to balance the meal.

To make double-decker sandwiches use a combination of two or three of the following fillings; fasten with toothpicks.

**Breads for Sandwiches:** Any kind of bread or soft bun will do—white, whole-wheat, malt, rye, hamburger buns or wiener rolls—even tea biscuits, waffles and pancakes.

### Cold Fillings

Baked beans, mashed, with chopped celery, grated carrot, chili sauce and mayonnaise, served open-face.

Flaked fish with ketchup and boiled dressing on rye or brown bread.

Peanut butter combined with grated carrot, chopped crisp bacon, minced ham, mashed banana, marmalade, honey or applesauce. Can be made into a double-decker.

Cottage cheese mixed with chutney and grated onion or chopped pickles, olives or ketchup.

### Hot Fillings

Ham slice on a pancake, sliced banana on top, then broil. Serve with raisin sauce, if desired.

Slices of meat—pork, beef, tenderloin, chicken—on bread. Cover with second slice of bread, then hot gravy.

Creamed, chopped meat—chipped beef, end-of-the-roast—in a cream soup or white sauce. Serve on crisp waffles or tea biscuits.

Broiled thin, round steak (pounded

to tenderize), or diced, cooked liver, on bread, with onion gravy.

Sliced tomato, salt, pepper and chopped onion on top; cover with slice of processed cheese—put on toast or bun. Broil till cheese has melted.

Cream of mushroom or chicken soup poured from the can over a thick slice of bread which has been hollowed out in the centre. Drop a raw egg into hollow, put on broiler pan and bake at 350 degrees F. about 15 minutes or until egg white is set.

### Hot or Cold

Chopped ham, mashed sardine with a few drops lemon juice and mayonnaise.

Canned meat, minced, with diced celery, onion juice, mayonnaise. Make into a double-decker with seasoned cottage cheese.

Tuna fish, diced celery and lemon juice. Good as a double-decker with chopped nuts and mayonnaise.

Corned beef, sliced or minced, with a little prepared mustard. Makes a good double-decker, cold, with lettuce and chopped pickle, mayonnaise.

Chopped ham and chopped hard-cooked egg with mayonnaise and diced celery.

### Salmon Sandwiches

(French Toasted)

**1 cup or ½ pound can salmon**  
**4 tablespoons chili sauce**  
**12 slices bread, slightly dry**  
**2 eggs, slightly beaten**  
**1 cup milk**  
**Salt and pepper**  
**6 tablespoons butter or margarine**

**METHOD:** Remove skin from salmon, crush bones and combine with salmon and chili sauce. Spread on 6 slices bread and cover with remaining 6 slices. Combine the beaten eggs and milk, season with salt and pepper. Quickly dip both sides of the sandwich in egg-milk mixture and fry on both sides until browned. Use about 1 tablespoon margarine for frying each sandwich. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute. +

## “I’ll wake up— and it’ll all be gone!”

**Jill:** Oh, Tom — is it *really* ours? After all these years of waiting, I can't believe we have our own home. I'm afraid it'll vanish like a dream!

**Tom:** It's ours, all right! And it won't vanish. But we'll have to watch our step in future.

**Jill:** Oh? What do you see in your crystal ball?

**Tom:** Nothing! That's why I own life insurance. It's your only protection against losing this dream house if anything ever happens to me.

**Jill:** But if you've plenty of life insurance, what is there to worry about?

**Tom:** Just this: Now that we have our own home, our life insurance is more important to us than ever. So I think we should put it *first* in our budget. Give it priority over all other expenses.

**Jill:** Sounds mighty practical to me. Then we can spend what's left over without a worry about the future.

**Tom:** Right! And the future never looked brighter!



## Life Insurance

### Woman's Way to Independence

*A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their Agents*



### Training Results in Job and Other Writing Successes



and Globe and Mail, and due to N.I.A. training won a contest. —Mrs. Ethel I. Sullivan, 84 New Street, Renfrew, Ontario, Canada.

## How Do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

**H**AVE you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer?"

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never* will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be interns. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such a sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it, and which at the same time, develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more, that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, hobbies, sports, homemaking, travel, local and club activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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## First Date

Continued from page 45

glow of the porch light, his face had a scrubbed pink look. His ears were quite pink, too, Kit observed. Perhaps with embarrassment.

"You're Dave Pearson, aren't you?" she welcomed him in, smiling her quick warm smile.

"Yes." Dave's smile was tentative. He stopped in the hallway, as though not quite certain whether to come any farther.

"Lorie's almost ready." Kit hoped she was telling the truth. "Won't you come in and wait?"

"Well—" Dave said, taking his hands out of his pockets and letting them hang down gingerly, "okay."

He followed Kit into the living room, his footsteps heavy.

"This is my husband," Kit said. "Jim, Dave Pearson."

Jim said, "Hello," and smiled. Kit was sure he meant it for a friendly smile, but it looked a little strained.

"Hi," Dave said.

They shook hands.

"And this is Lorie's little sister, Vannie."

Vannie emitted a strangled, "H'lo."

Dave said, "Hi. Seen you around, I think."

"Maybe so," Jim spoke heartily. "She certainly gets around."

Kit laughed, but Dave said solemnly, "Yeah—little sisters! Got two of 'em myself."

THAT SEEMED to exhaust that subject, although Kit thought Vannie looked a little easier in her mind about Dave.

"Well—sit down," Jim said hospitably, indicating a chair.

And Kit echoed, "Yes, do. I—don't think Lorie will be long."

She thought: This is ridiculous! Why

## Here Comes the Bride!

Whether you're the Girl in White yourself, this springtime, her mother or her cousin or her aunt (or just a hopeful onlooker) April Chatelaine is your dreamcake. Practical as prunes, visionary as a wedding veil, it's full of information, excitement and fun about the State of the Union (for two).

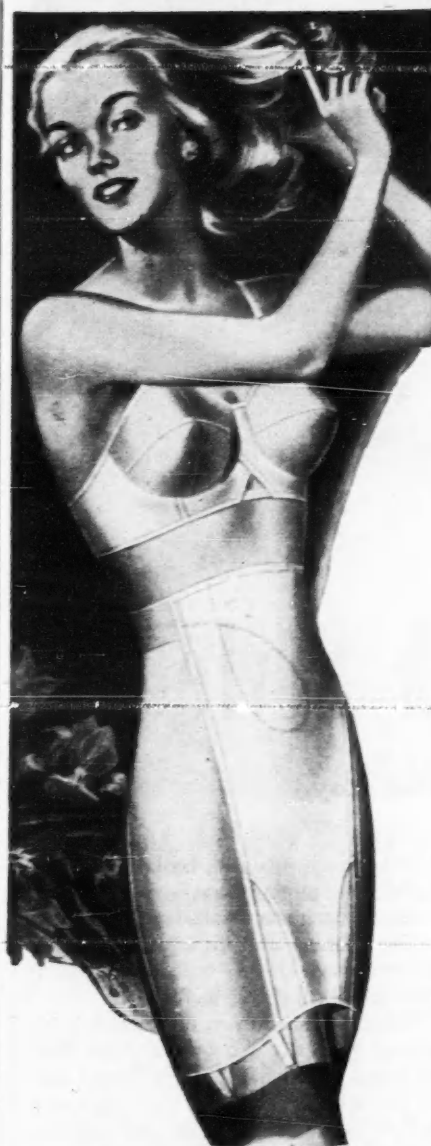
**She's All Yours**, by Robert Allen, is a rollicking piece of advice to the young fellow who's bought himself a matrimonial setup. The secret of turning an adoring girl-friend into a devoted wife . . . in 10 easy lessons.

**Are You The Girl He Thinks You Are?** asks Beauty Editor Adele White, and gives book and verse on the know-how of keeping glamour and romance alive in the heart of your favorite husband . . . from this day forward.

**His Kind of Woman** — a complete novelette by the brilliant fiction writer, Nella Gardner White.

Just a few of the sparkling  
features you will find in

**April Chatelaine**



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Step into it, zip its slide fastener . . . see how the high elastic top hugs you from waist to ribs, banishing that bulge . . . as only Hi-Top can! Airy leno and rayon satin elastics smooth you, slim your hips . . . in a light, coaxing way that's magic! Wear Hi-Top with our stitched rayon satin Gossard bra, in A B C cups.

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can't we act naturally? After all, he's just a boy. Just a boy with two little sisters. Why must Jim stand there at the mantel as though he had a ramrod in his spine? Why should I feel as if I'm strangling?

"Well"—Dave looked hesitantly from Kit to Jim to Vannie—"we might as well all sit down."

"Yes, indeed," Jim agreed heartily.

They sat. Silence multiplied itself by silence.

After a while Kit began, "I think I've met your mother—" just as Jim began, "Quite a basketball team you've got this year—"

By the time they had all that unscrambled and basketball had seemed to nose out Dave's mother as a fruitful topic of conversation, there was a sound of a door opening, then footsteps, then Lorie.

She looked lovely in her rose sweater and beige wool skirt. Her eyes were so bright, Kit felt a little dazzled. Jim screwed his eyelids a bit tighter, too. Only Vannie and Dave seemed unimpressed.

Vannie said, "It's about time."

And Dave echoed, "Check."

"Well, hello," Lorie said, as if surprised. "Are you here?"

"I think so." Dave was on his feet, grinning down at her. He pinched his arm, winced and added, "Yep, it's me."

"Oh, Dave," Lorie laughed, "you're so funny!"

They drifted out into the hall, whence came sounds of Lorie getting into her coat, with apparently more hindrance than help from Dave. Presently he stuck his head back into the living room.

"Been nice meeting you all. See you again."

"By, darlings," Lorie called warmly. "We won't be late."

Kit and Jim made suitable reply. The front door closed. The faint sound of footsteps was soon lost in the night outside. "Is that all?" Vannie demanded aggrievedly. "And just for that I had to get all cleaned up. Oh, foo!"

"Oh, foo!" her father echoed, chuckling. "For once, baby, my reaction is the same as yours. Not that he doesn't seem like a nice enough kid," he added. "But I mean—well, all the fireworks over that."

Kit didn't say anything. For just a moment she couldn't. But her eyes, meeting Jim's over Vannie's head, saw such a look of pride and pleasure and understanding all mingled together that she knew he was only talking to cover up a depth of feeling that equaled her own.

Well, Kit thought, maybe that was the best way after all.

And so she said aloud, lightly, "What fireworks?"

### Pattern Descriptions

2753—Junior Misses' and Misses' Skirt, Blouse and Cape, sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, Cape and Skirt: 3 3/4 of 35"; 3 3/4 of 39"; 2 3/4 of 54". Cape lining and blouse: 3 3/4 of 35" or 2 1/4 of 39" even plaid fabric. Price 25c.

2780—Bolero, sizes 12-20. Size 16, Bolero: 2 1/4 of 35"; 2 of 39"; 1 1/2 of 54". Lining: 1 1/2 of 35"; 1 1/2 of 39". Price 25c.

2779—Skirt, sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Size 28: 2 3/4 of 35". Price 25c.

2736—Two-Piece Skirt, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 4 3/4 of 39" or 41". Price 25c.

2732—Two-Piece Suit, sizes 12-20. Sizes 12, Jacket: 2 3/4 of 35"; 1 3/4 of 54". Skirt: 2 of 35"; 1 1/2 of 54". Contrasting jacket facing: 1/2 of 35" or 39". Jacket lining: 1 3/4 of 39". Price 25c.

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**BRITISH RAILWAYS**

## Mrs. Drew

Continued from page 32

affairs of state and of the world at large.

Her children were born and have been brought up in the throes of the most violent political times in this country's modern history, with her own beautifully appointed house a core of activity, first as the home of Ontario's Premier and now as residence of the leader of the Conservative Party of Canada. Her son and daughter have always been part and parcel of the political scene in their own home; for she believes that their future and that of every young Canadian today depends on his or her understanding of the responsibility of the individual for good or bad government. Politics and political discussions have been welcomed at the table and around the fire ("I'll have to go into politics, dad," says young Edward solemnly. "I haven't any choice. It's in my blood.")

She believes that women, as holders of the country's majority vote, must become better informed and more active in their country's affairs if we are to be a strong nation and bring into effect the best conditions for living and raising families. She listens to many of her husband's prepared speeches, simplifying them and giving him the viewpoint of the average woman. ("We often arrive at the same conclusion by different paths. He's a student. I'm intuitive.")

She charms the public wherever she goes, and is able to supply the warmth and human touch which her husband seems to find difficult to transmit. ("He's the shyest man I know.") Welcomes his visitors to a smoothly running menage; writes her own speeches and sounds delightfully spontaneous; wears simply tailored clothes that are always exactly right for the occasion (knows what she wants and plans well ahead, with black and greys for winter, blue for spring and white for summer). Speaks French and Italian fluently, and can address a meeting at the drop of a hat and often does. Is an entertaining and intelligent conversationalist with a genius for discussing the other person's interests in his own language; and is a top-rater with press and radio women.

She is a restful and relaxed individual in spite of her contagious enthusiasms, and keeps her husband and family relaxed and happy. Loves to gather the family (including her father) around the piano to sing and play French folk songs with young daughter Sandra at the keys part of the time. (The Colonel is strictly an onlooker.) Brings her children up with a good amount of old-fashioned discipline but quantities of affection; and can be amused over such failings as her husband's inability to part with a loved old suit ("the whole knee fell out of one coming home from Europe last summer on the train") or to hang on to hats. ("They're always arriving by mail or messenger from his last port of call.") Finds time for a stimulating life of her own, particularly as an ardent worker in the Junior League and voracious reader of poetry and biography. (The Colonel is a history and historical novel man.)

And is generally considered by people in and out of the party to be the best thing that ever happened to George Drew!

## Love-quiz . . . For Married Folks Only



### WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

- A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.
- Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?
- A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?
- A. Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odours . . . kills germs on contact.
- Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy after-effect.

KEEP DESIRABLE by douching regularly with "Lysol". Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined.

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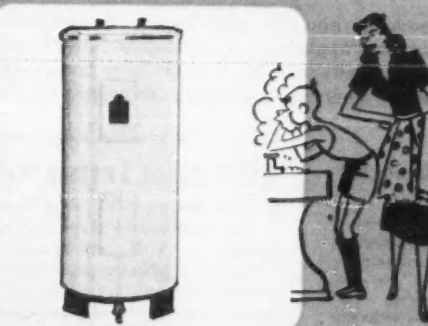
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## Wish on Any Star

Continued from page 23

his stuff, and his wife working—but with things as they are, groceries high, clothes high, he was beat!"

Julie carried their plates in and motioned Dan to his chair. "I feel so sorry," she said, and knew that it was inadequate. And then because Dan's eyes were dull with worry, she got up swiftly and held her skirt out ballerina style. "Like?"

Dan brightened. "Swell. Looks swell on you, honey." He paused and then, because it was the first time he had had to ask, he grinned self-consciously. "Cost much?"

Julie dropped into her chair. "You guess," she said, "and eat your dinner before it gets cold."

Dan began to eat. Some of the tension seemed to leave his shoulders and his forehead was smooth. "Five or six bucks?" he hazarded.

Julie felt something like apprehension start up within her. She laid her fork carefully on the edge of her plate. "Dan, darling, don't you see what lovely material this is, and the way the ruffles are bound and all?"

Now the apprehension started up in Dan. She could read it in his eyes. Quickly then, before he pictured anything worse, she told him what she had paid for the dress.

He finished chewing his meat and drained a glass of milk before he spoke. "I don't want you to worry, Julie. Finances is my department. But I wish

you'd tell me, after this, when you need something, something big." He paused, embarrassed. "I didn't figure on a lot of things when I got you into this . . ."

Tears stung in Julie's eyes and she dabbed them away, but Dan didn't come around to the table and take her in his arms. "Got you into this." Dan was speaking of their marriage as a *this* and the unfinished significance was between them, keeping him strained and solemn and miles away from her across a bridge table.

The room remained the same of course, but the images they brought into the room were changed. And they found themselves staying in it, trying not to mind the shabby confines, staying in and leaving the wish that they could afford to leave it, unspoken. They left a good many things unsaid, and Julie carried them cold and menacing against her heart. Julie knew that Dan watched for the regular monthly cheque from his grandmother's legacy and that he hurried to deposit it and was afraid some of the time lest he be too late.

They had gone over the budget and they had been confident that Recreation could be reduced. Then Recreation had disappeared and so had Car Repair. Car Repair would have freed them for a few hours over the week ends, she thought wistfully.

Dan tried to get night work on the paper, but a family man with experience was ahead of him. He beat the typewriter with a sort of hostility, but rejection slips accompanied his manuscripts and contained the well-meant but cheerless comment, "Lacks matur-

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ity . . . our readers wouldn't accept this . . . nicely done . . . let us see more."

The older, wiser heads had nodded, had foreseen these things, and the older wiser heads had prophesied an even greater threat. "First thing you know, you'll have a baby on the way."

Julie didn't tell Dan until he caught her up-chucking in the bathroom one morning and was halfway into their neighbors' room to accuse them of causing it all.

"It's not their fault," Julie said and leaned against the cool tile. "I've been doing this . . . I'm getting pretty good at it." She giggled weakly and then, for some unaccountable reason, commenced to cry.

SHE DROPPED out of school and spent most of her time trudging from one building to another in pursuit of the apartment or flat or duplex that must be somewhere for them.

"I don't care about school, Dan. You've got to believe I don't. I do want the baby . . . and you will, once he's here." And I've got to believe that, she added wordlessly.

They walked at night. Dan was getting so he couldn't stay in the room except to sleep and eat and do his work.

"Did you see about the ad, the new building?" he asked.

The stars were thick and lack-lustre over the town and Julie searched the sky for brilliance. "I talked to the owner. He looked at my 'new look' and said he wasn't renting to anyone with children."

Dan swore and began his litany of

contempt for mankind. "The family is the foundation of our security as a nation. We must rebuild our respect for the family unit . . . For two hours today I listened to some character with moss on his brain tell me, tell me about building a family."

Julie laid a protesting hand on his arm. "They're right, darling. They just don't know about people like us, I suppose." She broke off excitedly, "Look, there's a shooting star. Kiss me, Dan, kiss the one you love!"

He drew her close to him and his face was hot as his mouth came down on hers. "Sometimes I get lonesome for you, and I don't know I'm gone."

They had come to hate the room so that the landlady's note was hardly a blow. The building was to be razed and all occupants had notice to vacate.

"We can always find a room," Julie said, "and we still may find a place to ourselves—one we can afford."

She was ironing and Dan was perforce trapped in one half of the room. He got up and his books tumbled to the floor from the crowded table.

"Julie," he said, and his voice had a queer muffled tone. "I ought to send you back to your father, but I can't do that. And you wouldn't go. But I can't stay in this town any longer." He kicked at the books. "My head feels as though it was full of feathers now and the tripe I have to think about makes me sick." He paused, but Julie didn't speak. "And people. I hate 'em. I hate all people," he said so savagely that Julie set the iron down out of his reach. "Those guys at school, they make me



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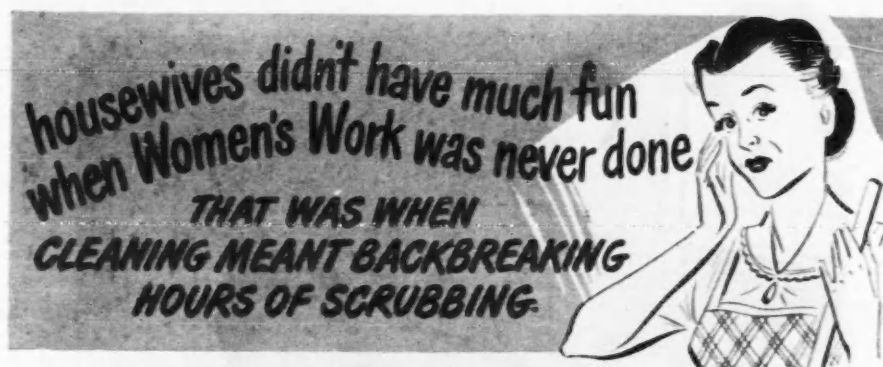
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laugh. There they are, beating their brains out trying to figure out what's wrong with the world. I know. I know!" His voice rose. Julie knew by the stillness in the rest of the house that Dan's voice was going all over it. "The thing that's wrong with the world, Julie . . . is people. Lousy, petty, grasping, suspicious people. They're all over the world and they're cluttering it up with their selfishness and grubbing and they're fighting and kicking and killing because there are too many of 'em."

Julie heard the words, but they were words and there was no more meaning in them. Dan said there were too many people. There was going to be another person in Dan's too-crowded world. And the person would need love and tenderness and truth. Dan must believe that before it was too late. She went to the window and looked out into the strip of sky between the roofs. Star light . . . first star . . . tonight . . . She instinctively sought the comfort of her childhood retreat.

"A million scared little rabbit people, dumb . . . dumb and thinking they'll get their wishes if they wait like sheep . . ." He pelted her with words. I wish he'd change . . . Our love can't do it alone . . .

*But the stars don't pay off, do they? They don't get us a house . . .* Julie heard the slam and click of the door, and after a moment she went back to ironing.

She was in bed when Dan came back that night, and she waited in the darkness until she heard him set his shoes down. "I'm not asleep. Dan, feel better?"

He came into bed and before he answered her, he pulled her against him and lay cold against her warmth. Julie kissed his face and then as she felt his limbs relax, she found his mouth and pressed her lips down into it. "You don't really hate people," she said. "Not you. Not ever you, Julie."

AND OUT of their quiet communion in the darkened room that night came the decision to leave the city. Car Repair was restored. The car spent three days in a garage and Dan spent those three days selling all but his special books and checking out of his classes. He spent one more day at the extension office where a brisk young woman tailored a course of study for him.

"I've checked on everything, Julie. The ranch is within 30 miles of a little town, and there's a good doctor there and a proper hospital." Dan had a new vigor that was really his old vigor and Julie's heart beat light again. The ranch belonged to a fraternity brother of Dan's. The land was undeveloped, the fellow said, but there was a shack that wasn't too bad. He hadn't been there in years, couldn't stand the solitude and fishing left him cold, but if Dan and his squaw wanted to camp out until she foaled, they could sure use it.

It was good to be in the car again, to be beside Dan and bound for life with Dan. They would call on the doctor first, and then, armed with his instructions for Julie, and fortified with a supper in the village, they would find their ranch.

Dr. Wood was squat and his face was seamed, but he spoke with a brisk good humor that won Julie. He compli-

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Trafalgar Square

### COMING EVENTS

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Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., or Room 410 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

BT-32M



mented her on her progress. "Come to see me every two weeks," he said when they were leaving.

"We're going to live on the Walmsley ranch," Dan said, "and we've never been there. Do you know if the road from the highway is still open?"

Dr. Wood squinted reflectively. "If you mean the old Walmsley place—it belongs to new people. Stockbrokers from the East own it now. Yes, indeed. It seemed too bad to us, but I don't suppose the Walmsleys cared, none of 'em been around for years."

"But"—Dan produced the precise map which his fraternity brother had made—"there must be some mistake. Mr. Walmsley, Jr., said there was a shack of some sort, and a stream. We're going to live there." White streaks showed up suddenly on each side of Dan's nose and Julie saw the small vein throb again in his temple.

"Dear, Dr. Wood has nothing to do with that," she started.

Dr. Wood glanced at Dan and at the map. "There's a shack at the back end. I don't know if the new owners have title to that parcel of the property or not. If your friend said not, I'd go ahead and live on it. Only thing, you have to use the side road." His eyes rested on Julie. "Rough, just a couple of ruts. You mustn't risk it often. Come in a month instead of two weeks."

Though it was early by Dan's watch, darkness had settled into the narrow valley and was staining the rims of the hills ahead when they crossed the stream, felt cautiously for the wagon ruts and then came up short against the silhouetted cabin. Julie climbed out

first and her foot slipped on the loose shale of the road. Dan handed her a flashlight and turned his on the cabin. "Be it ever so humble, Julie . . ." he said, but his voice was soft with doubt. Julie stepped upon the porch and beamed her light in a slow search of the room. She saw fine wood webbed with dust and deserted spinnings, smelling of dampness and somehow stolid in the light—a collection of furniture never too good, exiled for a time to a garage or attic and finally brought here to live in abashed silence. "Dan," she said at last, "a bird has built a nest in that bookshelf."

Julie giggled and turned her flashlight on Dan. He was white with fatigue and hopelessness. She moved the light quickly away from him and discovered that there was another room.

"Hey," she called, "come see. This is going to be lovely. I've always wanted a bedroom with a fireplace."

This time Dan laughed. "That, O Pioneer, is supposed to be the kitchen!"

SUNLIGHT AND Dan's vigorous attack on the debris and dust and Julie's 'womanly touch' made the cabin livable. Lamps glowed and smoked at night and Julie had their bed moved into the kitchen so that they could lounge in lazy contentment before the fire. They laughed a good deal at first, especially as Julie packed away the proof of their innocence about this country. Dan's electric razor, her iron.

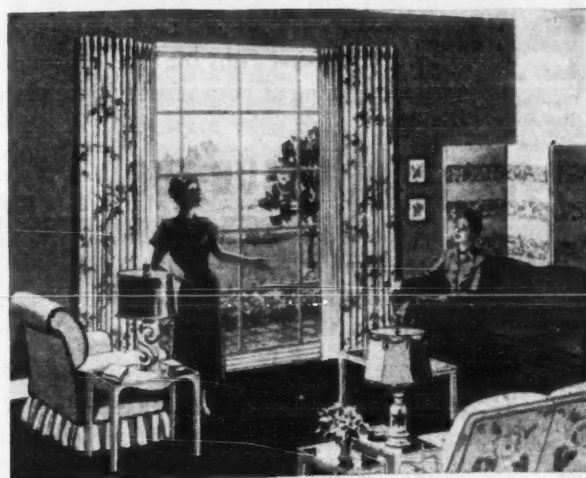
"No utility bills," they said cheerfully. "All the running water you can carry, and the stream runs right through the house—almost."

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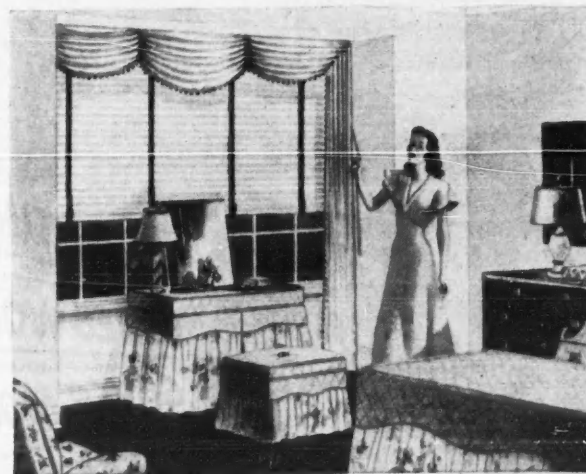
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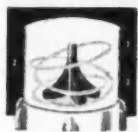
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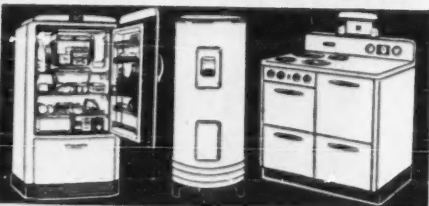
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for you!

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exclusively by

**RCA VICTOR**  
COMPANY LIMITED

**Hotpoint**  
APPLIANCES



"No snoopy landlady tapping on the wall if the typewriter rattles after sundown . . ." Dan exulted. "No surflushing freshman trying to get by without work. I can really work here, Julie. I can knock it out."

Julie shoved one saucepan precariously close to the edge of the small woodstove, and blew a wisp of her hair away from her nose. "Cope with this, will you? I've got to get the milk out of the icebox."

The icebox was a 20-gallon garbage can, purchased new and suspended now in the stream. Julie fished knowingly in it and brought forth the jar of fruit and a bottle of milk. Ice was impractical because of the long trip out. Dan was thrifty with the car, making the trip for mail and supplies as seldom as he could. As soon as the baby came, they'd all three go, and she could shop in the little town and chat with the people again.

Julie lifted her face to the crisp breeze and it cooled her cheeks. She filled her lungs with sharp night air. Dan was right. This was truly the way to live. This was the world as it had been intended. But as the thought came, so came the vague disquiet. She couldn't tell Dan about the disquiet, for it was a formless thing and did not trouble her too often. Still, having it at all marred the serenity and happiness she had used to feel.

"Sufficient unto ourselves," Dan had said each night before he started his work at the long table. He had said it lightly, cornily, the way everyone quotes those old saws at first. But as the nights went by, and a calendar page

went to kindle the fire, he seemed almost to swear it, to take an oath on it, and Julie could find no answer in the face of his intensity.

As she turned to step up on the porch, her gaze went involuntarily to the rim of the hill which joined with the mountain back of them to form this giant cup and hold the rich meadowland. She wouldn't wish on the star tonight, but its steadfast clarity held her motionless.

They didn't mention the mail. Dan had pushed the crisp letterhead toward her and she had said, "Oh, Dan, it was such a fine story. I'm sorry, darling."

"So is the editor," Dan said too heartily. "He's terribly sorry, but the whole thing is too cynical."

Julie poured the cold milk into their glasses and said, "Dan, while you were gone today, I got to thinking. Maybe we could get to know some of the people around here. Dr. Wood says they have a card party once in a while, and most everyone goes to church. He says there are some people our age . . ."

Dan looked troubled. "Listen, Julie, honey, we wouldn't be very smart to get too well acquainted. I'm not absolutely certain, and I don't want to be, but there's a very big chance that we are trespassers right now, and that if certain robber barons wanted to ride down here and throw us off, they could."

"You mean no one but Dr. Wood knows we're on this place?" Julie said incredulously. "You mean we can't get to know anyone because we might be arrested or something?"

"Hey, take it easy. I didn't say that. I just don't want to stick our noses out

## Love Match

by Coro



An engagement ring,  
and a wedding ring  
made into bracelets  
. . . and joined  
with a tiny chain.  
An unusual new idea  
to please you.



CORO (CANADA) LIMITED

69 York Street, Toronto, Canada.



until I'm sure we won't get 'em tweaked." Julie stared at him in disbelief. "If you think Walmsley made a mistake," she said quietly, "I'll start packing. We can't stay."

"We surely have a surplus in the bank," she went on, "this living can't have cost us too much. We'll go back to the city. If we have to pay high rent, we'll have to pay high rent." Her voice was sharp and edged, and she heard it and could not stop.

Dan's hand hit the edge of the table hard, and the dishes rattled loud in the silence. "Of all the tripe! Just as we get settled here, get the place fit to live in, you go lofty and noble. Well—you can do as you please. Not one of those upright citizens in town made any noble gestures, remember that."

*We don't take children. Sorry, we have a waiting list. Is your husband employed? This apartment can be leased for a hundred and fifty . . . buy the furniture. Sorry. The frustration and weariness settled in and around Dan's words, sealing them in the room with the words, cutting off escape. Julie closed her eyes and covered them with her hands. After a moment Dan went to his worktable, and she heard his chair scrape along the floor and the swishing of paper.*

Dan wouldn't really let her leave alone. In a moment he would come to her and his arms would go around her and his lips would seek forgiveness, and because their love was living and pulsing between them, they would forgive.

Julie felt suddenly sick. She needed space and depth and the outside dark-

ness would accept her. The star at the rim of the hill shone blue-white and its pure brilliance was a truth. Julie stood and leaned heavily against the single rail of the porch. "Star light," she began as she had so many nights, "Dan's wrong. He's terribly mixed up and wrong, and I don't know how to help him. I only know that he mustn't go on hating people, feeling this bitterness and contempt. Help us . . ."

She felt the rail when it snapped away from the support, but her body was unwieldy and her hands clung blindly to it as it groaned and then she was falling with it and there was only an instant of terror before they crashed to the ground below.

Dan carried her into the house and his lips were bloodless as he brought warm water and soft swabs of cotton and cleaned the blood and dirt and tiny fragment of gravel away from her face and hair. "You're scratched, darling, and you'll have a bump on your forehead," he said at last, "but I can't find anything worse. How do you feel now?" His hands held hers and the misery in his eyes would not go away in spite of her protestations.

"My head's all right . . ." She started to a sitting position, but there was an odd constriction across the small of her back, and her eyes went wide with the sudden awareness. "That ain't where the misery's at . . ." She smiled. "I guess this is it."

Dan moved swiftly to the door. "Keep calm," he said, and his voice was jagged with fright. "I'll get the car going,

*Continued on page 55*



**Montreal**—"Winter made my skin so dry and flaky I couldn't use powder," says lovely Pat Heselton. "But since using Noxzema as my Powder Base, chapped skin is no longer any problem."



**"Ice Follies" Star Marilyn Ruth Take** says, "I've used Noxzema since I was ten—it's my only skin cream. A nightly Noxzema treatment is all I need to keep my complexion looking soft and lovely."



**Vancouver**—"Our local druggist recommended Noxzema to me for chapping," says charming Louise Prestlien. "It's grand for dry, rough skin, but it's a wonderful all-purpose beauty cream, too."



**Halifax**—Sportswoman and swimming coach is pretty Margaret Eustace who first used Noxzema for chapped skin. She says, "I use it now as a Night Cream, and love the way it softens and smooths my skin."

## Which of These 6 Canadian Women is the MOST LIKE YOU?

**If You Have Some Little Thing Wrong with Your Skin—And Who Doesn't—Be Sure To Read These Exclusive Interviews.**

● Recently we've been calling on women all over Canada, asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of six typical women . . . who are using a wonderful new idea in beauty.

### New Beauty Routine

It's a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women from all walks of life took part in this skin improvement test under the supervision of 3 noted skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin.

### Based on Scientific Tests

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: **Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks! Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled to discover the marked improvement that Noxzema helped bring to their skin!**

If you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin,



**Winnipeg**—Ada McDowell uses Noxzema morning and night. "It's real insurance against dry, rough 'winter skin'," says charming Ada.



**Ottawa**—"Noxzema is the only skin cream I've ever used," says rugby fan, Lola Leclair. "It's my Powder Base and Night Cream—my Hand Cream, too."

blemishes, chapping or other skin troubles—try medicated Noxzema.



### 4-Step Beauty Routine!

**1.** Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.

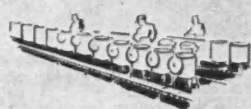
**2.** Apply Noxzema as a powder base.

**3.** Before retiring, repeat morning cleansing.

**4.** Massage Noxzema lightly into your face . . . a little extra over blemishes.

Try it yourself. Follow Noxzema's NEW 4-Step Beauty Routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. **At all drug and cosmetic counters, 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.**

## Maytag wringers roll the plank . . .



Last test of each finished washer at the Maytag factory is running a 1-inch thick plank through the wringer.

The wringers pass the plank through easily—due to Maytag's patented design. Four heavy coil springs adjust the wringer tension automatically for either a heavy blanket or a thin handkerchief: there is no need to stop your Maytag for adjustment.

This is only ONE of the many features which make Maytag "Canada's finest low-priced washer."



# Maytag

MAYTAG COMPANY LIMITED, WINNIPEG



# First Call for Spring



**S**TYLE" and "moderation" are the two words that best describe the new suits for spring. Your suit jacket can be long or short, fitted or boxy, depending on your figure demands. Skirts into spring go slim and straight. The four suits sketched here are significant of the latest trend. Watch for buttons, pockets and collar interest when buying your Simplicity pattern for that new Easter suit.

The jacket fits snugly, the skirt falls straight, and pockets give this misses' two-piece fitted suit a completely 1949 look. It's the kind you love to live in, right with a sweater and bright with a blouse. The skirt exemplifies moderate fullness, cut in six sections with two inverted pleats at either side of the centre front. No. 2736.

Here it is! Simplicity's version of the 12-month suit. It's the kind you combine with fresh-as-a-daisy blouses. It's wise in the ways of a dress as well as a suit. The skirt, No. 2779, is gored for fullness and the waistband shapes up in front, empire fashion. The bolero, No. 2780, features a shawl collar.



*Simplicity*  
BOLERO 2780  
SKIRT 2779

The personality suit for the women who like to mix and match. You can build your spring wardrobe around this type of ensemble. A contrasting jacket over a figure-whittling skirt makes it a combination worthy of note. The shapely pockets help to round off the hipline, and the long sleeves have slash openings fastened with link buttons. No. 2732.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 46.



*Simplicity*  
2732



*Simplicity*  
2753

No. 2753. Styled for the girl with a completely individual taste for clothes. Simplicity designs this cape-over-weskit suit for the girl who loves a dash of drama with a flash of color. The blouse and lining of the collarless cape are made of contrasting fabric. You'll want to key it to the colors you have already taken to heart for spring.



## Are you in the know?



3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ See their dentist
- ☐ Use Hand Cream or Lotion
- ☐ Buy a new Sanitary Belt

Could be you do see your dentist twice a year... keep your mitts well creamed. Fine. But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt? Why be like most girls, and keep forgetting—keep putting it off "till next time?" To get all the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt!

Yes—because it's made to lie flat, without twisting or curling, a Kotex belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable, all-elastic, doesn't bind!

**Kotex  
Sanitary  
Belt**

Ask for it by name



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odours. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy Quest Powder today!

**Quest  
Deodorant  
Powder**



Continued from page 53

and carry you out in that blanket. We'll make it to the hospital. Won't we?"

"Sure." Julie managed a measure of conviction that reassured him. "There's time."

She heard the motor turn over. Heard it sigh. The starter whined again. The motor refused again. She heard the clank of the hood as Dan raised it to get to the wire that sometimes came loose. The pain at her back spread out hungrily and she huddled in the blanket and tried not to count the times the motor coughed and died.

Then there was silence. In spite of the pain that would not stay subsided, Julie went to the door. Dan was flashing the headlights of the car on and off with careful precision. Off... on... off... on... He stared steadily at the rim of the hill which was the boundary of the world.

Julie was about to call when the intensity of his face stopped her. Only a few times had that look been in Dan's face—during their marriage ceremony, later that—that day the doctor in the city had confirmed her hopes about the baby. The look made him fine and beautiful. She was going to have another pain, but she wanted to have this one where she could see Dan's face.

And as it possessed her, she heard Dan's voice. "Star light, Julie's star. She can't cry, but you've got to believe me. You've got to help us..."

She looked to the rim, to the star. But it was gone. There was no pure brilliance in the black space over the rim. Now, when Dan was humble and in need, the star had left the sky. Julie looked into the blackness and seemed to melt into it.

A WOMAN'S hand was holding the basin beside her, and there was a pungent sweetish smell. Dan was a shadow coming clearer and saying, "She's going to be all right!" Dan was a baby's wail. Julie turned and the wail waved a red fist and took shape and she felt her tears burn down on her cheeks and drifted away and drifted back. And now the baby was quiet and Dan's voice and the woman's were running along and there was a jubilation in the room. And a man was speaking to Dan. "Pretty clever of you to use your headlights that way. We read the message and got started as quick as we could."

"I should have called on you..." It was the soft woman voice. "We heard you were here when we got back from the coast, and I meant to call and to tell you to take the short cut past our house, but Jonathan thought you young folks wanted to be alone..."

"You must have thought we were pretty inhospitable neighbors," the man said. "Makes me feel good to know you called us in your distress. Guess that light up there bothers you some, too... We had it put there to guide some of the fliers around here."

"Jonathan was trying to fix the light tonight. It had burned out. That's how we happened to notice your signals."

Julie smiled knowingly. Maybe they had a light. But Dan hadn't known it was a light. Dan was seeking heavenly and human help, and the Star had sent help. Dan would never be lonely or baffled again. Not when he could wish on any star.

"Hi!" she said. "May I see the baby now?" +

## Are you in the know?



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- ☐ A Suave Sally
- ☐ A numb number
- ☐ A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best, you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of the month—with Kotex to keep you com-

fortable, to give you softness that holds its shape. You risk no treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. And think of the comfort you get with your new all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt. So smooth... snug-fitting. Doesn't bind when you bend!



How much should she have tipped him?

- ☐ 10%
- ☐ 15%
- ☐ 20 to 25%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! Taint what it used to be, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15% tip these days pays off; in good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives... in preventing telltale outlines. Those flat pressed ends just don't turn traitor... they don't show. (As if you didn't know!). It pays to try all 3 absorbencies of Kotex: Regular, Junior and Super.



If she tries on your hat, should you—

- ☐ Lend it
- ☐ Resent it
- ☐ Feel flattered

You break away from babushkas... wow your cellmates with a whammy chapeau. But, it needn't go to their heads. Why court ol' dabbil dandruff? Like borrowing combs or lipstick, trying each other's hats is scowled on in cactus (sharp, that is) circles. Discourage same, for your own protection. On "those" days, too, let caution guide you. Straight to the counter that sells Kotex. For it's Kotex that has an exclusive safety center... extra protection against accidents.



More women choose  
**KOTEX\*** than all other  
sanitary napkins

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 0801, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

**KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER**





Your every mood and every movement is flawlessly reflected when you hang a mirror such as this over your mantel.



A lovely, circular mirror in the hall doubles the welcome you offer friends. Ever so handy too, for quick primping.



When you buy furniture, look for the Hobbs Peacock trademark on the mirror ... your guarantee of quality furniture.

THE bright beauty of mirrors belongs in your home. Flawless reflections from sparkling mirrors will double its charm and colour. Over the mantel, in the hallway, above the dining room buffet, in any room, mirrors brighten and cheer, create an illusion of extra space.

For best results you should use the best mirrors available. And that means Hobbs Peacock Mirrors. Hobbs Peacock Mirrors are made from genuine polished plate glass, silver-sprayed for extra brilliance, longer life. You can be sure of faithful reflections, graceful designs when you choose Hobbs Peacock Mirrors. Write for free booklet and learn how to perform magic with mirrors. Hobbs Glass Limited, London, Canada.



Hobbs Glass Limited,  
Dept. 45C,  
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Please send me a FREE copy of "Make  
your mirrors light up and glow with mirrors."

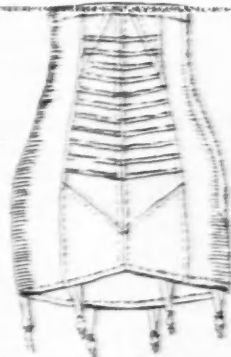
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ASK YOUR FURNITURE DEALER OR DEPARTMENT STORE FOR HOBBS PEACOCK MIRRORS

## The Shape of '49



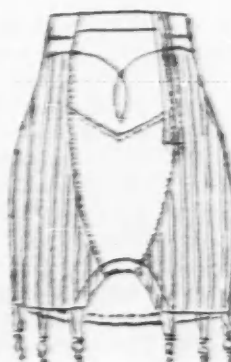
Smooth satiny support. Deep firm uplift bra. Darted to give you a lovely sweater line. By Flexees.



Twin control, satin hip panels and intricate ribbed design assure you of support, beauty and comfort. By Flexees.



The wonderful cordtex bra that simply won't curl or bend. Pale blue nylon marquisette. By Gothic.



Fanciful step-in. Gay 90's stripes in blue and white leno side panels ... Shaker flannel! No bones! By Perma Lift.

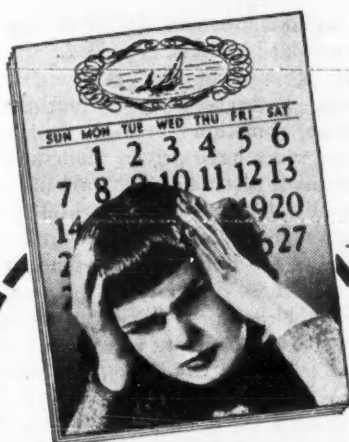
Lightly boned and elasticized strapless bra. By Rose Marx. Girdle has high waistband to give you that Empire look. By Parisian. (Warner Bros.' Le Gant.)

THERE'S NO getting away from it. You are the foundation of fashion. The way you walk, the way you stand, the way your shoulders gently round and your waistline curves—these are the things that fundamentally make your clothes successful. Along with this goes the material help of a girdle that is right for you. You buy a dress that is right for you ... right for your particular figure, for the places you go, the things you do. But what about the all-important beginning? That dress needs a stand-in, so understudy it with a garment that plays its part well!

Consider a corset wardrobe. A pantie girdle for leisure moments, to make you look willowy as you tee off, or swing at the ball; a high-waisted, firm foundation to complement the sleek lines of your straight-in-the-front dress; a softly rounded, hip-defining girdle to give you that dream-figure look as you glide across the floor in evening loveliness; a strapless wonder for summer's bared-to-the-sun look; a deep-cut bra that mystifies under a plunging neckline.

Fashion's going all out with styles for everyone and a bigger choice than we have seen for years. Undercover garments follow up with all-under control and a wide variety of styles to con-





Those **BAD DAYS**  
CAN BE **GOOD DAYS**

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL  
**MENSTRUAL PAIN**  
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a difference  
Midol makes"



RELIEVES CRAMPS  
EASES HEADACHE  
CHASES "BLUES"

**MIDOL**

**Mother do you know  
the Answer-**

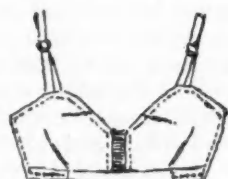
Application of **SULEO** clears the most heavily infested head despite contact with infected children. It kills both nits and lice... no fine tooth comb or shampoo needed. Safe and undetectable; at all druggists, 50¢. Write for pamphlet: J. M. Inwood Limited, 406 Hopewell Avenue, Toronto.



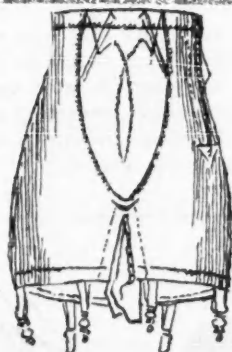
**SULEO** D.D.T. hair emulsion

plement your wardrobe, to flatter you. The right garment, one for each phase of your active life, is well worth investing in... your figure will be better for it.

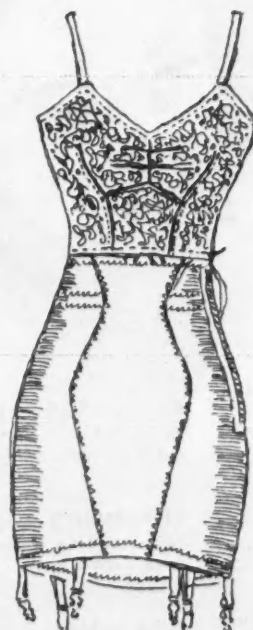
The qualities of spring's newest garments are exciting. They're light, they're long wearing, they're washable, they're built with your needs at heart and their colors will make you smile with smug joy every time you put them on. Navy blue, petal pink, gay nineties stripes, purest white, sophisticated black. Bras feature lacy insets; web-sheer nylon. They're pretty, feminine, but best of all, they do the trick you want them to.



All nylon. Bra with low-cut neckline. It wraps around with straps fastening in front. Try it. It's something new. By Fair Form.



Double Role. Pantie and a girdle. Pale blue elasticized sides cut to round off hips and whittle waists. Detachable crotch. By Nemo.

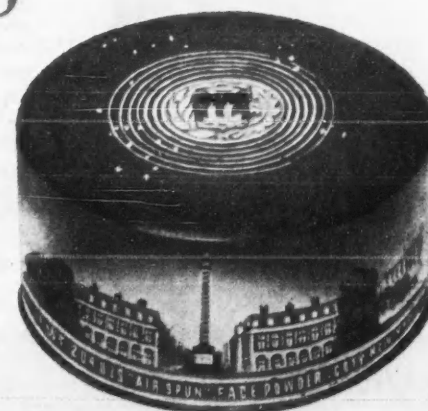


Lacy Hookup. Longer line bra that hooks up with a gossamer elastic net girdle. Defines waist and controls hips. Gossard.



For you  
the charm of  
**PARIS**

The amazing new face powder, "Air-Spun" by Coty's exclusive process to bring you a glorious experience in new beauty... lasting, clinging, in warm, younger shades... delicately enriched with the fragrance of Paris... the charm, romance and gaiety of the world's most loved city. Ask for Coty's Air-Spun Face Powder \$1.25.



**"Air-Spun"**

FACE POWDER BY

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In these exciting new shades —  
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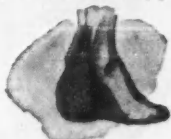


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*is smooth  
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*all fit-no twist  
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Radio Stryp  
panties...*

- Tricot-knit—run-proof! • Tailored for comfort!
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Ask for thrillingly soft, thrillingly smooth Mercury panties. Five popular styles—white or petal—1.25 to 1.50; Mercury panties in nylon-over-rayon—2.00 to 2.50.



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with more top-to-toe fit than  
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**Modelled Heel**—fashioned for clinging comfort—made to fit your heel.

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**Ankle-Slimming**—skilful graduations to give your ankles the slim, trim beauty of perfect fit.

See Mercury Nylons in fashion's newest shades!  
Three degrees of sheerness 1.45 to 1.95



**MERCURY**

SLIPS · PANTIES · HOSIERY · NIGHTGOWNS

## My Wife's a Social Climber

Continued from page 27

she-bear with a bad case of hives; a woman who didn't look as if she even interested herself. Conversely I've seen her do a slick job of social assassination on the nice, unpretentious wife of an old friend, right in our own living room.

It's possible, of course, that I'm not making enough allowance for the difference between a man's feeling about climbing and a woman's. With all our shortcomings we men don't set much store on purely social distinction.

I don't know if I'm right or wrong on this point, and I don't greatly care. The thing I or any other man married to a genuine jet-propelled social climber must get straight is what to do about it. Having failed to think up a plan on my own, I went to a psychiatrist a while ago to see if he could help.

When I asked him what on earth made a woman get that way in the first place, he told me it was probably due to a basic feeling of insecurity developed when she was a tiny child. The trouble that would finally come out as social climbing might appear when she was two years old, or even younger; and what would be most likely to cause it, he said, was the failure of her parents to give her the affection a baby needs.

Sometimes, my psychiatrist friend said, climbers get that way simply because they're too stupid to know any better; but even in such cases social climbing wouldn't seem like a good thing unless the basic insecurity was there along with the stupidity.

Social climbers rarely if ever wind up in mental hospitals, he said; at any rate not because of the climbing itself. Their husbands not infrequently do, though; sometimes because their ambitious wives have driven them to drink and made alcoholics of them, and occasionally because their mental health wasn't too robust anyhow and their minds have quietly cracked under the strain. Less drastic consequences, but nevertheless ones which can be traced directly to a climbing wife, are intermittent headaches and stomach ulcers—these last being the commonest of all.

When I asked him what could be done to cure social climbing, apart from long-drawn-out psychiatric treatment which would be too expensive for most people in any event, he said he didn't know. He thought maybe the best remedy would be a husband who put his foot down firmly and refused to back his wife's efforts in that direction, at the same time seeing to it she didn't let them distress him or their children. If this were done, she might get discouraged by and by and quit trying.

It would be more realistic, he thought, for a husband to be as firm as he had the spunk to be; meanwhile having a good hard try at making himself so interesting and pleasant and attractive to his wife that she wouldn't feel such an urge to climb.

That's what I'm going to try, anyway. I hope it works, especially because of our children; because after what the psychiatrist told me I realize there is something far worse than having a social climber for a wife, and that is to have one for a mother. +

## Invite Romance with a Smooth, Radiant Skin

Keep him—yours forever—  
with a complexion  
made and kept heavenly with  
Cashmere Bouquet's  
Three Purpose Cream—  
3 wonderful creams in 1!

Wonderful as a Powder Base



**CLEANSES** skin pores thoroughly... removes every trace of stale makeup and dirt.



**NOURISHES** your skin tissues to help replace the vital skin oils you lose each day.



**SOFTENS** your complexion to a smooth, fascinating charm—to make you lovelier than ever!

A PERFECT  
NIGHT TIME CREAM



Cashmere Bouquet THREE PURPOSE CREAM



## Take a Tip from the Institute

A nonelectric vacuum cleaner should prove a great help to many cottage, farm and apartment dwellers. The suction is created by a small fan that is turned by the very action of sweeping. The dirt is drawn into the usual type of detachable vacuum cleaner bag. Because this sturdy machine, of English manufacture, has to sweep to make the necessary suction, it cannot include attachments.

Grated orange rind gives a special tang to orange-flavored dishes. Since the flavor is contained in the colored part of the skin, use the grater lightly—all over the orange. It's much easier, too, if you grate before squeezing. Collect the shaved rind on a piece of waxed paper, then measure the amount you need.

Asbestos oven mitts provide particularly efficient protection to the housewife's hands on baking days. The mitts have asbestos padding on the palms and thumbs and cotton padding on the backs.

Speedier ironing can be achieved by using an electrically heated, metal ironing pad. The thermostat-controlled, asbestos-lined, aluminum pad is placed under the regular ironing board pad. When plugged into an electric wall

socket, it heats from underneath while the clothing is ironed on top. The idea and the design for this new device originated in Canada and it's manufactured here too.

**Time-saver.** Use a paper bag to flour meat, fish or fruit and nuts for a cake batter. Place as much flour as you need, with the food to be floured, in the bag. Then shake. There'll be no muss to clean up later and no waste of ingredients. You can "dust" doughnuts with sugar the same way.

**Tweezers** are all-round household tools. Use them to remove the pinfeathers in fowl, then turn around and pull out the basting threads or tailor's tacks in the current sewing job with them. Pull out the lint and threads that gather in the strainer at the entrance to the drain pipe of laundry tub, basin or washing machine with tweezers, too. Wash and dry them well in between jobs, of course.

**Wedding etiquette** is a problem most people have to cope with at some time or other and, at such times, an authoritative book is the best guide. A new and compact little volume on the subject is "Your Wedding," by Blanche Wheeler, published in Canada by Clarke, Irwin and Company Ltd. It discusses wedding details from the day of the announcement until the couple leave on their honeymoon. There's also a handy section at the back for listing gifts, phone numbers and other wedding data.



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is my hair fairest of them all?

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# All This . . . and Color Too

**Canadian designers bring the world's latest fashions to your door—the fabulous colors—the easy graceful lines—the fabrics old and new. This spring you're sitting pretty . . . for the styles are made for YOU**

**by Mildred Spicer,** Fashion Editor

**M**AKE A point of color. This season color combines with tones of itself . . . beige on brown, powder-blue on navy . . . pale green on wood-green, lavender with purple . . . color matching in your costume, blending in accessories. For the basic costume navy was never better . . . better still in polka dots . . . Sweetness is the character of beige and pink to light up navy . . . colors to dream about for Easter.

This year color goes to all ends of the spectrum . . . hushed tones, lively tones, but none is dull or lifeless. Firecracker-red, and pale yellow of first buttercups, burnt orange, and a whole family of blues. Pink fuses into mauve and lilac . . . wear them if you can. Make a point of color with flowers—clusters, bunches or single sprays—bright at your throat or to point up your waistline. Match them to your gloves . . . have your shoes dyed to match your dress. Wear tones of the basic color on your hands . . . on your head . . . over your shoulders.

**THERE'S A STYLE FOR YOU** . . . There are no startling changes. Hemlines remain between 12 and 14 inches, whatever is right for you. Now modification takes the place of exaggeration. Gone is that "tied-in-the-middle" look. The small waistline remains the focal point of fashion, but this year it is all in the cut of the dress, that makes your waist look little in a natural way rather than suspiciously "made."

News this year comes in the way you wear your clothes . . . swash-buckle coats, cavalier capes, polka dots in all sizes and colors, worn with a flower cluster, belted by a sash encircling your waist. It comes in the flyaway jackets that float away at the back, topping strictly slim dresses and sculptured suits. The colors of your stockings are new! No dark shades, just shades as light as their weight. It comes in belts that are wide, shiny patent or delicious suede. It comes in chatter pins (last year we called them scatter pins) that mark a jeweled return to nature with bees, butterflies and animal replicas. With the old New Look we were slaves to fashion. This year there is freedom—in the lines of a dress, the silhouette of a hat, the choice of color, the variety of coats and suits and the wide scope of beautiful fabrics. The happy result is that this year you can be yourself.

**TWO SILHOUETTES** . . . The slim skirt, the full skirt. These are the two defined shapes of spring. Now you can call a suit a suit. It has straighter and more dignified lines. Dresses carry on from last year, but the fullness is controlled. Your dress can be full of skirt, or slim and trim. It can be saucy with back fullness, wrapped, tiered, beruffled or boasting of bows. Depending on the occasion, depending on you. But femininity is the mood, emphasized by lightly padded shoulders, molded bodices, tiny waists and a skirt that is essentially graceful no matter what the width or shape. There's graceful movement too. Hemlines dip, swirl or scoop higher at one side. Buttons march down the back or up one side. Necklines ripple around your shoulders with low swirling shawl collars or stand

up erect with face-framing ways. Tiny jackets over your dress fly away at the back. Nothing is static. No line is sharp or hard to wear. Everything is soft, pretty and just the way you like it.

**YOU'LL SEE A MATERIAL CHANGE.** For the first time since the war the world of fashion is enjoying the return of many lovely fabrics. There's a revival of old favorites such as organdie, voile, dotted swiss, chiffon, broadcloth and many others. Along with this there are new materials like crease-resistant cottons, iridescent shantung, cottons and woolens, woven with metallic threads that will not rust, and rayon crepes that can actually be washed by hand. Tweeds return to suits. The tiny check is back. Hand in hand with them go accessories that herald the return of the casual look—hats of soft suede, soft-as-down sweaters, pure-silk scarves and shoes built for comfort. Our Canadian designers are shopping the world market. They are going to Switzerland for three-ounce hand-printed sheer wools, to Ireland for pale, crease-resistant linens, to France for woven fancies and beautiful brocades, to England for tweeds with texture.

Fabrics have two looks—the crisp and the soft. There's a delicate freshness in the revival of little-girl organdies, and cottons fresh as a tulip. Crepe de Chine has been revived this fashion spring. English mull is another long-forgotten fabric that takes a spotlight place again. They're shirred, pleated, finely tucked and gathered to give 1949's influence to the traditional shirtwaist dress. Chiffon floats in this season with stoles and evening dresses to make you feel light as a summer breeze. Portrait pretty is a pale blue taffeta under white organdie, typical of the return to romantic fabrics and feminine elegance.

Few of us can remember the days when a swish and a rustle made men's heads turn, when a rustling effect was the vogue. Ladies of the day wore taffeta and starched underskirts to achieve the effect. They called it "frou-frou," but 1949 calls it the "crisp look." Spring will start you off with late-day taffetas, shantung, nylons, crimped, shirred and pleated and a host of other long-forgotten fabrics; summer will see you through with the most fabulous cottons you've ever worn.

Canadian designers have brought the world's fashions and the most imaginative and wearable clothes in many seasons to your door this spring. Be as gay as you like. Be as pretty as a picture. Here's looking at you! +

*Symphony of tones. The dress strikes a high, sweet note of multi-fuchsia, prophetically styled in Bruck's fabric by Rae Hildebrand. In ensemble with Numode's striking cape of imported English woolen, contrasting in low tones of rich dubonnet. The hat, by Peggy Anne, picks up the theme with delicate flowers on white straw.*



## *Spring Preview: Tone on Tone*

You can build your spring wardrobe on one lovely color . . . the shade you love, the one that is yours exclusively. Begin with this and progress to a whole palette of tones that blend. Shoes dyed to match your dress; a flower-full hat that picks up the tone; a cape, coat or jacket in a fabric that qualifies its color. Harmonize with merely a glimpse of contrast and tie it all together with one touch of white.







Miss Irene Dunne

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## The Donkey's Head

Continued from page 29

"Oh."

"What I can't see is why—if she wanted eight-day flings, if she wanted this sort of freedom—why did she marry?"

"You mean, why did she marry you?"

"No, I mean, just plain marry." Howard had the seat up in the chair, and got philosophical about the decision he'd made when he'd decided to marry. It seemed that he had given a good deal of consideration to the freedom he'd had as a bachelor, he'd thought about those things a lot, and had decided to give up those pleasures for marriage, the substitution seeming well worth while.

Moreover, he thought that most men, marrying honestly decently, made that sort of decision, and did so sincerely. He had supposed that women went through something of the same mental process—again he rubbed his pipestem at Martha. "Don't they?" he demanded.

Martha shifted her eyes from the lilies to the rain washing down the windows, and shrugged her shoulders under the white Sherland wool of her sweater. "I don't know, Howdy," she said earnestly. "I'm still a spinster, remember."

"Well, the reason I came over here tonight—I rather blame you for the way Cissie is acting; she admires your self-sufficiency, the fun you have, your freedom. But I argue that Cissie should never have married if she still had any plans or wishes to hightail it after handsome bachelors. Don't you agree with me, Martha?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do, Howdy. She certainly should not have married a man who loved her if she wanted to play around."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Martha's brother, in the pontifical tone sisters find hard to bear. "I wasn't sure how you'd feel on this freedom thing. I realize you have some pretty liberal ideas yourself..."

"I don't hightail it after handsome bachelors," she defended herself hotly.

Howdy drew his knees up to his chin, which is a tall man's method of getting to his feet. They'd buckle the wrong way, otherwise. "Will you help me, Sn?" he'd asked earnestly.

"Can I help?" she asked stupidly. "How?"

"I don't know," he'd confessed. "But I'll bet you can help. You're clever, Martha. I've always given you that. And you know women."

"I do?" asked Martha sceptically.

"Well, sure. You have to, in your work. The windows and style shows and stuff you think up. You gotta know women and how they'll react, to make a success of your job."

AT THIS juncture, Martha was required to follow a porter, or something in a short jacket and a hopeful manner, to her cabin. These ceremonies completed, she continued her thoughtful backtracking while she put her coat on the near bed—made a mental note that the "woodwork" was silvery grey, the carpet turquoise—and impractical—and the bedspreads dark blue. Nice without being gaudy.

Yes, sir, she'd been glad to help Cissie fall flat on her beautiful face. Martha had taken plenty from Cissie; she was

all over scars, in fact. Nineteen to Martha's 22 when she'd married Howdy, Cissie was a breath-taking beauty where the other girl was cleanly pretty, wholesome-looking and—clever. Cissie was tall, Martha a short girl who kept her brown hair clean and shiningly brushed, whose skin was good, whose figure was all right but nothing sensational—as Cissie's definitely was.

Martha knew those points of difference; it was her choice that she, too, had not married young—Cissie didn't have any reason to pity her! Though pity was there, in large gooey gobs. Why, the men she had trotted out as matrimonial prospects gave Martha a score against her sister-in-law which would never be paid.

So Martha told Howdy she would think about the matter of teaching his wife a lesson. The result was a bright idea. A sore throat. And here she was. Aboard this luxury ship, unpacking the dizzy duds selected for Adelia Linder, that—that red-headed defaulter! Closing an empty suitcase, opening another, Martha caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Martha Cole wearing a Carmen Miranda turban, and the rest of the model-on-display outfit, sharing a cabin with Fern O'Hearn, a dazzler of the first magnitude, but definitely unequipped with grey matter. Martha knew. Four times a year she coped with models as beautiful and as dumb as O'Hearn. To spend eight days with one—it shouldn't happen to Martha Cole. It really should not!

But it had. Adelia's wardrobe, and Fern's, had been carefully selected and assembled for picture-taking in Havana. The pictures would be taken; the store would get back every penny put out for this expedition. The girls were to wear the store-supplied clothes aboard ship because a big-shot from Whirl would be on board, and if they could interest him—yes, personally!—he'd very likely use the Havana pictures in a spread in his magazine—several pages, four-color. It was up to Fern and Adelia to interest this man!

Martha didn't mention Cissie, or explain that this Erickson was in the business office of Whirl. She'd sent two girls, because each would want the first interest of Tor Erickson, would want the bigger play in Whirl—and let Martha see Cissie, at 24, offer competition for two 18-year-old models wanting that spread in Whirl! Martha had been proud of her brain child.

Until early this morning, when Adelia had called her in a hoarse whisper and admitted laryngitis and a temperature of 102. The advertising director said Martha must take her place, the clothes would fit, she'd know what to do without a briefing which would be tricky to any regular model on such short notice. Of course she could get away. For eight days.

And here she was, Martha Cole, unpacking cruise clothes, assigned to dazzle Tor Erickson into a display in Whirl, and the neglect of Cissie. Her and her schemes!

The whole job would be up to Fern; Martha would not bowl over any man. Or even if she would, how that would mess up her life. A man Cissie would run after. Or any man.

FERN FOLLOWED her blue luggage into the cabin in time to hear the going-ashore gong, grab Martha's hand, and



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drag her on deck for a last glimpse of home. A bride and groom were coming aboard, and someone distributed serpentine. It was all very gay and Technicolor. Martha decided to be Claudette Colbert, and was so lost in glamorous play-pretend that it was a physical shock to turn from the rail and look directly into the smoky-grey eyes of Howdy's wife.

With her, his arm hooked through Cissie's, was the tall, sardonic-eyed man who had spoken to Martha of donkeys' heads.

Cissie's recovery took the general direction of indignation. "Well," said she, "this is my day for surprises. First I find you on board, Tor, and now Mattie!"

"But you were glad to see me," drawled the tall man.

"I'll bet," said the dazed and gibbering Martha. What had become of her slick-haired wolf?

Also, she realized, the day had been too hectic for her to figure out how she would act when she encountered Cissie.

But here was Cissie, asking what Martha was doing here?

"I could ask you the same question," Martha said bluntly. "You have a husband and child, while I'm an unattached female, and I'm here on business." She introduced Fern, explained about the pictures in Havana—Could Cissie answer her question so reasonably?

The man of the donkey's head listened and grinned.

"But you," cried Cissie who had reached full anger. "I can understand her"—she flicked the gorgeous Miss O'Hearn with a glance—"but you're anything but a model, Mattie, darling!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the tall man. "I expect Mattie-darling is quite photogenic."

Hastily, Cissie made the introductions. "Miss Cole, Mr. Erickson."

"I like Mattie-darling better," decided Mr. Erickson. "More folksy, somehow. And I'll bet you take beautiful pictures. Don't you?"

To her own surprise, Martha giggled. "I don't know. I haven't had one taken since my cap-and-gown one."

"With the diploma at a 45-degree angle?" asked Tor Erickson, earnestly.

Martha grinned, then glanced guiltily at Cissie. "The model who was supposed to come turned up missing this morning. The clothes were ready and packed, the ticket was bought—I was the right size, and I guess my natural thrift couldn't let all that money and effort go to waste."

Tor Erickson's eyes were as bright as green jewels. He pointed a finger at the turquoise turban and turned to Cissie. "Is she telling anything like the truth?"

"Oh, she's sure to be," shrugged Cissie. "Martha's—honest."

"Now what way is that to talk about your sister-in-law?" demanded this Erickson.

Martha drew her coat up on the shoulders of her slick little suit, tucked a lock of hair beneath the turban. "Cissie's dead right," she said quickly. "I am telling the truth. Being the right size is my only qualification as a model—their life is a specialized business, isn't it, Fern?"

Fern's hair was pale gold, curling against her shoulders; her mouth was soft, and red, her eyes a clear china blue, slightly almond shaped. "It's a dog's life," she drawled, in just the correct

throaty tone, "if that's what you mean."

"And obviously," said Tor gallantly, "you rate every satin cushion in your little wicker basket." His glowing eyes never left Martha; interest animated his face.

Cissie saw that glow, and interpreted it. "I'm not surprised you'd bring your job on a cruise, Mattie," she said in her best belittling tone. "Though how you could tear yourself away from that cubby of an office—"

Martha glanced at Tor. "I work in a large store," she began, "and office space—"

"But Martha loves it!" cried Cissy. "This is the very last place I'd expect to find my husband's busy little sister."

"You can't be any more surprised than I am." Martha used her crispest tone, just to see if she could, again, stir that look of bewilderment in Tor's face. He would look at her, then cock his ear, like a man hearing an unexpected song from a bird of bright plumage.

People were beginning to drift away from the rail; Fern gathered her very full, very woolly coat closely about her. "Look," she said eagerly, "people might as well be happy. What I mean, Miss Cole, if you and Mrs. Cole—hey, hey, that's confusin', isn't it?"

"Very," drawled Cissy, who was not happy.

"Let everybody call everybody by his, her, or its, first name," decreed Tor.

"Its?" asked Fern. Then abandoned the insoluble. "What I mean is, if you'd like, Miss—er—Martha, I'll change cabins with—with your sister-in-law, and you two can bunk together. I'd just as soon . . ."

Cissie's face was a blank. "I prefer a single," she said coldly. She turned away. "Are you coming, Tor? I hope"—she threw this over her shoulder with social aloofness—"to see you occasionally, Miss O'Hearn. And Martha, of course."

"You're going to," Tor Erickson assured her in a hearty voice. He caught the eye of a ship official who carried a clip board and a pencil. "Could you arrange for our party of four to have a table together?" he asked pleasantly.

"Oh, Tor, darling!" Cissie was protesting, her laughter silvery. "Not a table with three women and one lone man."

"That's the way I like things," Tor said firmly. "If you please, sir?"

The uniform moved on to other clamoring passengers.

"Oh, Tor!" cried Cissie, in exaggerated despair.

"I am man enough," he assured her, "to entertain three women. What do you think, Mattie-darling?"

"Well," she conceded, "if you wear your donkey's head regularly." With the grapefruit of New York still visible in the waters alongside, she was beginning to enjoy this trip.

"That's the plan," he promised.

IT WAS Fern who said that one did not "dress" the first night. "But we could, maybe, since we're here to sell clothes."

"Just to show them," murmured Martha. "Though I'm not wearing this hat." She picked up a spray of feathers, and held the thing speculatively to the side of her head. Her hair, to accommodate the turban, had been brushed into a severe knot at the nape of her neck. The striped ostrich spread up about the crown of her head, swept down to follow



the line of her cheek. Martha sighed. "I used them in a window two weeks ago, and they were exactly right. But we've the wrong girl under 'em in this display."

"Oh, Miss Cole, I think you're cute," said Fern from the bathroom. Swathed in a bath towel, her hair bound into a net, she was doing elaborate things to her face and throat. "Put on some slick ear-bobs," she advised.

Selecting the slickest earrings in the collection, Martha sat down before the mirror. She felt as if she were adjusting accessories on one of her dummies; she herself seldom wore earrings, and these—a cluster of rhinestones cupping both the upper and lower ear—the darn things were heavy! A wonder her ears didn't lop forward like those on a Bassett hound. "I didn't know they weighed so much."

Fern held her lifted hand. "Goodness, what if they do? You look gorgeous." She took Martha's place at the dressing table.

"And you think looking gorgeous is worth carrying this load?"

"What else?" asked Fern, busy with eyelashes skilfully coming to seem her own. Martha watched her in fascination.

She guessed all this rigamarole was worth while . . . Even the bridegroom's eyes followed Fern when they entered the dining room, her chartreuse frock demure and smart, the green skull cap just right on her golden hair, the carefully affixed eyelashes shadowing her cheeks. Tor came forward to claim the two young women, his face abeam, his hearty voice practically a cheer. Proudly he led them to his table set in the embrace of a curving green velvet couch, where Cissie was already ensconced, her smoke-black hair and pearly skin effective against the golden wall hangings. Tor seated Martha and Fern to either side of her, and surveyed his three companions with a satisfaction so smug that laughter rose like bubbles in Martha's throat.

Fern took his admiration, and that of every male in the room, as no more than her right. She was hungry, and busily attended to the appeasing of her hunger, answering Tor's remarks with devastating glances and smart staccato phrases brought forth as automatically as if each word of his were a coin in a certain slot. Martha watched and listened. Completely fascinated.

Not so Cissie. She liked no part of the way her cruise was going. Tor seemed to weigh his interest carefully on a delicate scale, apportioning it among the three women. Cissie answered when spoken to, but her greater interest was for the time he gave to Fern, and to Martha.

Howdy had said Erickson would hate finding Cissie aboard—and he had not known she was coming. If he and Cissie had planned this jaunt together, he would have avoided this—this crowd at their table.

A crowd he was enjoying; he threw brazenly triumphant glances at other men not so well equipped, turned back with satisfaction to his "women," calling them that. He sat next to Martha, directly across from Fern where he could look at the gorgeous creature, and be smitten by her. Which was what Martha expected to occur—as did Cissie. At first. Cissie's initial flare of anger had by now smoldered into a sulky slow burn. "Don't you think, really, Tor," she asked as the entrees

were served, "that, out of charity, we should ask some of the unattached males to join us? Look at the poor dears"—she waved a long beautiful hand—"positively drooling at your oversupply of feminine company."

Tor's smug smile would surely crease permanent furrows into his weathered countenance! "I'm hoping that suggestion isn't by way of implying boredom, Cissie," he said earnestly.

"Bored?" murmured Cissie.

"By my selfishness, I mean." He picked up his steak knife. "It would be a blow to my ego." He cut off a square of steak. "I have always thought you considered me entertaining enough for three men. In short, able to handle this seeming overbalance." His thick sandy eyebrows cocked enquiringly at Martha's sister-in-law, who was flushing unbecomingly, her eyes gone a little bleak.

Though Howdy's idea had run to such things as a flu germ or a sprained ankle, Martha felt a little sorry for Cissie, who had earned Tor's attack.

It was Cissie who noticed, and indicated, that Tor, gradually, was turning the biggest part of his attention to Martha. Earnestly he asked why, if a model's clothes fit her, she herself could not be a model?

"I am being one," she chuckled, "only, I won't be good—"

"Why won't you?"

"Oh, there's an intangible difference, Mr. Erickson."

"Hey!" he protested.

"I'm sorry—Bottom."

"Mattie!" Cissie's reproof was sharp. Fern's blue eyes widened. Tor grinned like a tickled cat. "Drew blood that time."

The guy was mean! Though Cissie's bewilderment blunted the barb. "Being a Junior-Miss size is not enough," said Martha hastily. "There are certain requirements . . ."

"Oh, you mean the size book you can carry on your head."

"I mean things like earrings." Her fingers went up to the weighty clusters of rhinestones. Tor leaned close to examine them, his sleeve against her shoulder, his face so close that she could feel its warmth upon her cheek. Martha flushed, and looked at Fern whose eyes were admiring. The boss was getting her man!

Martha drew away and said something awkwardly about the fog horn. "Should we be worried when it's going?"

"No. When it stops," Tor told her.

"Ours has a nice voice, must be a sister to Moaning Maggie on the south jetty at Pedro."

"Were you in the Navy?" asked Martha, with interest.

"Who wasn't in the Navy?" he challenged.

Looking like a model, talking like herself, Martha made an amusing topic of the Navy—and it was Martha's hand which Tor grasped when they all arose from the table; it was Martha he asked to walk laps on the deck.

TWO MEN from the next table swooped upon Fern; Cissie said something in a brittle voice about a rubber of bridge—and Martha walked laps with Tor, deciding that Mr. Erickson was a man to play it safe. Bachelors of 35 or so, tempted by, or offered, dangerously attractive women, became skilled in seeking out the firmly married mother of

# INGERSOLL

*a cheese for every taste*



## Simple or Showy



### Simple...

#### Eggs with Rideau Sauce

Blend 4 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons melted butter. Gradually add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add one 8-ounce package Ingersoll Rideau Cheese, cubed; stir until Rideau melts. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon onion juice. Slice 6 hard-cooked eggs; alternate layers of egg slices and sauce in casserole. Top with crumbs; brown under broiler. Sprinkle with paprika; garnish with egg slices. Makes 4 servings.

### Showy...

#### Shrimp Old Oxford Casserole

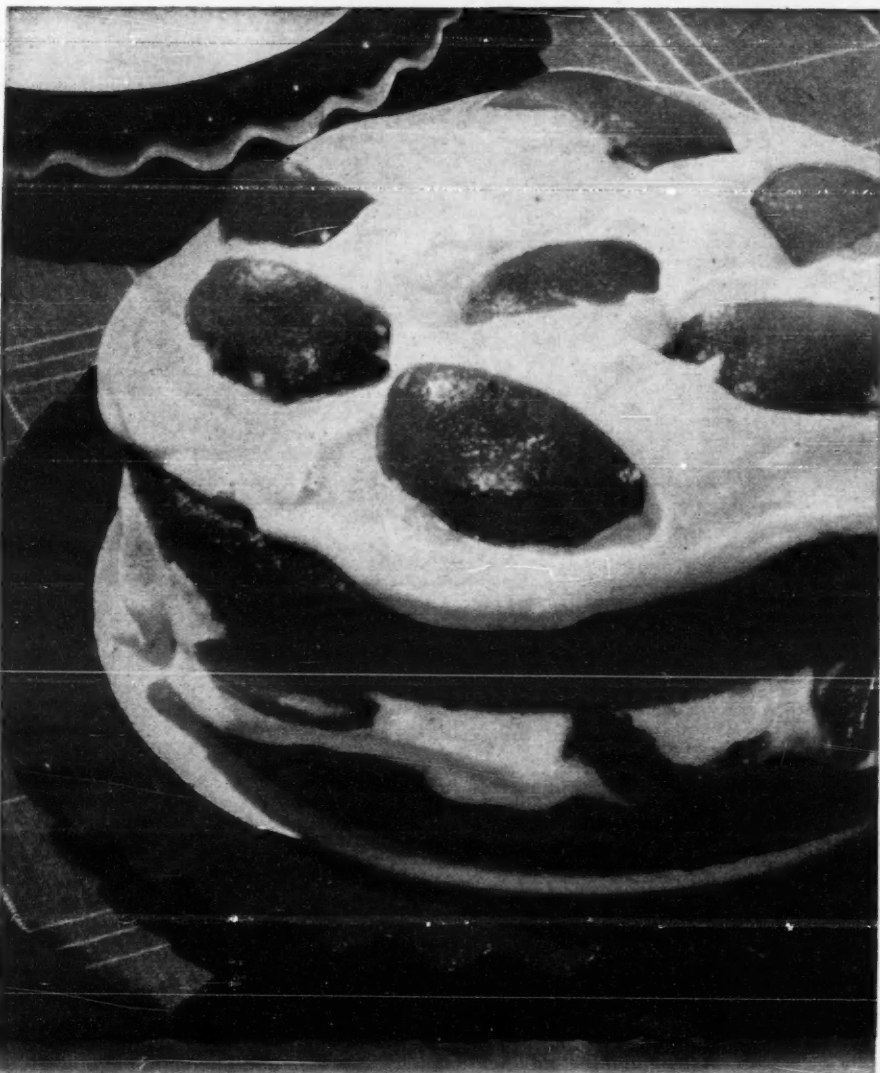
Cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup washed, drained rice in 2 tablespoons melted shortening until golden brown. Then simmer in  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups water with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt until tender (20-25 minutes). Cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound well rinsed fresh shrimp (shells and veins removed) in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salted water for 3 minutes. Tinned shrimp may be used. Drain and reserve liquid. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan; blend in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons flour. Add gradually  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shrimp liquid,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked tomatoes, stirring constantly. When thickened, add 2 teaspoons grated onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated carrots,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add shrimp; heat through. Put hot rice in casserole; cover with hot shrimp mixture; top with  $\frac{1}{2}$  package (4 ounces) Ingersoll Old Oxford, sliced; place under broiler until browned. Makes 4 servings.



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 "MAGIC" Peach Layer Cake!**

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fine baking powder that gives such perfect texture and delicate flavor to every cake you bake. Pure, wholesome, dependable—Magic safeguards fine ingredients—cuts down on disappointing baking failures. Economical too—Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking. Write Magic Baking Powder down on to-day's grocery list!

**MAGIC PEACH LAYER CAKE**

2½ cups sifted cake flour  
 3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder  
 ½ tsp. salt  
 10 tbsps. shortening (may be half butter)

1¼ cups granulated sugar  
 2 eggs, well beaten  
 ¾ cup milk  
 1½ tsps. vanilla  
 ½ tsp. almond extract

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening; gradually blend in sugar. Add beaten eggs, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla and almond extracts. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating lightly after each addition. Turn into two 8" or 9" round layer cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 to 30 minutes. Put cakes together with halved or sliced peaches and whipped cream between and on top.



four, or the brisk, no-nonsense business girl, as being less fun, but much the wiser choice.

And Tor, she guessed, was a wise-enough man to know that the way to forestall a silly woman was to devote himself to a safe one. It was not an especially flattering thought, but Martha, with a clear conscience, could let herself enjoy the laps with him that night, and for the next two days and a half she enjoyed life on shipboard, becoming thoroughly seagoing. The ship paused briefly at Nassau, and she went to a typically tourist shopping junket with Tor, enjoying even her smart plaid cotton dress and the white faille bowler hat. She wore the model's clothes—they were all she had—finding the white pleated shorts and the red halter comfortable for deck tennis, the bare-shouldered, bare-midriffed, ankle-length evening dress fine for dancing, and the long-fringed scarf of soft pink wool snugly warm when she and Tor leaned against the rail, watched the phosphorescent wake, and talked—about the books they'd read, the music they liked.

Martha remembered Tor's reputation for being New York's trophy bachelor, but he seemed genuine in his interest; at any rate, he clung closely to Martha, and the idea of the trip had been to play interference between him and Cissie.

This Martha was doing, not a little to her surprise. She was surprised, too, at her enjoyment of the dizzy clothes. Tor liked them, and said so with specific detail. This was her first cruise, and, while men had always liked Martha, this was her first closeness with a man like Tor. Older, successful in his business, obviously self-sufficient, or, should he choose, attractive to the pick of the female crop—to have such a man devote his entire attention to her was fun. And the atmosphere of the cruise ship let her take her fun where it was offered.

Fern, too, was having fun; she was kept busy by the men aboard, though the original four always ate together, Tor polite and amusing in the impartial way that Martha believed maddened Cissie more than his attentions to her sister-in-law. Occasionally Cissie allowed her resentment to show . . .

"As much as you play bridge," said Tor, "I hope you're winning."

"Not this trip," snapped Cissie.

Tor nodded gravely. "Gambling's like that," he murmured. Then, with animation, "Mattie-darling, let's—"

And whatever idea it happened to be, Martha fell in with it, selecting the costume best suited, ribbing its dizziness when she joined Tor, but rewarded by the admiration in his face, and knowing the clothes were successful when Cissie said catty things about ballet slippers being definitely for tall girls.

Poor Cissie was having a rotten time. The other unattached, attractive men were preoccupied with Fern, and Tor treated her like a respectable young matron—an infuriating tribute, Martha would admit. Howdy had played a very mean trick on his wife.

Cissie tried, of course, to establish her prior claim on Tor, and Martha, out of pity, would have helped, but Tor was able to escape anything like a twosome with Cissie. It was all three of the women, or Martha alone. Martha became fascinated to see just how, especially at mealtimes, he would drop his rope about her shoulders and cut her out of the herd.

Then came Havana. What Martha thought of as the "Erickson party" elected to stay aboard ship, sallying forth for sightseeing, amusement, and, of course, the picture-taking. Martha loved Havana, she loved the vivid colors, the sky and the rocks and the sea, the dazzling white beaches the sugar-cane farms, the streets of the town—

"You're in a fix to love anything," Fern told her, as the two girls waited, somewhat posed, in the shade of one of the quaint coffee stands on the Calle O'Reilly. Martha held a pineapple in her hand, a straw hat was tipped back on her head, she wore one of the plaid cotton dresses with fabric slippers to match. The photographer was doing things with meters and filters.

"What do you mean fix?" asked Martha lazily.

"Just that," said Fern in dazzling white, with scarlet flowers braided into her pale hair. "You know—the romance you and the Erickson are building up."

"Don't be silly," Martha cried defensively. "The Erickson is a typical cruise male—he builds a romance every trip."

"You mean that?" asked Fern putting on the harlequin glasses, some sense telling her that the camera was about ready.

"I usually mean what I say," said Martha.

She usually did. "Well," said Fern, "he's very attractive, and I thought—"

Martha was like a high-strung horse, skittish at sight of the bridle. "Look," she said, in her most sensible tone, "you know how I feel about my job. Erickson is on Whirl Magazine. That's what makes him attractive. To me."

"I see," said Fern.

They finished the street pictures, changed their clothes and went to Veradero, Tor with them. And Fern moved in. Her expenses were paid with the idea that she get this Whirl man interested. Miss Cole could have been suggesting that Miss O'Hearn had been neglecting her task. So she'd get him interested.

Fern was no Cissie Cole, content to be beautiful, expecting male homage as her due. On the beach that afternoon she made quite a thing of Tor's helping with the photographs, and, his eyes brightening by the minute, he carried on a bit beyond the exigencies of the lens. There was the matter of whether she should or should not attach the straps to her play suit—and should she wear a Chico coat in one picture?

He posed Martha in the loose shirt-like garment, and discarded her summarily. Fern was much better.

"It's her job to be," snapped Martha. "You need more tan on your legs, Fern. They aren't dark enough."

And Tor helped apply the brown liquid. Tor helped her in all the projects. He even posed in one shot—his back, of course—making a gorgeous composition. Would he not have looked as well posed with a "petite"?

THE NEXT day Tor and Fern went off on a fishing trip without apology or asked-for permission. When they returned, Tor helped Fern bring her load of exotic fruits—and conspicuously no fish—to the cabin.

"It's been sheer!" cooed Fern, closing the door on him, turning the remnant of her smile upon Martha. "Tor wants his harem to go with him this evening."





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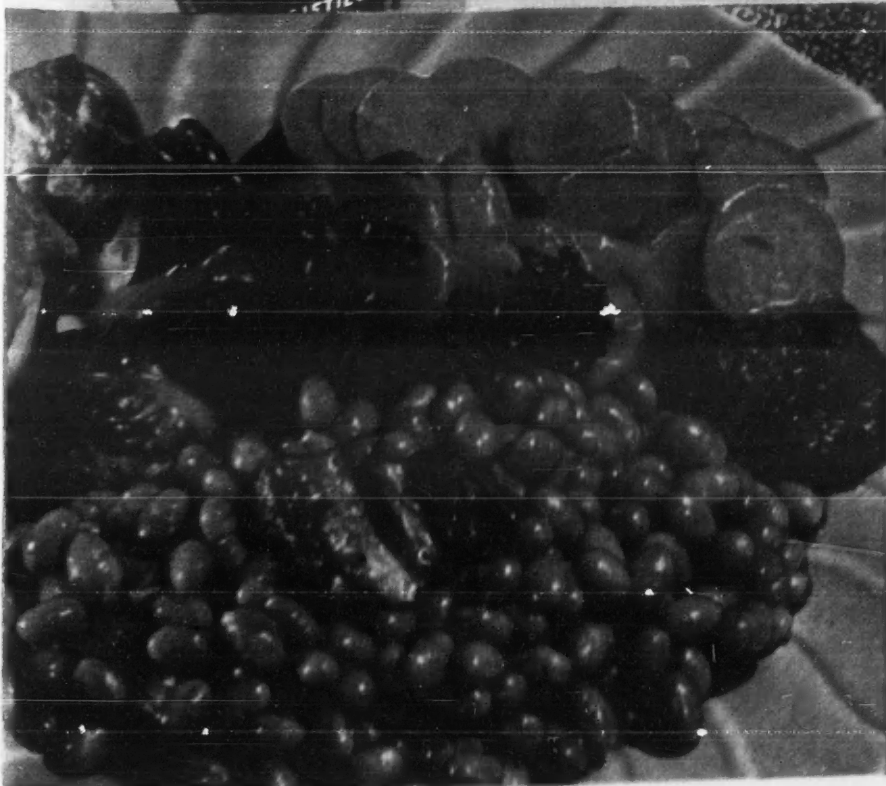


Just as it comes from the tin, Heinz Cooked Spaghetti can be a meal in itself, but when combined with bacon, weiners or sausages, and a few vegetables, it makes a regular feast. Heinz chefs make their own delicious Spaghetti and drench it in Heinz famous tomato sauce with cheese. Heinz Cooked Macaroni, in Cream Sauce with Cheese, is another economy dish, packed with nourishment, and so easy to fix.



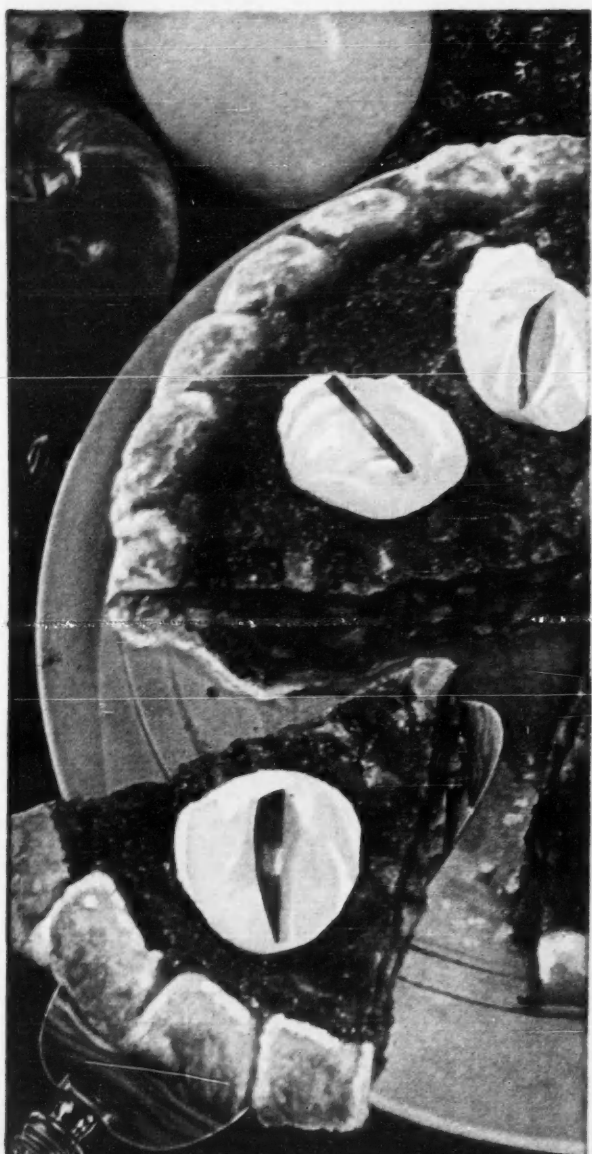
## Or beans perhaps...a low cost dish that meets your family's every wish.

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## Garden of Eden Pie

### VELVET BLENDED WITH CARNATION MILK

Pastry for 9-inch pie shell  
1 cup Carnation Milk  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 cup brown sugar  
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon mace

1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
2 cups finely chopped apples  
2 cups raisins, ground

Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry, fluting the edges. Mix Carnation Milk, lemon juice, sugar, spices and salt. Add fruit, pour into unbaked pie shell and bake in a hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes, to set crust; then reduce heat to moderate (325°F.) and bake 40 minutes, or until filling is set.

To Gild the Lily: Beat 1 package cream cheese with 3 tablespoons Carnation Milk. Put a spoonful on each piece of pie and add a thin wedge of bright apple.

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she said, stripping out of her pink shirt and striped slacks "to this hey-hey night club. I'm wearing the Tahiti print. What'll you wear?"

Martha, in turquoise pique, was dressed for the evening. She didn't bother to answer Fern, who was selecting nail polish as if it were a life and death matter.

Did she talk her hey-hey patter to Tor? All the time? All the hours they had been gone—er—fishing? Was he bored to death? Martha turned a page. Probably not. On a fishing trip, she conceded. But for any length of time...

Tor definitely was not the type. She'd called him a cruise male, but he was not. If, like Howdy, he would ever marry a puff-shell like Fern—but he wouldn't. There was too much to the man. The long talks Martha had had with him on the trip down made her know that. It wasn't that Fern was particularly dangerous, but that men were so doggone easy! Martha leaned back in the chair and watched the ritual of Fern's toilet. The way the fools fell for things like wired bras and false eyelashes. The way Cissie got Howdy, who was a smart guy. Staff pediatric surgeon in one of New York's best hospitals. Cissie had got him by being beautiful in the moonlight.

That was why she'd thought this cruise would get her Tor Erickson. She knew there would be a full moon in Havana, that she'd be lovely and mysterious in its light—and alone with him. Except, of course, that Martha had seen to it that she was not alone with him. And now there was Fern. Oh, de-cid-ed-ly there was Fern!

The night club was all that Hollywood had led Martha to expect. Exotic colors, exciting music, poor food, delicious drinks, a dance floor the size of a postage stamp. Fern dancing with the white-jacketed Tor, throwing back her mane of pale yellow hair as many eyes watching her as looked at the exhibition dancers.

The Tahiti print was largely green, the full skirt flashing with sequins; a bright bandanna of orange and green and white was tied about her breasts. Her bare arms were brown, her shoulders, her lean waist; thick twists of beads, like garlands of flowers, circled her throat and one wrist.

"She should be dancing the hula," said Cissie distastefully. "Are all your models as garish, Mattie?"

Martha jerked her attention back to her sister-in-law; it was hard to believe that they were seated at a table in a smoke-filled night club, their attention centred on a tall, not-handsome man whose interest, in turn, was all for the striking girl in his arms.

"Fern isn't garish," Martha denied. "It's that brown powder—she hasn't had time to get a real tan, but she wants to look..."

"Well," shrugged Cissie, "I don't suppose you know much about night life."

Martha had not let herself define the hurt Tor had done her by his abrupt interest in Fern. It was hard to say why this patronizing remark should finally make her voice that hurt. "I do so!" she cried, blindly, foolishly. "You don't know anything about what I do!"

"Tor was very nice to you on the trip down," Cissie purred, "but I do hope you weren't taken in by his line, darling. I've been worried about you—I haven't been able to get the rest this cruise should have given me."

The maracas were buzzing in Martha's ears. "Oh, is that why you took the cruise?" She could feel the furry, pointed ears sprout as she spoke. "To get a rest?"

"That, and a lift. Howdy and I have been married just long enough. I was afraid he was beginning to find me a little dull."

"If I know my brother," said Martha thoughtfully, "he'd rather have things dull." She picked up her glass. "And safe."

She looked at Cissie who would probably snap back. But she did not; the woman's spirit was broken. Gloomily, she gazed at Fern and Tor; one of the cruise men was trying to horn in, and Tor was objecting. Martha knew how Cissie felt. She was in a position to know what her bright scheme had done to Cissie, and now to herself.

The story was not coming out right. It was going as planned, but definitely it was not right.

SINCE THE cruise was a short one, the ship turned northward that same night, and Martha counted on her fingers the hours that were left to her. She avoided a too close examination of her motives, or even of her feelings. She set to work, feverishly, to re-establish her shipboard relationship with Tor Erickson. But no one spoke the spell; the magic all was gone. Martha struggled, not cleverly, and she knew it, to arrange things so that it was Tor and Martha, or Tor and the three women. She tried to match her smart clothes with smart, brash talk. Each time, Tor lifted the rope from his shoulders, and let it fall with a dull plop upon the deck. He let her do all the work; she knew this, but persisted in her efforts. It was she who now wore the donkey's head, and it sat ridiculously askew upon her shoulders.

In an effort to recite the spell, she kept saying pert, challenging things—and he kept refusing to cap them. After 24 hours of this, the head began to chafe her shoulders; she was ready to set it aside and call the effort quits. She'd done her best to get her man, and her best was not good enough.

The open fight Martha was making disturbed Cissie to the point that she snapped at Tor when, on their last day out, he sat down in the deck chair next to hers, assured Fern that he did not want to play shuffleboard, and told Martha to go peddle her papers. On the whole trip, it was the first effort he had made to single out Cissie.

"There isn't a reason in the world," said Cissie tartly, "that you should waste your time on an old married woman."

"I don't need reasons for wasting my time," Tor said comfortably, stretching his length in the chair, his eyes intent upon the deck game, upon Fern in a pleated white skirt and a vestee of white linen that left her back as bare as his hand, and upon Martha in faded dungaree blue, with her brown hair in bobbing braids, a little round sailor's cap stretched saucily on the crown of her head. Martha was as clean and as cute as a gingerbread man.

"Tell me about Martha," said Tor drowsily. "What's she like at home, without that donkey's head?"

"That business again," said Cissie.

Tor grinned, and pulled his peaked cap down over his eyes. "Come on, darling, give."





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"Well," said Cissie, "I'm a little jealous of Martha." Tor opened one eye. "She's so wonderfully clever," she went on, in an interested tone. "My husband and his parents, even my tiny son, expect me to be as smart as she is. And of course . . ." She shrugged, and waited a short second. Tor crossed his ankles. "Martha has a degree from a blue-stockings college; she came to New York, got herself a job, and is, of course, tremendously successful. Her window displays are copyrighted, you know. She does such clever things—dummies in gardening clothes watering real flowers out of sprinkling cans that spill real water. Now, I ask you?" She looked in amused dismay at Tor, who nodded.

"Her salary is impressive," Cissie continued, awe in her tone. "She has her own office and secretary—and I don't know how many telephones. The people in the store call her Cole. Just that. Cole. She wears man-tailored tweed suits, and very nice, very plain blouses. This—this sort of thing"—Cissie's long white hand indicated the game deck—"that isn't Martha at all. The clothes, and all—I suppose that's what you mean by a donkey's head?"

"Well, roughly," Tor conceded. "It'll do. Go on."

"There isn't much more. She really is substituting for a model on this cruise. Topless evening dresses are not Martha at all. Her evening clothes give a suggestion of a business girl's tweed suits, and flat-heeled shoes." Cissie laughed indulgently. "She buys little round felt hats by the half-dozen—and wears them in her office while she talks over a couple of telephones at a time. She knows what it's all about, too. She is definitely brainy." She looked expectantly at Tor, having damned her sister-in-law with as faint praise as she could summon.

He was getting out cigarettes. "What about men?" he asked quietly, leaning toward Cissie.

A wine-colored scarf was knotted about her hair; its silken end blew in the freshening breeze. "Oh, of course!" she said quickly. "Martha's much too smart to live a one-sided life, although marriage doesn't seem to be in her scheme."

"It's wonderful," he said, "the lengths to which a woman will go."

"Don't you believe me? That Martha—?"

"I guess I believe you," he decided. "If I admire Martha, other men must." Abruptly, he turned on his heel and went down the deck.

CISSIE SAT ON, nodding her head a time or two and presently Martha came to sit on the chair Tor had occupied, to sip at a cup of bouillon, and decide it was getting cooler.

"You need warmer clothes," Cissie told her.

"Yeah—I'll have to see what's available."

"I have a sweater and skirt you can use," Cissie offered sweetly.

"What did Tor have to say? I saw you two earnestly chinning."

"He asked what sort of girl you were at home."

"And you told him."

"Yes, he seemed interested. In fact, if you'd wear the sort of clothes you usually do—that sweater of mine would be near enough—he'd see for himself. He wanted to know what you were like without—er—that donkey's head."

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Martha looked at her sharply.

"I asked him," said Cissie, touching her lips with the little napkin, "if he meant your dizzy clothes, and he said yes. So perhaps you should throw the head overboard, dear. You're welcome to the sweater."

"Yes," said Martha slowly, "and we're so near home..." She sat gazing out at the greying waters, a regretful smile for the furry head bobbing wetly about out there. Meekly she followed Cissie to her cabin, accepted the beige sweater and the brown skirt. Soberly put them on, brushed her hair—

"Why the masquerade?" shouted Fern, coming into the cabin. "This is the last night—you don't want to leave the ship with an impression like that on its mind."

Martha ran her finger tips down the soft woolly sleeve. "It's the way I really am," she said. "Martha Cole, herself."

Fern had managed to strew four small garments over the entire cabin. "Rot!" she cried from the shower. "Yourself is what you are at the minute—back at the store one thing—ship another. That's you!" She turned off the water. "And I'll say it's an improvement," she screamed. "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Cole. No, I'm not. While our basement goes swish-swish, you're just one of us girls. So for Pete's sake, take off that sack!"

Mechanically Martha obeyed, adding it and the brown skirt to the litter on the turquoise carpet. As from another world, she remembered her concern over that fragile carpet, and mentioned it to Fern.

"Well, you don't get much dust aboard a ship," Fern opined, and Martha laughed. With some interest she seated herself before the dressing table and picked up the double earrings.

"I wouldn't," Fern advised. "He liked 'em the first night. Tonight's different."

"I know," said Martha soberly.

"You think you aren't getting anywhere with Erickson, don't you?" asked Fern. A lovely dryad, she curled up on the bed, her attention on the painting of her toenails a vivid coral. "Goin' to wear the pa-a-ale blue! The first officer thinks I'm a sweet girl."

Martha was experimenting with false eyelashes. "You don't need 'em, Cole," Fern threw at her.

"I need something."

"But the eyelashes are a good sign," Fern said philosophically. "I like to see a girl put up a fight. That sweater was a jolt. I didn't want to think you were ready to take off the uniform and quit. Oh, darn! I wonder if the captain knows how to take nail polish off-a bedspreads."

In spite of herself, Martha laughed.

"That's better, too," said Fern approvingly. "Wear that starched eyelet, honey. Tor'll go for that."

"Tor goes for you," retorted Martha.

"Uh-uh, he don't, honey."

"Look, O'Hearn. I've eyes and ears."

"And an imagination. And you're fightin' what you imagine."

"Are you saying I imagine the play you've made for Mr. Erickson, and the way he's responded?"

"I made a play," Fern conceded, waving her toes. "Maybe I ought to apologize for it—but I sort of got the idea that it was my job to get the Erickson interested."

"He's interested," said Martha coldly.

Continued on page 72

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# Your Questions . . . Our Answers

by **John Caulfield Smith**  
Home Planning Editor

Will you kindly send instructions for refinishing a pine table? At present it's covered with an imitation mahogany stain, enhanced by numerous coats of varnish. We do not wish to paint it, neither do we care for the bleached types of finish.

Refinishing furniture, when mahogany stain has been used, is not easy. Of course, you can bleach it with any of the well-known bleaches procurable at your local paint or hardware shop. You might try, after thoroughly cleaning the wood, to rub in a good coating of flat greyish-white paint. Let it dry and then take the top off with steel wool. In that way you can easily kill some of the understain. Then shellac, again rub it down and repeat the performance until you get the result you want. Each piece is an individual problem and, therefore, we cannot have a hard and fast rule, but this is the basic treatment.

\* \* \*

I have a flowered rug in my living room. It is a wine, blue and beige pattern. What color should my drapes be?

To obtain the best results in a room with a flowered rug we suggest plain draperies, choosing one of the most attractive rug colors for your particular room, or matching the wall color—the latter always makes the room look larger. If you choose, in your case, a beige drapery you would be complementing your rug and not making too great a break between walls and hang-

ings. If you prefer contrast, choose a tone of blue for the hangings.

\* \* \*

My living room is in the northwest corner of our house and though it has three large windows, it gets practically no sun. I would like to have some suggestions as to color schemes.

If you are not getting sun in your living room we can at least assist you in giving the illusion of sun. This is usually accomplished by doing the walls in a fine clear yellow—a daffodil yellow. Don't be afraid of having it too vivid a tone because yellows seem to fade to creamy tones if not of proper depth.

\* \* \*

Recently we bought an old house which needs to be painted. I am very fond of color and wish to get away from cream, white or ivory walls when possible.

Why not try a soft blue-green? If you have good exposure use cool tones and a lighter-colored ceiling.

\* \* \*

The copper hardware on my front door has a habit of staining the surrounding painted surface. What can I do to prevent this?

A practical remedy for this trouble is to remove the hardware from the doors, clean both the backs and fronts thoroughly, polish, wipe clean with turpentine and apply spar varnish or clear lacquer to both sides of the metal. Repaint stains before replacing hardware.

\* \* \*

Our house has no basement, but there is a "crawl space" between the ground and the first floor. It seems to be very damp. Can you suggest a remedy?

Rolls of asphalt roofing laid with overlapping edges, on the ground under the house, should provide good protection against dampness. It is quite easy to install.

\* \* \*

We are fond of a hearth fire but worry about the children since we cannot always be in the living room with them. Do you know of a fireplace screen that's really childproof?

You might investigate one of the new tempered glass screens. They fit over most standard wood, coal and gas fireplace openings and blend well with any decorative scheme.

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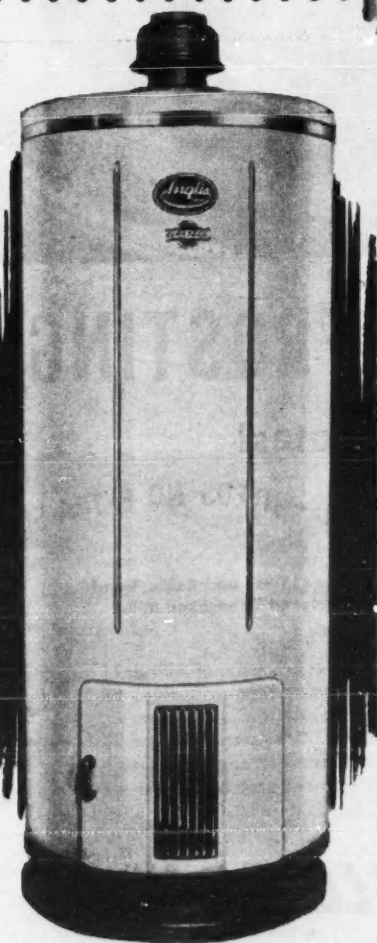
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1 1/3 cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand  
Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over rapidly boiling water about 5 minutes or until thick. Remove from heat. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. This frosting covers tops of 2 (9-inch) layers or top and sides of loaf

cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes. To cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, double the recipe.

Note: 3 squares of chocolate may be used for a strong chocolate frosting and 4 squares may be used if a bitter-sweet icing is desired.



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Continued from page 70

"Be brushing your hair, honey, while you talk. That's never lost effort." Obediently, Martha picked up the brush, then slammed it down. "I thought you meant it when you called him a cruise hound." Martha looked down at her round knees, and hoped that the forward fall of her hair covered her blushes. She hadn't meant it, she'd been in a panic about Tor, about her feeling for him. "But I don't figure you'd fight for that kind of guy."

MARTHA KNEW it had been a poor fight; that was why she was ashamed. Tor had preferred the nonfighting Martha, a Martha she wished she could go back to being. Somewhere on the downtrip had been lost the Martha of the store, the one who would wear a beige sweater and a brown skirt, but couldn't she pick up the substitute?

"... so I'm sorry I so much as lifted an eyelash," Fern was saying. Now she waved her left hand. "Though no harm was done. I didn't so much as nick the Erickson's skin."

"Ha!" said Martha.

"I didn't, honey. Will those camellias go with the blue?"

"Go on about Erickson," said Martha. "I'll do your right hand."

"Thanks, honey. Well, like I say, he's a one-woman man. They're rare, but they do exist."

"Blind to all other women," said Martha in an acid tone.

"No, he's not blind. He's nice to all of 'em, too. And of course his kind can get into trouble. For instance, if we hadn't rescued him from Cissie—"

"Maybe Cissie was—is—the one woman."

"No, siree. The Erickson would pick a smart lass, and that wouldn't ever be Cissie."

"What about you?"

Fern blew upon the pink nails. "I'm not the one, but I could get him," she admitted. "Though I've just enough brains not to want to get a man who'd be bored with me, and in a couple of years send me out on the prowl again. I mean to marry for keeps."

Martha sat looking at Fern. Was Howdy bored, and so to blame for his wife's "going out on the prowl"?

"Tor," said Fern in a considering manner, "is dead-ripe to be got. He'd be worth a good try, too—he's pretty special, you know." She glanced hopefully at Martha who had taken up the hairbrush.

"Yes, I know."

Fern slid off the bed and began to assemble the evening's costume. "Did Cissie give you that?" she asked, kicking the beige sweater out of the way.

"I—yes," said Martha.

"She's fighting, too. Guess she bought it in Havana."

"I think she just had it, Fern. She wouldn't..."

Fern whirled, her arms filled with blue organza. "I'll tell you what she wouldn't. She wouldn't wear beige in a hundred years. With that hair and those grey eyes? Of course she bought that for you. She wanted you to look—well—like you looked in that outfit. Sensible. Tonight she'll wear something seductive in jersey. I'll bet a hundred dollars."

Martha frowned. Cissie had advised that the donkey's head be thrown overboard. She had bought the sweater in

Continued on page 78

Tied to a greasy  
skillet?



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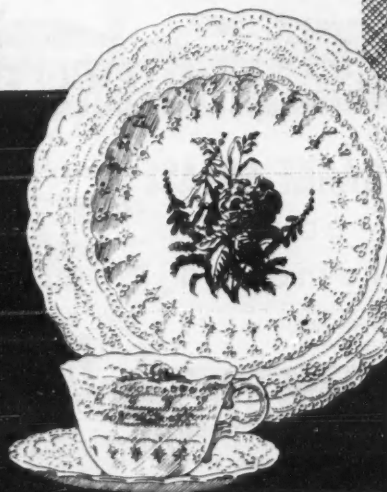


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*Rich-flavored ox joints in their own brown gravy, served with noodles and glazed carrots — a dinner fit for any occasion!*

**by Marie Holmes**

Director Chatelaine Institute

## Meat Extras *can be Extra Special*

**M**AKE the most of meat extras and you'll find the nutritive value of your meals will go up and your butcher bills go down. By meat extras we mean the meat organs, such as liver, kidneys and heart plus the "short-cuts" such as oxtail and hocks. They're real bargains in nutrition because they contain so much iron and vitamins per pound in addition to body-building protein.

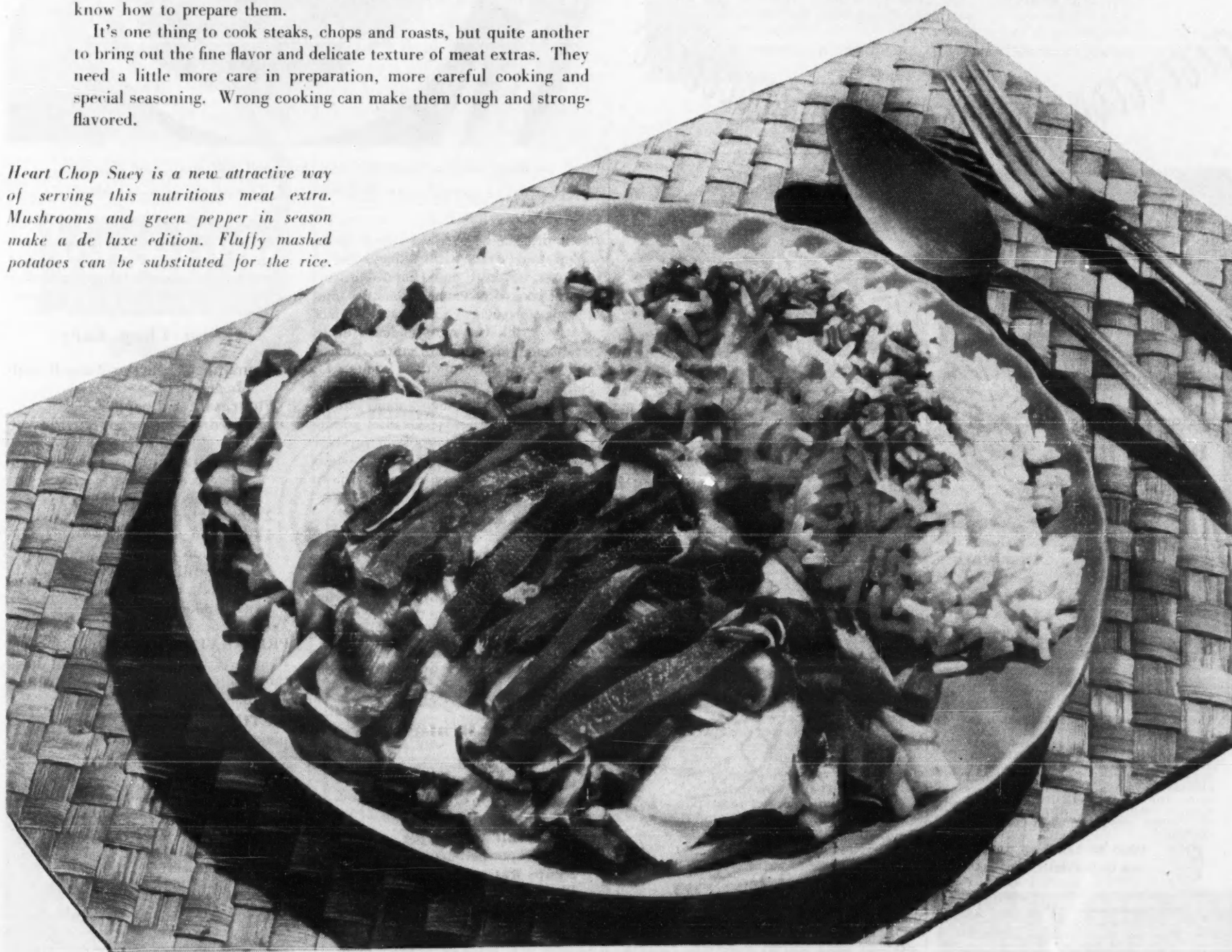
Strangely enough, many families never have any of these meats. While less nourishing and more expensive meats are in demand, these bargains go begging, chiefly because many homemakers do not know how to prepare them.

It's one thing to cook steaks, chops and roasts, but quite another to bring out the fine flavor and delicate texture of meat extras. They need a little more care in preparation, more careful cooking and special seasoning. Wrong cooking can make them tough and strong-flavored.

In the Institute kitchen we have been investigating the best method for cooking four of these meat extras—liver, kidneys, heart and oxtail. The secrets to producing perfect dishes with them, we've found, are by braising—browning in fat first, then slow simmering in a little liquid. The pressure cooker comes in handy, too, in speeding up meat extra dishes that require a long period of slow cooking.

If you would like to get better acquainted with these fine meat "buys," the Institute suggests you try the recipes on page 74.

*Heart Chop Suey is a new attractive way of serving this nutritious meat extra. Mushrooms and green pepper in season make a de luxe edition. Fluffy mashed potatoes can be substituted for the rice.*





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**Kidney** ranks next to liver for its iron and vitamins. Beef kidney is preferred for stews because it is largest, but lamb and veal kidneys have a very delicate flavor. To prepare any kidney for cooking, first wash it and remove the outer membrane. Then split it through the centre and, with scissors, cut out fat and heavy veins. Beef kidney requires soaking in salted water for one half to one hour, to remove strong flavor.

## Braised Kidneys on Rice

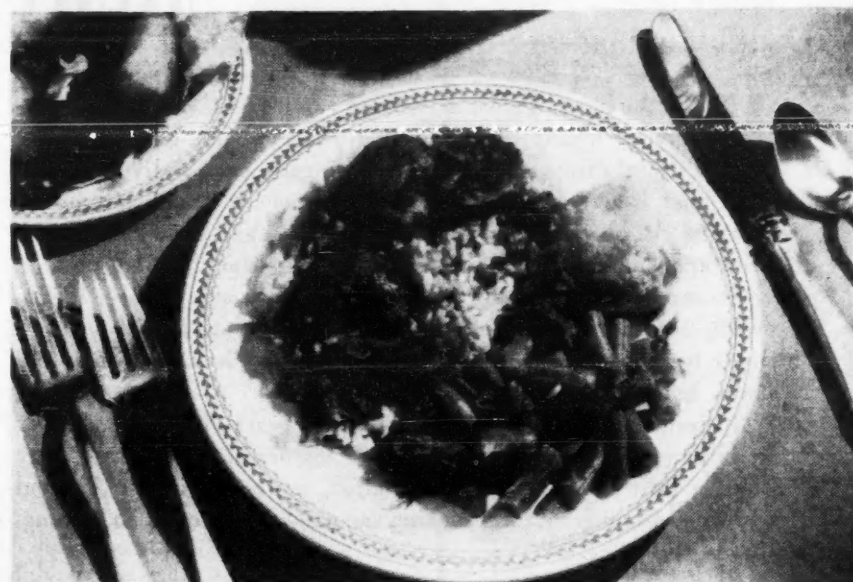
Wash and remove outer membrane from 8 lamb kidneys, or 4 veal kidneys or 2 beef kidneys. Prepare kidneys as directed above. Cut kidneys in large pieces, season with salt and pepper and coat with flour. Brown in 2 tablespoons

**METHOD:** Brown floured liver slices in hot dripping. Arrange prepared vegetables in mounds over browned liver. Season to taste and add the water or tomato juice. Cover and simmer gently for 1 to 1½ hours or until tender. Serve on bed of fluffy brown rice or surrounded with creamy mashed potatoes. Yield: 6 servings.

**Pressure Cooker Method:** Reduce water or tomato juice to 1½ cups. Place browned liver on rack with vegetables on top. Cook for 25 minutes at 15-pound pressure.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

**Heart** is a cheap and valuable meat which can be tender and appetizing. Beef heart is large and not so tender as calf or lamb. But any heart requires



Beef, veal or lamb kidneys, browned and simmered slowly with vegetables, are delicious and offer plenty of food value.

meat drippings. Add ½ cup chopped onion and cook with kidneys for 2 minutes. Add 1 cup chopped celery, 2 cups cooked or canned tomatoes, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Cover and simmer gently until kidneys are tender. Add ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Reheat and serve on rice or on toast points.

**Note:** If beef kidneys are used, add ½ cup water with tomatoes and simmer covered for 1½ hours. Or after adding water and tomatoes, cook in pressure cooker for 25 minutes at 15 pounds pressure. Allow pressure to come down gradually. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

**Liver** is at its best and wins more popularity if it is braised and cooked with vegetables, as in the accompanying recipe. No need to use the more expensive calf liver for this dish. That of beef or pork will do just as well. To remove strong flavor of pork liver, soak in cold milk for 1 to 2 hours.

## Mexican Braised Liver

6 carrots, diced  
½ cup celery, chopped  
6 small onions, sliced  
1½ pounds sliced liver  
Flour, salt and pepper  
8 tablespoons bacon dripping  
2 cups water or tomato juice  
Fluffy brown rice

**PREPARATION:** Prepare vegetables. Dredge liver slices in seasoned flour.

long, slow cooking with moisture because the meat contains a large amount of connective tissue. Here is a rather unusual way to cook any type of heart:

## Heart Chop Suey

1 small beef heart or 2 small veal hearts  
Flour, salt and pepper  
¼ cup dripping or margarine  
1½ cups sliced onion  
1½ cups diced celery OR 1 cup diced celery and ½ cup chopped green pepper  
2 cups water  
1 teaspoon salt  
¼ teaspoon pepper  
2 beef bouillon cubes or 2 teaspoons meat extract  
1 tablespoon soy sauce

**PREPARATION:** Split heart open. Remove arteries and veins and wash thoroughly. Cut in quarter-inch strips, and roll in seasoned flour.

**METHOD:** Brown heart in hot dripping, add onions and brown. Add celery (green pepper, if used), water, salt, pepper and bouillon cubes or meat extract. Cover and simmer until tender, about 2 hours. Add soy sauce and extra seasonings, if necessary. Serve with boiled rice.

Yield: Six servings.

**Pressure Cooker Method:** Make as above, brown meat and onions in pressure saucepan, add remaining ingredients. Cover, seal and cook at





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15-pound pressure for about 30 minutes. Allow pressure to come down normally.

*Approved by Chatelaine Institute.*

**Ox joints.** "Sweetest next the bone" applies to the meat around the joints of the oxtail. If cooked by the braising method and served with their own gravy, none of this rich sweet flavor is lost. Here's how it's done:

### Ox Joints with Noodles

2 pounds oxtails  
1½ cups chopped onion  
1 clove garlic, minced  
2 to 3 tablespoons dripping or margarine  
3 cups hot water  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon celery salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
1 bay leaf  
1 tablespoon vinegar  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 teaspoon meat extract

**PREPARATION:** Have the oxtails chopped into 2-inch pieces. Wash, separate and dry pieces. Chop onion and garlic. Heat dripping or margarine in pan.

**METHOD:** Brown pieces of oxtail in hot dripping, add onion and garlic and brown well. Add hot water, stir well and add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer for 3 to 3½ hours or until meat is tender and separates readily from bone. Lift out meat pieces and measure liquid. Thicken gravy, using 2 tablespoons flour blended with 3 tablespoons cold water to each cup of liquid. Season to taste. Serve with meat over hot noodles. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

**Pressure Cooker Method:** Make as above, only reduce hot water to 2 cups and cook at 15-pound pressure for 50 minutes. Allow pressure to come down gradually. Then thicken gravy as directed above.

*(Approved by Chatelaine Institute.)*

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**April Chatelaine**

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## Appetizing APPLE CAKE

**NEW TIME-SAVING RECIPE—MAKES 2 CAKES**

Measure into bowl ½ cup lukewarm water,  
1 teaspoon granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald ½ cup milk  
Remove from heat and stir in

¼ cup granulated sugar,  
½ teaspoon salt,  
3 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm. Stir in 1 cup once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth. Add yeast mixture and 1 egg, well beaten.

Beat well, then work in 2½ cups once-sifted bread flour.

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught.

Let rise until doubled in bulk.

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls.

Roll each piece into an oblong and fit into greased pans about 7" x 11".

Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Peel, core and cut into thin wedges 8 apples.

Sprinkle risen dough with ¼ cup granulated sugar and lightly press apple wedges into cake tops, sharp edges down and close together.

Mix 1 cup granulated sugar,

1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon,  
and sprinkle over apples.

Cover and let rise about ½ hour.

Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 1 hour.

Serve hot, with butter.





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# Meals of the Month

MARCH 1949

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>TUE 1</b>	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Pancakes Maple Syrup Tossed Salad Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Pigs in Blankets Chili Sauce Baked Potatoes Peas Fruit Cup Cookies Coffee Tea
<b>WED 2</b>	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Pilchard à la King on Toast Rounds Carrot Sticks Rice and Cherry Molds Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Creamed Eggs in Spinach Ring Buttered Parsnips Scalloped Tomatoes Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
<b>THU 3</b>	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Salad Plate (Potato Salad Tomato Mold, Hard-cooked Egg) Brown Rolls Chocolate Blancmange Tea Cocoa	Mexican Braised Liver Fluffy Boiled Rice Tossed Salad Applesauce Gingercake Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 4</b>	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Waldorf Salad Brown Rolls Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Boiled Cod Parsley Sauce Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Steamed Fruit Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 5</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Crackers Bran Muffins Honey Cottage Cheese Tea Cocoa	Ox Joints and Noodles Stewed Tomatoes Celery Curls Peach Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 6</b>	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	Assorted Sandwiches Cabbage and Fruit Salad Lemon Tarts Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Currant Jelly Mashed Potatoes Peas Apple Crisp and Cheese Coffee Tea
<b>MON 7</b>	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Creamed (leftover) Chicken on Toast Potato Chips Relishes Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Spaghetti Carrots Tossed Salad Marmalade Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 8</b>	Grapefruit Halves Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Tomato and Corn Casserole Brown Bread Prune Whip Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Blended Vegetable Juices Beef and Potato Stew Dumplings Mashed Turnip Double Boiled Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>WED 9</b>	Applesauce Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Canned Pear and Orange Salad Fruit Bread Tea Cocoa	Grilled Smoked Herring Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Canned Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
<b>THU 10</b>	Orange Juice Porridge Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Stuffed Baked Onion Rennet Custard with Fruit Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Onions Boiled Potatoes Tomatoes Tossed Salad Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 11</b>	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Chili Sauce Celery Sticks Whipped Jelly Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Codfish Cakes Tomato Sauce Peas and Carrots Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 12</b>	Grape Juice Porridge Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Open-face Peanut Butter and Coleslaw Sandwiches Mustard Pickles Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Sausages Baked in Yorkshire Pudding Ketchup Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Baked Apples Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 13</b>	Orange Halves Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Oyster Stew Waldorf Salad Chocolate Cake with Date Filling Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Turnip Tossed Salad Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
<b>MON 14</b>	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches Celery Sticks Sliced Pears Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Beets Butter Tarts Coffee Tea
<b>TUE 15</b>	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Tomato Casserole Coleslaw Canned Berries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie (Potato Topping) Buttered Carrots and Onions Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
<b>WED 16</b>	Sliced Oranges Porridge Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	French Toasted Salmon Sandwich Raw Relishes Tapioca Cream Cookies Tea Cocoa	Broiled Fish Steaks Tartare Sauce Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
<b>THU 17</b>	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Cocoa	Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce Tossed Salad Relishes Butterscotch Tarts Tea Cocoa	Braised Kidneys on Rice Buttered Parsnips Ginger Cake with Applesauce Coffee Tea
<b>FRI 18</b>	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Cream of Potato Soup Devilled Egg Salad Celery and Carrot Sticks Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Noodle Ring with Vegetables in Mushroom Soup Sauce Spinach Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
<b>SAT 19</b>	Orange Juice Porridge Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Dill Pickles Canned Pears Cookies Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Scalloped Apple Browned Potatoes Cabbage Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>SUN 20</b>	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Muffins Conserve Coffee Tea	Hamburger de Luxe Lettuce Wedge French Dressing Layer Cake à la mode Tea Co coa	Cold Sliced Tenderloin Hashed Brown Potatoes Green Beans Blancmange with Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
MON 21	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Hot Potato Salad in Bologna Cups Relishes Canned Fruit (leftover) Cake Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Brown Gravy Glazed Parsnips Scalloped Tomatoes Maple Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 22	Orange Juice Porridge Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Tossed Salad Brown Rolls Stewed Prunes Cup cakes Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Blueberry Pie Coffee Tea
WED 23	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Oven-baked Beans Chili Sauce Celery and Carrot Curis Individual Baked Custards with Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Finnan Haddie Pan-fried Potatoes Shredded Green Cabbage Rhubarb Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 24	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Spanish Omelet Potato Chips Relishes Rice Ginger Mallow Pudding Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Tomato Sauce Parsley Potatoes Peas Coleslaw Fruit Roly-poly Coffee Tea
FRI 25	Orange Slices Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Bread and Cheese Casserole Cabbage Salad Jelly Tartlets Tea Cocoa	Fish and Chips Tartare Sauce Beets Vinaigrette Apple Betty Coffee Tea
SAT 26	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Vegetable Soup Scrambled Eggs on Waffles Celery Curis Coffee Jelly with Cream Tea Cocoa	Heart Chop Suey Mashed Potatoes Succotash Citrus Fruit Cup Cookies Tea
SUN 27	Half Grapefruit Cereal Tea Biscuits Syrup Coffee Tea	Hot Bacon and Mushroom Soup Sandwiches Cabbage and Fruit Salad Ice Cream Angel Cake Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Cottage Roll Creamed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Chocolate Cream Pie Coffee Tea
MON 28	Blended Fruit Juices Porridge Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Celery and Carrot Sticks Apple Compote Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Cakes Scalloped Tomatoes Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 29	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Tea Coffee Tea	Hot Tomato Soup and Consommé with Lemon Slices Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck Boiled Potatoes Braised Onions in Butter Broiled Grapefruit with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
WED 30	Orange Slices Porridge Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Creamy Eggs on Corn Muffins Ketchup Carrot Sticks Doughnuts à la Mode Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes Buttered Spinach Rhubarb and Raisin Tarts Coffee Tea
THU 31	Blended Fruit Juices Porridge Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Tossed Salad Brown Rolls Jellied Fruits Cookies Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea

## Meals of the Month Recipes

**Clam Chowder**—a quick variety can be made by combining 1 can of clams, 1 can of vegetable soup and 1 can (10 ounces) milk or water in a double boiler. Season with salt and pepper. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

**Oyster Stew**—scald 3 cups milk in double boiler. Add 1 pint oysters and cook until edges of oysters begin to curl. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon celery salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated onion if desired, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine and blend well. Stir in 4 soda biscuits crumbled fine. Serve at once. Yield: 6 servings.

**Codfish Cakes**—combine 1 pound cold, cooked fish with 2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper to taste. Add a little milk if mixture is too dry. Shape into flat cakes, put in greased pan and brown in hot oven (400 degrees F.). Yield: 6 servings. Serve with tomato soup sauce.

**When boiling fish**, tie it loosely in cheesecloth. This helps keep it from falling apart during cooking and makes it easier to lift from the water. For extra flavor, add a piece of bay leaf and several pepper berries to the water while cooking.

**When breading fish** for frying or baking, grate a little lemon rind into the fine crumbs before rolling the fish in them.

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*gives you*

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Look at the temperature selector on the Westinghouse Refrigerator—you won't see one like it anywhere else. It's the *only* selector marked in actual degrees. TRUE-TEMP is the *only* refrigerator cold control that works directly on the temperature of the food compartment. There's no guesswork, no uncertainty with TRUE-TEMP. Whether your kitchen is hot or cold, your foods are safely, positively protected by Westinghouse TRUE-TEMP—one of the many advantages which only Westinghouse owners enjoy. Model illustrated, \$369. Other models from \$298. Price subject to change.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA 705M908







## BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

*Your Recipe May Win \$100*

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO WRITES!

**HELLO NEIGHBOURS:** As usual, March (that old traitor!) will be up to her wanton tricks with wind and snow. But on those rare, sunshiny days, back gardens all up and down the block will be a riot of colour with blankets blossoming and billowing from every clothesline. This is the month when it's heaps of fun to transform old furniture or an entire room with some gay new colour. And it's high time to get everyone raking and cleaning up the garden ready for Spring planting. In spite of the slush and mud, Spring is just around the corner. Got your new chapeau yet? Tie it on, lady—tie it on—the March wind blows!

Meals should be of the type called "hearty" these treacherous, busy days when everybody's hungry—good, nourishing stews; satisfying meat pies topped with golden-brown, flaky crusts; rich homemade soups and chowders. Just such a dish is our December prize-winner. Take it from me, this one will please the most ardent helper, male or female. So, herewith our sincere congratulations to

**MRS. FRED RUDOW,**  
Box 343, Elmira, Ontario

for making excellent use of the last few bites of that wonderful "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Ham. Here's how she makes a very tasty lunch or supper dish:

### "MAPLE LEAF" TENDERSWEET HAM AND PINEAPPLE PATTIES

	SAUCE
2 cups minced "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Ham	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten	2 table-spoons lemon juice
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup bread crumbs	2 table-spoons vinegar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup from pineapple
4 slices pineapple (or equal amount of crushed or cubed, drained)	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard

**Method:** Combine minced ham, beaten egg, bread crumbs and milk. Form into eight patties, and place a pineapple slice (or layer of crushed pineapple) between each two. Place patties in a shallow casserole or pan, and over them pour the sauce ingredients which have been thoroughly combined. Bake at 325°F. for 30 minutes, basting the meat frequently with the sauce. Four servings (or recipe can be doubled). Good with yams and spinach.

**THIS MONTH, ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE** will be awarded for the best recipe or way of serving

### "MAPLE LEAF" CHEESE

Cheese is the "backbone", so to speak, of some of the best eating there is. Just think what you can do with five—yes, five!—flavours to choose from. There's "Maple Leaf" Canadian, Pimiento, Relish, Nutty and Nippy—and it's up to you clever cooks to take your choice and create a dish worthy of being added to our recipe hit parade. Remember, there's a \$100.00 prize for the recipe selected as "tops."

**CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!** Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher, which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for a  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. package of "Maple Leaf" Cheese—any flavour.

**WE STIPULATE** that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the First Prize but we promise only ONE voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 cheque will be awarded to the first one received.

**CLOSING DATE:** To qualify for the First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 31st, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my June magazine column—it could be YOU!

**ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK;**  
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,  
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

**CALORIE COUNTERS** will say, "bless you" for a dessert that's kind to waist-lines. Just top each half grapefruit lightly with sugar and  $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. nutmeg. Dot with butter and broil until golden brown. What's good enough for the reducers is good enough for anybody!

**DUNKERS' DELIGHT:** Centre a platter of Klik and Kam "fingers", carrot sticks, radish roses, celery curls and tomato wedges with a bowl of this zippy dressing:  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup drained chili sauce, 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. lemon juice, salt and pepper. Just the ticket

for salad lovers.

**SUNDAY BEST:** A few drops of almond flavouring added to canned peaches is a trick to have up your sleeve when the parson comes to tea.

**SPRING FACE-LIFTING:** Dip soft cheese-cloth in a thick lather of pure "Maple Leaf" Soap Flakes and water. Wring dry as possible and wash all furniture, banisters, etc. Rinse. When thoroughly dry apply a thin coating of paste floor wax. Dry. A soft cloth and lots of elbow-grease gives a satiny finish that can't be beat. Beautifies—protects the wood.

Won't it be wonderful to see the first green things showing through the brown earth? Won't be long either—for Spring is knocking at the door! And while you're waiting, don't forget to write me, will you? Just be sure to post your letter before midnight, March 31st. Cheerio.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

*Brenda York*

Continued from page 72

Havana, counting on Martha—who would not be counted on. Who would not be. She pushed past Fern and drew the starched eyelet out of the cupboard.

"Gonna fight, huh?" said Fern.

"A girl shouldn't have to fight. If a girl can't stand on her own feet—"

"Anybody's feet look prettier with a little nail enamel," said Fern sensibly.

Martha stamped her foot into a bronze sandal. "If you, or Tor, think I'll ever be the sort of woman who will plot and scheme to get a man . . ."

Fern blinked her eyelids. "Oh, uncurl your lip, honey. What else is a woman's life for? Even Cissie knows that. Certainly you know it." She turned on the stool. "Why do you build trick store windows? Tell me that? Sure. To help girls choose the right clothes to wear for getting their men. That little pink bustle on the black moire—remember the window you made about that? And tell me it wasn't *man-bait*."

There were stars in Martha's eyes, dimples in the corners of her mouth.

"Besides," said Fern, turning back to the glass. "The men love it! The first officer's going to have a big night with me in pale blue—and you can give the Erickson his big moment in that eyelet. Comb out your hair, thick and shining on your shoulders. Be girlish, and desirable. Wear the cape to the dress; then let it drop off, sort of casually. In that dress you'll be okay."

Perhaps the dress was to blame; after his first glance at her, Tor was no longer stand-offish with Martha. He was attentive during dinner, he urged her to spend the last evening with him on deck. "Watching the wake. Remember?" he added in a soupy tone which threw Martha into the worst panic she had felt to date. Goodness, if five yards of coffee-colored eyelet embroidery was all it took . . .

She clutched at the ribbon which tied the cape about her shoulders. "If you're cold . . ." murmured Tor, putting his arm about her waist.

"Even with a moon," drawled Martha, hoping she sounded world-weary, "you do keep up the cruise-hound patter . . ."

She glanced up, and found him grinning. "If I'm a cruise-hound I'm a fast worker. It's my first trip."

"You know your way around," she insisted.

"Pure genius. This is my first cruise, and I wouldn't be on this one except for a flu bug—the doctor and my boss went into cahoots and ordered a rest."

Just like Cissie. Who *had* worn jersey!

"Did you get your rest?" asked Martha sweetly.

He considered this. "Yes," he decided. "Or better."

Martha stroked the curve of a life-saver and hoped she looked calm. "And what, Mr. Bones, do you consider better than a good rest?"

"You."

Martha gulped, and dug her fingers into the cork ring. She should have had a wisecrack ready; she scrambled wildly among her thoughts.

Tor's big hands took her by the elbows, turned her toward him. "Relax, darling," he said mildly. "Let's try this thing on for size."

She gazed up into his smiling eyes.

"Even after we get home," he urged, "the donkey's head may be just the thing."



## Golden Rul-er

Here's a lass who hopes her friends will respect her liking for cleanliness as she does theirs. Uses Sani-Flush, of course, to clean her toilet bowls. Does away with stains and invisible—but germ—film, too . . . leaves sparkling brightness. No scrubbing. No work. Disinfects. Just sprinkle it. Safe in all toilet systems—works in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere—two sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

### Sani-Flush

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# CORNS

• Relief in a jiffy! That's what Blue-Jay brings to corn-sufferers. Its Nupercaine\* deadens the pain, while Blue-Jay's gentle medication softens, loosens, the hard core. Then you simply lift the corn out.

## Blue jay

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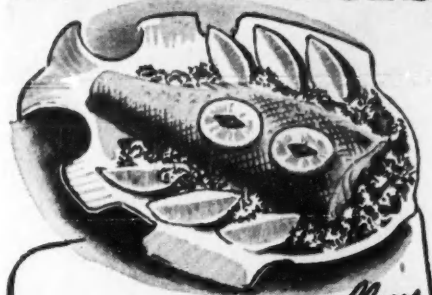


(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of the Kendall Company (Canada) Limited  
Toronto, Ontario



# fish dinners



*They can be marvellous  
...if you know these  
chefs' secrets!*



1. Fish should be fresh: gills red, scales bright, flesh firm and elastic.



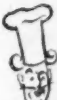
2. Fresh-frozen fish is excellent too. (Just be sure you never let it thaw and then re-freeze.)



3. Most fish commonly fried or sautéed are just as tasty when baked—and lots more digestible.



4. Before you bake, boil, broil or fry fish, rub both inside and out with fresh lemon juice. It's the perfect seasoning, and—believe this or not—it banishes most fish odour!



5. The biggest secret of fish cookery is—what ever recipe you use, cook only until tender. That way you keep the rich juices and delicate flavour elements that make people say, "Gosh, this is good!"



6. If your baked fish ever tends to be dry, that will be completely offset by this clever sauce, a real gourmet's delight:

## FISH SAUCE A LA SUNKIST

½ cup mayonnaise  
4 tablespoons catsup  
2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice  
2 tablespoons chopped pickle  
Stir together, serve in bowl or pitcher,  
and don't tell anyone how easy it was.  
Serves 6-8.



7. No matter how you serve fish or seafood, garnish it with lemon. Every chef will tell you—"Lemon and fish—they were made for each other!" Serve your guests all the lemon they want. Not flat slices that are hard to squeeze, but thick, generous wedges and plenty of 'em. So that the tang of fresh lemon can enhance the flavour of every delectable morsel!

*Send for Sunkist  
Free Recipe Book*

For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book. Free. Just write Sunkist, Sec. 5503, Box 39, Toronto, Ontario.



She opened her soft lips, and still no word came; he smiled down at her. He wasn't handsome—his mouth was too big, his nose—but she liked his face.

His hands drew her an inch closer, one released her elbow, went around the brown taffeta at her waist. "You liked wearing the dizzy clothes," he said persuasively. "They were new to you, but they were fun. Weren't they? And very becoming, Mattie darling!"

"Were they, Tor?" she said softly.

"I thought so. I think you'll like wearing this new emotion—being in love. Come here." He stretched his hands to her shoulders, drew her to him—and she went. He bent his head to kiss her lips, which she had uplifted and ready. He looked at her, and kissed her again. "For keeps?" he asked.

"Once an advertising man," began Martha pertly, "always an—"

He gave her a little shake. "There's real genius behind the best ads! Anyway, I mean this for-keeps business. Will you, Martha, fill the place I have for you in my life, know the place you have in my heart?"

She was too moved to speak, not a muscle would respond.

"I want you that way, Martha," he said earnestly. "Is it what you want, too?"

She went to him then, into his arms, completely, entirely. "Of course, it's what I want," said her heart. His lips on hers, he heard the message.

"Your whole life will be changed, you know," he said, after a time. Oh, a long time—the moon was tipping up over the horizon. "Maybe one of us will always wear a donkey's head now. I think I'll insist on that. For sentimental reasons."

"I'll wear it," she bargained, "if you'll answer me one question."

"Eh?"

"Why, in Havana—and on the trip up—why did you let me wear the head all crooked? That wasn't becoming!"

He stood away from her. "Oh," said he, "I wanted you to realize that what you were going to get in me was worth a little trouble."

She gaped at him. "Why, you conceited—"

"I've had it impressed upon my modest soul," he said airily, "that I am one of the few really attractive men still at large." He stopped short, because Martha was laughing, her honest, infectious laughter. His arm drew her close. "A man in my position," he said meaningly, "has a right to be conceited."

"You knew you were going to do this tonight?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. Had it all planned."

"Whatever I wore?"

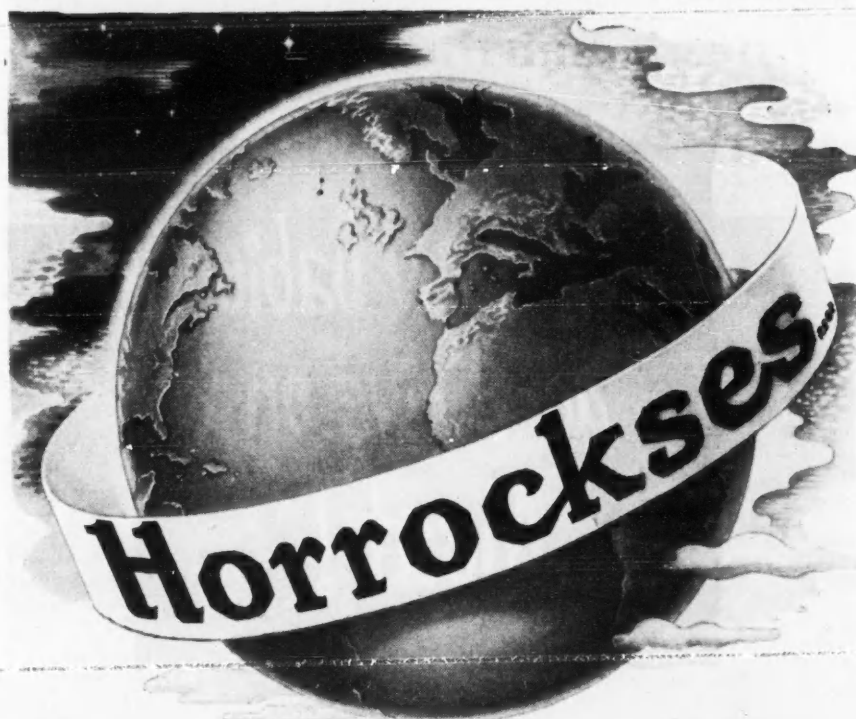
"Why, sure. I don't care what my girl wears!"

"Then I'll wear the donkey's head," she said happily. "And like it."

"Will you, darling?" he asked eagerly. "Like it? It's very becoming. I hope wearing it will be worth what you're giving up—your work, for one thing. And your self-sufficiency. I know you've loved those things, but if the place I offer is big enough, if what I can give you is what you want—then . . .?"

"You can't frighten me," she assured him. "It's what I want." She lifted her face gladly, the cape trailed from her hand. "Fight it though we may, darling, deny it if we can, a donkey's head is what every woman wants!"

He kissed her. +



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Actual test feedings show babies thrive on Swift's Strained Meats—specially prepared for earlier meat feeding.\* Meat-fed babies were in better physical condition, more satisfied than babies who received no meat! And best of all, the babies on Swift's Strained Meats showed no signs of

anemia—so common in early infancy. 100% meat—Swift's Strained Meats provide lots of complete, high-quality proteins. Complete, because meat proteins supply all of the essential body-builders (amino acids). And baby must get all of them at the same time for the best and sturdiest growth.

Meat gives baby natural B vitamins and iron to build good red blood. Six kinds: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver, heart—help baby acquire a taste for variety, form sound eating habits. Ready to heat and serve!

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

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is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats—ask him.



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...first with 100% Meats for Babies



**P.S. (PLENTY SPECIAL) Diced Meats for—**



**CREEPERS**  
(just learning to chew)



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(to tempt finicky appetites)



**KINDERGARTENERS—**  
(so nourishing! Six varieties)



**In fact whole families are  
wild about delicious —**



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.





## Child Health Clinic



## When Your Child Has a Cold

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

**A**LTHOUGH colds are pretty common all through the winter, they often reach their peak in March. Certainly this was found to be the case in one extensive study of schoolchildren right across Canada. The more serious complications such as tonsillitis, bronchitis, pneumonia and ear trouble are most prevalent too.

Colds are caused by tiny filterable viruses, which are so small that they can pass through a fine porcelain filter. They cannot be seen by even a powerful microscope. Unfortunately, the cold virus lowers the resistance of the nose and upper part of the throat and then other larger germs, such as the streptococci or pneumococci, increase in number and intensify the symptoms.

We catch the cold virus from other people. Therefore you should be very firm about keeping anyone who has a cold, sore throat or other such infection away from your baby and preferably out of your house. You can say that you are doing this by doctor's orders. Naturally too babies should not be taken into crowded streetcars or stores.

What should you do if you catch a cold yourself? If there is anyone else who can look after your baby, have them do so by all means. However, that isn't often possible, and if you take certain precautions, you may be able to keep your cold to yourself. Of course, you will avoid going near your baby as much as you can. Washing your hands often with soap and water and dipping them afterward in a basin containing a suitable antiseptic is worth while. Also you would be wise to wear a mask when you are caring for your baby or preparing his food.

Is there anything you can do to make your child less susceptible to colds? The best you can do is to keep him in excellent physical condition. With this in mind you will see that his meals contain adequate amounts of milk, meat, eggs, vegetables (especially yellow and green ones), citrus fruits or their juices, whole-grain products, fish-liver oil and iodized salt. In addition he needs plenty of sleep and rest, plenty of outdoor exercise and plenty of cool fresh air in his room at night. You should see that he is always comfortably clad. Wet shoes or wet diapers should be changed promptly. If you can keep the temperature in the house about 68 degrees F. that is some help too, and you should make an effort to keep the humidity at a fair level. If your child catches a great many colds your physician may advise a course of cold vaccine injections. These sometimes are effective and are worth a try if the problem is acute.

What should you do when your youngster does come down with a cold? Your main aim is to get him over it as quickly as possible, because in that case he is less likely to develop the complications that we mentioned. You should certainly call your doctor when your baby catches his first cold, so as to get the best advice on his care and treatment. You should take the baby's temperature with a rectal thermometer. Grease the thick bulb well with vaseline and gently insert the lowest third of it into the rectum, using a screwing motion. Hold it for the full two minutes that it is in the rectum. If it reads 100 degrees or over you should consult your doctor. As you know babies run higher fevers than older children or adults.

## When tiny tantrums mean "Childhood Constipation"



... give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

**W**HEN your baby shows his temper, and those unhappy tantrums come from "Childhood Constipation" ... it's wise to give him Castoria.

**Thorough and effective**—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

**Made especially for children**—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

**So pleasant-tasting**—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

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**Economize!** Get the money-saving Family Size bottle.

# CASTORIA

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# Hors d'Oeuvres

quickly prepared

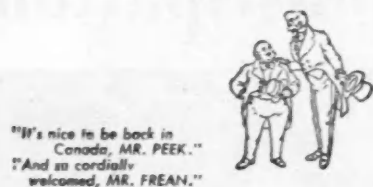
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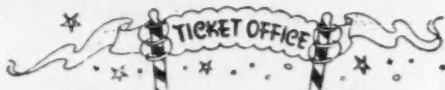
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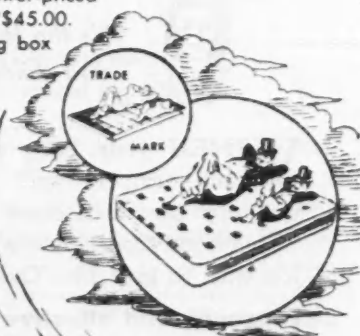
has been "torture-tested." Price \*\$65.00. Two lower-priced

companions: The "300" at \*\$55.00; the "200" at \*\$45.00.

All three mattresses in three standard sizes. Matching box springs available.

\*Prices slightly higher in Eastern and Western Canada.

it's the "400" by  
**WAY Sagless**



**Way Sagless** SPRING COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO 3, CANADA

Continued from page 81

Even though your baby or preschool child has no fever, you should keep him in bed for at least two days. Keep his room warm and don't open the window at night. You can air the room by leaving the door open. Use only enough bedclothes to keep him comfortable and see that he keeps under them. If he is very active, you may have to dress him completely, but keep him in his cot. Don't force or coax him to eat more than he wants. If your baby isn't hungry, consult your doctor. Plenty of fluids, such as orange juice or water, should be given. This is important for the small child also, although he can have lemonade, grapefruit and orange juice mixed, beef tea and other suitable fluids as well. If the child is feverish he may take nothing but fluids.

Don't give your baby or child his regular tub bath, as he is apt to get chilled. Give him a sponge bath instead, in which you wash small parts of him in turn while the rest of him is covered. Do not buy oily nose drops for your baby, as they sometimes cause pneumonia. Your doctor may prescribe watery nose drops. These are commonly used every four hours and are often helpful in clearing the child's nose before he eats. Unless your doctor advises otherwise, do not use the drops for more than a week.

As the small tube (the Eustachian canal) that connects the throat and the middle ear is very short and straight in babies, it is not unusual for them to develop ear trouble with their colds. Often the only warning is persistent crying. An older baby may pull the ear that is sore. Usually the youngster is feverish and seems sick. If you suspect such trouble call your doctor at once, because early treatment is much the most effective. If his cough seems worse or if his breathing is heavy or fast, you should also get medical help. If your youngster wakes up during the night with a barking croupy cough you can give him some temporary relief by means of steam while you are waiting for the doctor. The smaller the room the easier it is to get enough steam into it. A wide-bottomed pan, containing a quart of water (plus a teaspoonful of Friar's Balsam if you like) on a hot plate serves very well. If you haven't this, but you have plenty of hot water in the tap, wrap the child in a blanket and carry him to the bathroom where you can fill the tub with steaming hot water. Failing this, carry him to the kitchen where kettles boiling on the stove will soon provide enough steam to ease his breathing somewhat. However you shouldn't try to cope with croup without immediate medical help, as it may be due to a serious disease.

When all the symptoms of your child's cold have cleared up, you should still keep him in the house for one or two days longer. On the first day that he goes outside, let him stay out for only 15 to 30 minutes. The next day, if all is well, he can be out longer and within a few days he can play out as usual. If you let him go out too soon, even though it is a nice bright day, his cold may flare up again.

Dr. Robertson will be pleased to answer questions on child health and training. Please do not ask for prescriptions or feeding formulae. Address your letters to Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.



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*Baby's Own*

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*Baby's Own*

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## Baby's Own

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**MADE JUST FOR BABY...**



## On a Pedestal

That is where brand names were put in a survey among retail subscribers to House Furnishings Review. Asked about the importance of the customer of brand names, 75% said "Essential."

How important is the brand—to you?

The brand or label or trade name is, of course, your means of identification. But it is more than that.

A nationally advertised brand is your assurance of uniformity of quality. Manufacturers of advertised brands are jealous of the reputation of their products and are meticulous about uniformity of quality.

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It is human nature that people prefer to do business with friends—all other things being equal, of course. By the same token, people like to see and buy those "friendly" products with which they have become acquainted through their favorite magazine.

You have confidence in the nationally advertised product, just as you have confidence in a friend of long standing.

Brand names give you information. You are perfectly free to compare and make your own choice, and, if for some reason you do not like a certain brand, you don't have to buy it again as you might if it were grouped along with a lot of other products under a label that simply said "A, B or C."

Brand names have helped to make the clean, compact, efficient stores in which you shop today. They are indeed a thousand years from the days of the cracker barrel, the flour bin, the bags of oatmeal and beans, the jars of pickles, the bins of coffee and tea. Yet, it's really only a decade or two, and it's very largely thanks to nationally advertised products.

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Ah!  
my

## Absorbine Jr.!



# Chatelaine

Vol. 22 No. 3  
for MARCH

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